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FELICITE LAMENNAIS.

THE ABBE LAMENNAIS.

ONE of the greatest names in the political and literary history of France is that which we have just written. It is one connected with all the grander movements of thought within the last century. Few have exerted a more powerful influence than Lamennais upon their contemporaries, and that, not by the possession of place and power, but by mere force of thought and elevation of character. He is well known all over France, and is recognised by the Germans and English as one of the first intelligences of the age.

He was born in the year 1782, at Paris, of respectable parents, who were not wealthy, but who yet had the means of furnishing him with the elements of a good education. He early discovered a taste for reading, and while he was still a youth even, he had devoured all the books that came in his way. But unfortunately at that time the prevailing literature of his own country, and we may say of the world, was the gloomy literature of doubt. It had originated with Voltaire, and was fast undermining the religious faith of all minds. He perused it with eagerness, and too young to detect its sophistries, was for a time carried away by its brilliant wit and its glowing sentiment. But he was of too religious a nature to accept it in all its fullness. It awakened and animated his mind, but did not touch his heart. His deep soul yearned

for something higher, purer, nobler. He felt that he was an infinite being, and nothing but a philosophy which dealt with the great principles of an eternal existence could satisfy his aspirations. While the school in which he was bred, therefore, had the power to fill him with perplexity and doubt, it had not the power of answering the mighty problems of life so continually suggested to his own spirit. He discarded it, but alas, for a long while could find nothing better. He studied, he thought, he inquired, he hoped, but the whole intellectual world became only all the more an emptiness and blank.

In this condition of mind he was met by the Idea of the Christian Church. It fell upon his deeply-moved and excited religious sensibilities like a glory from the skies. It was in its theory so beautiful, so grand, so full of peace and good will, that he embraced it with all the ardor of devotion. He longed to consecrate himself to its service. The thought of uniting men to each other, by uniting them to God, of fusing universal interest by the fusion of all souls in one vast Christian brotherhood, of binding all tribes and nations together in love under a holy law of liberty, where they might live in harmony and peace, worshiping in the same temple, and partaking of the same blessings, —was so magnificent in its ends and aims, that he hailed it with an irrepressible zeal. He became at once a member of the Church.

His father had destined him to commercial pursuits, but under the new convictions and hopes which he had imbibed, the life of trade seemed in the last degree repugnant and mean. Accordingly, in the twenty-second year of his age, he partook of his first communion, and shortly afterward accepted a Professorship of Mathematics at the College of St. Malo, with a view to enable himself to prosecute the preparatory studies of the priesthood. During the interval he published his first work, which was a translation of the old ascetic book of Louis de Blois, called *The Spiritual Guide*. It was soon followed by another, an original work, which he entitled *Reflections on the State of the Church in France*. This last was an attempt to rescue the Church from the vassalage to which it had been condemned by the policy of Napoleon. He believed that the Church was an authority superior to the State; that it ought not to be degraded into a mere political machine; and that so far from submitting to the laws of any civil power, it ought to give the law to the world. He protested vehemently therefore against the despotism of the Emperor, but it was not in behalf of popular liberty that he protested, so much as in the interest of another despotism—that of the ecclesiastics.

In the year 1811 he assumed the tonsure, and entered the Seminary of St. Malo, of which his elder brother was the principal. There he wrote in connection with his brother another work, on *The Doctrine of the Church in Reference to the Institution of Bishops*, which displayed great theological learning and great acuteness, and was received with the most decided marks of approval by those who received what were known as the ultramontane doctrines of discipline.

When the Bourbons expelled Napoleon from power, Lamennais was elated with joy at the prospect of seeing his favorite views of the Church carried out; but, alas! the Hundred Days soon came round: Napoleon returned, and he was obliged to fly to England to seek an asylum from the persecutions which he apprehended his active course against the great chief might bring down upon his head. There he lived in great indigence and obscurity for several months. It is related of him, during this voluntary exile, that he paid a visit to the distinguished Lady Jerningham, the sister of Lord Stafford, to solicit the vacant place of tutor to her family. He was small and thin in person; his countenance pale and emaciated; his look downcast and troubled, his voice hesitating and his dress, we may imagine, none of the best. He entered the house and made known his request. The dignified lady looked at him a little while with a mingled expression of surprise and contempt, and then said at once, that "he would not do, he looked too much like a fool." He went away, and was more appreciatingly received by the Abbé Carron from Rennes, then keeping a boarding school for emigrants in London, and who gave him occupation and a living in the humble capacity of usher. We do not know whether Lady Jerningham lived to see that stupid fellow one of the profoundest thinkers and most powerful writers of Europe, but if she did, she must, to say the least, have regretted her want of skill in physiognomy.

When Napoleon was a second time expelled from France, and the Bourbons restored, Lamennais returned to his native land. In the year 1816 he was formally ordained as a Priest, and soon after he published his famous "*Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion*," which excited the most lively sensation on all sides, and gave him instantly fame and a position. It ran speedily through seven or eight editions. The first part was an attempt to classify and refute the different religious systems that had prevailed at various times and places; the second showed the importance of religion to the individual, and to the state, and its relations to God; the third discussed the method of discovering the true religion; and the fourth proved that this could be none other than Christianity. Its impetuous boldness of style, its precision of logic, its beauty of language, but above all the enthusiastic glow of its sentiments, captivated the minds of all readers. It was a vehement and vigorous protest against the sensualism and immorality of the age; the aspiration of a large mind weary of petty aims and earthly ambitions; the rejoicing of an emancipated spirit which supposed, that it had found joy

and peace in the bosom of an eternal sanctuary of God. He saw France immersed in the grossest incredulity, the fires of religious faith long since burned out, and the task which he set himself was to rescue her from that baleful condition, to rekindle her expiring hopes, and urge her forward into a new career of Christian life. But the only instrument by which this emancipation and this elevation could be effected was, in his view, the Church —that noble institution founded by God,— the depository of all truth, the source of all life, surviving all storms, and destined to an imperishable sway.

The effect of Lamennais freshness and eloquence was to cause him to be considered as a new-born champion of the Church—a second Bossuet, or as the Holy Father himself Leo XII. pronounced him, "the last of the Fathers." His writings were universally admired and extolled; and as a reward for his devotion and ability he was offered the Hat of a Cardinal. This last honor, however, he refused, contenting his ambition with the performance of such services as could be rendered in the modest vocation of a priest. Besides, he had certain ends to accomplish, which he thought might best be achieved in a less conspicuous position than that which he was solicited to take. He hoped under the government of the restoration, to bring about that happy exemption of the Church from the tyranny of the State, for which he had so long sighed. Alas, his hope was deceived. The principals of the Restoration wished to use the Church as Napoleon had used it,—as a tool. They gave no heed to his cries. He thundered forth in the years 1825 and 1829 his powerful arguments against this enslavement of the universal mother, in a series of bold and burning essays, but the only reply he received was a prosecution by the government and a sentence to a heavy fine.

In 1830, the Bourbons were driven from power, and he then turned to the Church itself to appeal to her to take advantage of the revolution and cut loose forever from the State. The better to commend his plans he established a journal called The Future, in which, with the assistance of Count Montalambert, and the Abbés Gerbit and Lacordaire, he plead his cause with characteristic eloquence and zeal. Their avowed object was to identify and unite Catholic interests with Liberal interests, and to awaken the Catholic Church to a knowledge of its urgent duties. Their aim, to use their own words, was—"to batter to the earth the reign of force, and to substitute for it the reign of justice and of charity, and thus to realize among the members of the great human family, individuals and people, the unity in which each, being the life of all, participates in the common good of all, under conditions more favorable to the development of this common good: for such is the tendency of the Gospel." The writers of *The Future* spoke out boldly to the Papacy, neither concealing nor mitigating the truth. "Your Power is passing away, and Faith with it," they said. "Would you save the one, and also the other? Then unite both with humanity, such as eighteen centuries of Christianity have made it. Remember that nothing is stationary in this world. You have reigned over kings, and now stretch forth your hands to the people; they will support you with their strong arms, and what is better, with their love. Abandon the worldly wrecks of your ancient ruined grandeur—spurn them with the foot as unworthy of you."

At the same time, Lamennais zealously seconded his words by deeds. He founded, in conjunction with his co-laborers, a "General Agency for the Defense of Religious Liberty," the objects of which were, to obtain redress of all grievances under which the ecclesiastical minister labored, or which militated against his liberty,—to uphold establishments for the promotion of free education —primary, secondary, and superior—among the people, independent of the state,—and to maintain the right of all Frenchmen, to combine peacefully together for the purpose of promoting religion, education, social well-being, and liberty. He proclaimed sympathy for the suffering and the oppressed in all lands. He proposed a union of the nations for the common progress of all. He preached liberty for Poland, and the emancipation of the Italian States from the despotism of Austria;—he instituted a subscription for the relief of the starving Irish at the office of *The Future*, which soon amounted to 80,000 francs. Local associations were speedily formed throughout the country by his influence, by means of which numerous schools were founded, and journals were established, in which the same broad and truly catholic views were earnestly advocated.

The public listened to these new teachings with interest, but the friends of the Church, conceiving their supremacy menaced by such views, regarded them with indignation and dismay. "Lamennais," as one of his biographers says, "still devoted to his Church, and believing it to be the true one, resolved to suspend his journal for a season, and go to Rome in person to see Pope Gregory, and explain to him the views which he professed. But the governments of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, had preceded him with their commands: they demanded a formal condemnation, by the head of the Church, of the daring preacher of Christianity according to St. Paul—the terrible innovator and revolutionist who had the hardihood to proclaim that 'where the Spirit of God is, there should be liberty also.'" Hence Lamennais errand proved a total failure; there was no relenting in Rome—the preacher had but dreamt a dream, from which he was too rudely awakened. He was even prevented from speaking at Rome, on the subject that he had gone about—he presented a long memorial, but it produced not a word of reply. At last, disappointed and cast down, he turned his back

on Rome, and set out for Paris. On his way home, at Munich, he was overtaken by the encyclical letter of August, 1832, in which the Pope condemned his doctrines in the most positive and emphatic manner. He characterised liberty of conscience as "an absurd maxim, mere raving;" liberty of the press a "fatal liberty, which was not to be thought of without horror;" and resistance to the prince "a crime."

On the fruitless result of his mission being thus made known, Lamennais announced that *The Future* was thenceforward suppressed, and the general agency dissolved. Not satisfied, however, with this concession, the Pope insisted on Lamennais subscribing his unconditional adhesion to the encyclical letter. With many qualms of conscience, and mental tortures—struggling as he was between freedom and Rome, for the ties which bound him to the Church of his fathers were not yet utterly severed,—after a long correspondence and many expostulations, in the course of which the Papal head conceded nothing and extorted everything, Lamennais expressly "that he might have peace," as he said, signed his adhesion; and for a time retired from the public eye, borne down with grief and humiliation.

But there was no "peace" for Lamennais. His was not a nature to be overwhelmed and altogether disabled, by temporary mortification and defeat. Truth and independence had already taken strong hold upon him—truth eliminated by intense study and profound reflection; and he felt that he *must* speak it out, even though it should kill him. While his enemies were congratulating themselves that Lamennais was forever silenced, he was taking silent counsel with himself at his country retreat in Britanny. In his solitude at Chenaye, where, twenty years before—then full of zeal for the Church and its institutions—he had written his first work on the Institution of Bishops, he now held commune with his heart and conscience, and resolved on the course he should take. He had appealed to the monarchy to undertake the leadership in the cause of Christian progress, and the result was miserable disappointment. He had next appealed to the Church, and his second disappointment was even more miserable than his first. What remained then? An Appeal to The People, who were above both Church and monarchy—to the great mind of man, before which all other powers succumb—to the universal human heart, which ever beats true to the great cause of progress upon earth. He therefore forthwith wrote and published his famous *Words of a Believer* (*Paroles d'un Croyant*), only some three months after he had withdrawn from the public gaze, and was supposed to have been silenced.

This manifesto of human brotherhood and democratic Christianity was at once regarded as the gage of war thrown down to the established powers upon earth—alike to king and to pope. Luther's defiance nailed to the gates of Wittemberg could scarcely have caused a more profound sensation. While the ruling class regarded it with horror, the people hailed it with rapture, as the gospel of a new era. The extreme beauty and eloquence of the style in which it was written, its postico-religious language, and the many touching as well as trenchant truths which it embodied—though many conceived them to be eminently dangerous in their tendency—attracted the general sympathies of the multitude, and Lamennais again found himself more admired and powerful than ever. This work was shortly followed by others—by the *Matters concerning Rome*, *The Book of the People*, *Modern Slavery*, *The Country and the Government* (which subjected him to a government persecution and a year's imprisonment), a new translation of *The Evangelists*, with notes expository of the democratic truths of the text, and finally a work, entitled *Sketches of a Philosophy* (*Esquisse d'un Philosophie*), which embodies all his doctrines, and is a resumé of his principles.

In the former of these works Lamennais called loudly on the people to rise out of their bondage and be free men. The powers of the earth, he urged, had hitherto been exercised only for their oppression; and the people continued to suffer, because they submitted to suffer. Eighteen centuries of Christianity had not yet produced love and happiness among men; and why? "Because men do not believe; because they have not faith in their right, and in the invincible power of their right. Because everywhere the oppressed classes groan in expectation of a relief from their misery, which never comes. Because they believe not, because they have not faith, *in themselves*, or in God, who is always ready to help them, but will not without their own efforts; for it is the privilege of free creatures to be that which they *would* be; so that their punishment, when they bow before injustice and tyranny, is that which they have themselves chosen." "God placed not man," he elsewhere says, "upon this earth to enjoy it as his finite country, to while away his hours in indolent slumbers. Time lapses not on like the gentle zephyr, which, as it floats over his brow, caresses and refreshes it: it is as a wind which now glows and now again freezes—a tempest which hurls along the frail bark, under the gloom of a dreary sky, amid the rocks. He must arise and watch; he must put his hand to the oar, and damp his brow with the sweat of effort; he must even do violence to his nature; he must tame down his will to that immutable order of things which incessantly hurls him to and fro in woe and weal. There is a duty, an intense duty, imposed upon him even in his cradle, which grows with his growth, and is demanded from him even to his grave—a duty which he owes to his brethren as well as to himself; which he owes to

his country, to humanity in general, and above all to the Church—the Church which, rightly understood, is but the seat of a universal family—the great city wherein Christ, King, at the same time High Priest, sits Ruler over worlds, calling the free from all points of the universe, to unite themselves under the eternal laws of intelligence and love."

The other work alluded to above, which is the principal and largest work that he has written, though not perhaps that upon which his fame will ultimately rest, is called *A Sketch of a Philosophy*. It is a sketch, however, only in the sense that every treatise which pretends to go over the whole ground of human knowledge and existence must be, *i. e.*, it only gives an outline of the author's view of the universe, without entering into any elaborate exposition of the many questions to which it necessarily gives rise. But in size and comprehensiveness it is more than we commonly mean by the word sketch. It runs through six pretty large volumes, and treats of nearly all imaginable problems, from the creation of the world, to French politics, and the reconstruction of modern society. The first three volumes appeared in 1840, the fourth in 1846, and the last two in 1849.

We do not intend to give any analysis of Lamennais' philosophical system, because such an attempt would lead us beyond the limits to which we are prescribed. Besides, any of our readers who may be interested in such investigations would prefer to consult the writings of the author himself, rather than trust the meager and imperfect digest of a third party. At the same time, it may be useful to furnish a general notion of the objects and style of the book.

M. Lamennais began, as we have seen, as a Catholic, from which he passed, not into positive skepticism, but into an open rejection of all limited and partial authorities. The Church, he said, was one-sided and corrupt; human reason, on the other hand, was erring and fallible,—and there is no ground for faith, unless it be in the primitive beliefs of mankind. He accordingly adopts certain fundamental principles, which all mankind are supposed to allow as the only sure bases of pure and firm scientific knowledge. "That is true for man," he says, "which human reason adopts." But he does not refer to the mere individual reason,—only to the reason of the generality of men, or the common universal reason, in which all successive variation and simultaneous opposition disappears. "The true, then," he continues, "is no longer determined by the passing state of an individual intelligence, but it is the constant state of intelligences of the same order. It is that to which the common reason adheres always and everywhere,—that which is invariable, like the nature of the beings themselves. And every one from thence has an invariable rule for his thoughts and judgments, an immutable law of affirmation." This is similar, though not the same, to the rule of the churchmen, "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ad omnibus.*"

With this guide in his hand, Lamennais first investigates the mode of the Divine existence, in which he arrives at a modified doctrine of the Trinity: he next approaches creation, or the method in which the Divine life is incorporated in visible and constant forms, endeavoring to avoid the abysses of Pantheism which open on all sides of this question: he then proceeds to explain the laws and order of the universe, drawing his illustrations mainly from astronomy, geology, and chemistry, in which he resolves the whole into the laws of force, the laws of intelligence, and the laws of Love; and finally, he applies the doctrines of nature at which he arrives to man, his industry, his science, his art, his social arrangements, and his future destiny.

It would be idle to suppose that any one man could treat these abstruse and varied topics to the satisfaction of everybody; he must, in so broad a circuit of thought, requiring such a prodigious extent of learning, fall into many errors. The very multiplicity of his details will confuse and dazzle his mind. Yet Lamennais, in his treatment of them, has exhibited the most consummate powers of generalization, and a masterly command of his materials. He walks the almost inaccessible heights of his theme with the firm sure tread of one who is accustomed to the thin air and the dangerous path. Next to the German writers of the Hegelean school, we know of no one who is so much at home in the most abstract region of metaphysical research. He dissects and handles the abstrusest topics with the sharpest and most delicate insight. He is consequently always clear, always positive, always aware of his whereabouts; he winks nothing out of sight without telling you of it, and he shuns no responsibility in the way of legitimate conclusion and inference. And these are qualities which are particularly rare in Frenchmen—a race of men, who are transparent enough, it must be admitted, but who are too often superficial and glittering where they should be profound. Lamennais doubtless owes much of this superiority to his careful study of the Germans, those intellectual elephants, we may call them, who, with a strength that enables them to pull down trees, have yet a delicacy of touch by which they can pick up pins.

In this work, as in all others, the style of Lamennais is most charming. It has a clear ringing flexibility about it that makes it most delightful reading even when one is not absorbed in the contents. Yet it is not at all ornate. He seldom indulges in similes and comparisons. We do not remember even that he quotes from contemporaries and the poets. We are certain, at any rate, that he has no art or fancy: and yet his simple, chaste, lucent language is invested with a nameless grace. His sentences flow on like a

bright silver stream, which, if it have not flowers and birds on its banks, still reflects the infinite overarching heavens.

The earlier works are more figurative and animated than the later. "The Words of a Believer," "The Book of the People," &c., &c., possess a sort of glowing eloquence, and at the same time a deep undertone of sympathy and sadness, which send them directly into the heart. They sink at once into the emotional nature of man, awaken his better feelings, and suggest tender and mysterious aspirations. Like the wild plaintive strains of the windharp they subdue and elevate, but never carry us away, like the blasts of the trumpet, or overwhelm us with splendor and joy, like the tones of the organ. They are, as Devericom well observes, the rapid outpourings of an ardent soul and soaring intellect, but blighted in their original freshness by some heartbreaking calamity.

In the revolution of 1848 Lamennais took part with the democratic-socialists, was elected to the Assembly, where he had great weight, but during the reaction which followed he sunk, so far as one of his eminence could, out of the public sight. He retired to a small dwelling in the Champs Elysees, where he still cultivates the high objects to which he has devoted his life. In person he is short and slender, has the stoop of the student when he walks, and is of extremely nervous temperament. A friend of the writer who lately visited him at his humble abode, says that in many respects he resembles the late Dr. Channing. His mornings are given up to the reception of visits from his many friends, and his afternoons to study and social recreation. He is very simple in his habits, and utterly without ostentation of any kind. His most intimate friend for many years has been the poet Beranger, whom he loves as a brother. At one time he was on the most cordial terms with the celebrated Madame Dudevant, and it was to his inspiration that she owed her purest and most healthy books. Although he is now in the wane of life, his emotions are as fresh as they were in youth, and he bates not a jot of heart or hope concerning the glorious destinies of man in the future.

JEAN PIERRE BERANGER.*

AT six o'clock in the morning, on the 19th of August, 1780, was born Pierre Jean de Béranger, the greatest lyric poet of the age. His advent was in Paris, in the garret of a tailor, his "poor old grandfather," in the Rue Montorgeuil. To that place pilgrimages will be made for a thousand years.

The poet's father was a native of Flamicour. He was an active man, ambitious of distinction, and bequeathed his son the aristocratic particle which precedes his name, though he confided his education entirely to the old tailor in Paris, and an aunt who kept an inn in the suburbs of Péronne. The boy remained in the city until he was nine years old; the streets of Paris were his academy. The Revolution was commenced, and he saw the capture of the Bastile. This was his first lesson in history. He sang of it at fifty, when a prisoner in the gloomy apartments of *La Force*—

> Pour un captif, souvenir plein de charmes,
> J'étais bien jeune, on criait : vengeons nous !
> A la Bastille, aux armes ! vite aux armes !

At Péronne he served in the tavern till he was fourteen years old, when he was apprenticed to Monsieur Laisné, a printer. His aunt was *une bonne vieille*, and she taught him, after her fashion, morals and religion. While in her house one day, he well-nigh perished by the electric fluid in a thunderstorm. Holy Martin Luther, the greatest of all the Germans, was made a monk by such an accident. "The flash," says Father Prout, "which changed the student's gown into a religious habit, in Béranger converted a tailor's goose into a swan." There is a story told of this storm which is truer than the opinion of Father Prout; his aunt, as we have intimated, was a pious woman, and when she saw the gathering clouds, she sprinkled her house with holy water. It was while the young wit was laughing at this curious means of averting danger that he was struck down by the lightning, and as soon as he recovered his senses he cried with a sneer to the good lady, "And pray what has your holy water done?" He never loved a cassock. "Against the Jesuits and all mummeries!" he drank with Manuel. The corruptions of the church then filled the air with such a haze that the truest men could scarce discern a God or Savior. But the *infidelity* of Béranger was an impulse, not a passion or a conviction, and it was abandoned and forgotten with other youthful follies. In his *Souvenirs d'Enfance*, written in 1831, he alludes to his apprenticeship in Péronne:—

> J'ai fait ici plus d'un apprentissage,
> A la paresse, hélas ! toujours enclin,
> Mais je me crus des droits au nom de sage,
> Lorsqu'on m'apprit le métier de Franklin.

He left the printing-office to attend the School of Primary Instruction, founded at Péronne by Monsieur Bellue de Bellanglise, an enthusiastic admirer of Rousseau, who had designed an institution for children according to the theory of that philosopher. The pupils of Monsieur Bellanglise wore the military costume, and were taught to deliberate after the manner of parliaments. Béranger was usually chairman of the committees on addresses and orations in the youthful assembly, and in this capacity he sent patriotic messages to citizens Tallien and Robespierre. Thus he became familiar with the modes of public transactions. But the system of civic education did not admit of instruction in Latin and Greek, and the most classical of the French poets to this day knows nothing of what is technically called "classical learning." Still, through translations,

* Béranger: Two Hundred of his Songs Done into English, by William Young. 8vo. pp. 400. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Béranger is doubtless familiar with the great authors of antiquity. "He has always affirmed that he did not know the old languages," remarks Monsieur Tissot—himself one of the finest scholars of France—"and we cannot doubt the word of such a man: nevertheless, after reading his beautiful songs, which breathe all the perfume of ancient poetry, we have difficulty in repelling incredulity. But if he has not read Homer, Virgil, and Horace, in their own tongues, he has not the less deeply studied those authors, as is evident from his observations upon them, and above all, from his style and manner of writing." At seventeen, Béranger returned to Paris—

"Paris, gorgeous abode of the gay,
Paris, haunt of Despair."

It was during the reign of the Directory: day and night the wild uproar continued in that sealike city. Plebeians dashing along in their chariots, the old nobles in their unbroidered and faded coats, plotters, intriguers, babblers, idlers, filled the streets, startled from time to time with thunder of artillery, applause of fortunate demagogues, or fiery strophes of the *Marseillaise*. Within the houses—few the *homes* in Paris then—the domestic maxim of the Revolution, "Modesty is refined voluptuousness," was still paramount, and little purity was in the Frenchman's pleasures.

Here comes the youthful bard, friendless and poor. He feels the divine afflatus—he knows he is a poet—but he has not yet discerned the nature of his power. He tries first a comedy, in which he ridicules coxcombs and effeminate men, and ambitious and meddling women; but, reading attentively Molière, he burns his manuscript and renounces this species of composition. How fortunate for the Saxon race, if all who with us attempt the drama, would so study Shakspeare! Then he makes a solemn determination to write a great epic, and selects Clovis to be his hero. Ten years are to be devoted to preparation. Meantime he composes pious dithyrambics on the Deluge and the Last Judgment, and publishes an idyl entitled "The Pilgrimage."

He was poor but joyous. All his designs had been frustrated; he was in the extremest indigence; but he was a *Frenchman;* he had a happy temperament. "Yes," he says, "such was my poverty that the smallest indulgence would compel me to live for a week on panada that I made myself, heaping the while rhyme upon rhyme, and full of hopes of a glorious future. In thus merely speaking of that riant period of my life, when, without assistance, without any certain support, without instruction, I dreamed of a future, unforgetful of the pleasures of the present, my eyes are moistened with involuntary tears. O! what a beautiful thing is youth, since it can even spread a charm over old age, that time so destitute and cheerless!" These were the days of *Lisette*—of *The Garrot*—of *The Old Coat*. Thus far he had been the poet of the *group;* he was now to become the poet of the nation; he had sung, and as none had ever sung before, of wine and love. He was now to strike a higher key: to sing of a people's shame and glory.

"It was in 1803," he says in the dedication of his works to Lucien Bonaparte, "when, wearied with disappointments, and writing without aim or encouragement, that I conceived the idea of inclosing some of my shapeless effusions through the post-office to the brother of the First Consul, already celebrated for his eloquence and patronage of literature and the liberal arts. My letter was worthy a young republican. It bore the impress of pride, wounded by the necessity of seeking patronage. Poor, unknown, so often disappointed, I had but faint hopes of the success of an application which there was no powerful friend to urge. But the third day—O ineffable happiness! Lucien sends for me, addresses me as a poet, counsels me, learns my condition, alleviates my wants!" When his protector quitted France he gave a proof of the interest he felt in his fortunes by assigning in his favor the pension to which he was entitled as a member of the Institute. These acts of kindness were never forgotten. The dedication of the last edition of his works to the exiled Prince, in language of fervent attachment and admiration, evinces the sincerity of the poet's gratitude.

In 1809 Béranger obtained, through the influence of Monsieur Arnault, a clerkship in the bureau of the Secretary of the University, with a salary of twelve hundred francs, which, with his income from the Institute, sufficed for his moderate wants. Napoleon, on his return from Elba, offered him the censorship of the press, with a revenue five times as large, but he refused, preferring poverty to the loss of the smallest portion of his independence. He wrote constantly, and from the Alps to the Pyrenees the country was vocal with his songs. He saw the decline of the Empire before the armies of the League. He recalled with enthusiasm her triumphs, and with touching melancholy bewailed her reverses. The return of the *émigrés*, with their old opinions and pretensions, he hailed in withering satires, and aimed an incessant fire against the family to whom France owed her misfortunes.

In the summer of 1815 Béranger published the first collection of his songs. With few exceptions they were light and gay, rather than political, and their success exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of his friends. A new and enlarged edition appeared in 1821, and then commenced the war of the Government against the *chansonnier*. The Council of the University, obedient to the ministry, deprived him of the humble office which he had held for twelve years in the bureau of the Secretary, and he was brought before the magistracy on a charge of outrage upon public morals, decency, and religion. The suit was an extraordinary one, and during its progress

JEAN PIERRE BERANGER.

engrossed the attention of the capital. Monsieur Dupin defended the accused with great ability, contending that his client was but a clever and sprightly writer of songs; but Marchangy, the Attorney-General, styled his works "dithyrambics, odes full of aggression and audacity." The charge of immorality and irreligion was assumed only to cloak the political prosecution. Béranger was found guilty, and condemned to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of five hundred francs. But his conviction was a triumph. His fearless independence and splendid genius commanded the admiration and sympathy even of his enemies, and he was visited during his incarceration by the most eminent persons of the kingdom. On his liberation Monsieur Lafitte offered him a lucrative post in his department, but it was declined, and he from that time refused all public station.

In 1828, Béranger published his *Chansons Inédites*, and was immediately brought before the *Police Correctionnelle* on a charge of insult to the person of the King in the song of *Charles le Simple*, and of impiety in that of *L'Ange Gardien*. He was convicted and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment and a fine of ten thousand francs. His friends, "the people of France," paid the fine, and in the cells of *La Force* he sharpened arrows for a continuation of the conflict. His songs went out like yeast among the masses, and the result was seen in *les trois jours* of 1830.

On the accession of Louis Philippe, Béranger was in vain offered titles and employments. He retired to Tours, where in 1833 he prepared his *Chansons Nouvelles et Dernières*, and wrote his *Adieu to Song*. He has since published several editions of his works, some of which are profusely illustrated, by Grandville, Raffet, and other artists of kindred genius; and in 1847 he gave the world ten new songs, which glow with the same spirit which animated his verse during the republic, the empire, and the tyrannous rule of Charles the Tenth.

When the new Republic came in, his election to the National Assembly, by the electors of the Department of the Seine—eighth on the list, at a time of extraordinary political excitement, and despite his own earnest protestation against it—may be taken as convincing proof of the hold he has so long kept upon the affections of the people. From his quiet home in the village of Passy—where Franklin lived all the while he was in France—from Passy

he sent his resignation to the President of the Chamber, but it was unanimously refused, and he wrote again:

CITIZEN PRESIDENT—If anything could make me dismiss from my memory my age, the state of my health, and my legislative incapacity, it would be the letter which you have had the goodness to write to me, and by which you announce that the National Assembly has honored my resignation with a refusal. My election and this act of the representatives of the people will be the object of my eternal gratitude. Inasmuch as they constitute a prize far beyond any feeble services that I may have been able to render to Liberty, they prove how enviable are the rewards reserved hereafter for those who, with greater talents, will render to our beloved country services more real. Happy to have been the occasion of this encouraging example, and convinced that it is the only useful purpose that I could now have fulfilled, I venture, Citizen President, with clasped hands to supplicate the National Assembly afresh, not to drag me from the obscurity of private life. This is not the wish of a philosopher, still less that of a sage; it is the desire of an old rhymer, who would fancy that he was surviving himself, if he lost in the tumult of public affairs his independence of mind, the only treasure which he has ever coveted. For the first time, I have something to ask from my country. Let not then its worthy representatives reject the petition which I address them, in reiterating my resignation; and let them kindly overlook the feebleness of a veteran, who cannot conceal from himself the honor which he sacrifices in separating himself from them. In charging you to offer my very humble excuses to the Assembly, receive, Citizen President, the homage of my respectful devotion. Salutation and Fraternity.

Passy, May 14, 1848. BERANGER.

He is now seventy-one years old; the fiery passion of his youth is tempered by the sad experience of age; he has hung his harp upon the wall, and amuses his autumn time with writing his Recollections, to be given to the world after his death. He smiles at the thought that he will one day be known only as the historian, "le judicieux, le grave Béranger!" But such a destiny is impossible. Whatever reputation he may win as an annalist, he will be immortal as "Béranger le chansonnier."

It is difficult for an American to understand the true power and importance of the *chansonnier* in France. Chamfort defines the government of that country to be "an absolute monarchy, tempered by songs," and he who wrote, "Permettez que je fasse les chansons d'un peuple, et il fera les lois qui le veut," had doubtless observed the influence of the song among his countrymen. An unpopular French minister, if his name be one on which a pun may be made, or if it hitches with facility into rhyme, can hardly consider his term of office worth more than six months' purchase, says an Edinburgh Reviewer, and experiences prove the opinion a true one.

Very different in many respects are the songs of Béranger from most of those in the English language. One is, their unity and completeness. Not long ago there was made a collection of lyrical pieces by Americans, and if any were found to be too long, the editor omitted a stanza, or more if it were necessary to make a song fill the appointed space in his volume. And to say truth, he did no great injustice to the bards, for their effusions appeared to be just as perfect thus mutilated as when issued from their own portfolios. But it would not do to apply this method to the songs of Béranger. A line from one of them would be as a link from a chain. He is not perhaps the most original of poets; but he has a felicity of expression, an artist-like finish, and a fullness and propriety of illustration unparalleled; and he never sends out a song while grace or polish can be added to it by persevering and careful labor.

Béranger writes as he feels; and having had many sad experiences of poverty, and mixed familiarly with the *bourgeois*, at every period of his life, he has a great advantage over his rivals in the fidelity with which he paints domestic suffering or gives expression to the popular feelings. He has marked the relations between want and crime, and as he has grown old the evils of society have made a deep impression on his mind. In *Le Vagabond*, in *Jacques*, and in *La Pauvre Femme*, he has given glowing but unhappily true sketches of life in Paris, and furnished fruitful text for Fourier and other "Morrison Pill" prescribers for diseased bodies politic. In the first of these pieces a mendicant, poor and miserably old, as he lays him down to die in a ditch by the wayside, vents his complaint against the social organization which refuses him the means of living, and then expels him from its bosom for offenses which misery alone has prompted.

Béranger has been called, but most unjustly, the poet of licentiousness. There are indeed a few indelicate passages in his songs—quite unfit for our meridian—but they were written long ago, and even a vindictive public persecutor could find in his works but two or three offenses against propriety. Pity there should be any—they are unworthy of his great powers—and doubtless now he deems them so himself, for his later volumes have no such blemishes. His *Bacchante*, *Gaudriole*, and other pieces of a like description, place him above Anacreon, Tibullus, Moore, Parney, or Désaguiers; but even they are inferior to *La Bonne Vieille*—*l'Alchimiste*—*Adieu*, *Chansons*, and other songs of a similarly grave character with which his works abound. He has likewise been called an infidel; but it will be seen that he has directed his satire against the corruptions of Christianity and not against Christianity itself.

There have been several collections of the Songs of Béranger in English, but scarcely any hitherto that give a true impression of their original beauty and spirit. The author of "Father Prout," in a series of brilliant papers in Fraser's Magazine, gave us many happy imitations, evincing a kindred though inferior genius, but he did not translate the *chansonnier*. Mr. Young, several years ago, published a smaller collection than the one now before us, and Béranger acknowledged the ability displayed in the pleasant service by this note:

TO MR. WILLIAM YOUNG.

Sir:—I receive with gratitude the volume that you have the kindness to send me. Unfortunately I do not understand English; but a member of the French Academy, who is perfectly conversant with it, chanced

to call on me almost at the moment of its arrival, and has made me appreciate, sir, all the obligation I owe you, for the pains you have taken, in translating so large a number of my songs. Many thanks, then, for the popularity that you have desired to confer, in your country, on a veteran songster, who has never sung of any but his own, and more especially in her days of adversity. Your fine talent, sir, has been generally hospitable toward my poor little Muse, who will preserve a warm-hearted recollection of the fact. Receive, with my sincere thanks, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration. I have the honor to be, sir, your devoted servant, BERANGER.

Passy, 29th April, 1847.

The splendid volume we have now from the press of Putnam, contains all the pieces formerly published by Mr. Young, carefully revised, and as many more. The selections are judicious, and the translations are uniformly truthful, almost beyond comparison, in thought, in feeling, and in music. Of all the French poets Beranger seems to us the most difficult to turn into English; his spirit is too evanescent to be conveyed from the forms which he himself invested with it; but Mr. Young has studied these immortal *chansons* with a genial love and diligence; he has made himself thoroughly familiar with all their circumstances; and to the most delicate appreciation of the niceties of the French language and the perfectest sympathy with his author, he has added an unusual mastery of forcible and poetical English rhetoric. Our literary world is greatly indebted to him for his very agreeable and important service.

NEW LITERARY PRIZES IN FRANCE.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF MORAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCES, in a bulletin of which we translate the chief points for *The International*, offers a prize of 1500 francs for the best essay on each of the following topics:—

I. *Philosophy.* For 1851: "Compare the moral and political philosophy of Plato and Aristotle with the doctrines of the greatest modern philosophers in the same spheres of thought.

"Appreciate what is false and temporary, and what is true and immortal in their different systems."

The Academy proposes the following subject for the prize of 1853:—

"A critical examination of the principal modern systems of theodicy."

The Essays though historical and critical in form should be essentially theoretical and speculative. Competitors will especially set forth the general spirit of the different systems, their methods, their principles and their results. The systems of the most celebrated cotemporaneous writers may be included, particularly those which have come from the more recent German philosophy. These may be considered in their relations with the present state of human knowledge and the actual needs of modern society. Each competitor will conclude by stating the doctrine which appears to him to contain the truth.

II. *Morals.* For the year 1852, the following subject: "Investigate the different systems of moral philosophy taught in antiquity down to the establishment of Christianity; set forth the influence exercised on the development of these systems by the social circumstances amid which they were formed, and that which they in turn exercised on the state of society in the ancient world." For 1853, the following subject: "A critical examination of the systems which reduce the laws of morals to the satisfactions of the passions."

In treating these topics, writers will dwell on the recent systems which place the happiness and perfection of man in the most complete satisfaction of his desires, which consider the passions as the source and measure of our rights and the sole legitimate base of legislation and social order. Above all, their value should be discussed from the threefold point of view of morals, politics, and political economy.

III. *Political Economy and Statistics.* For the year 1852, these two subjects: 1. Set forth the aggregate of the economical measures introduced by the Minister Colbert, expose their spirit and deduce the consequences produced by them from his administration down to the present day."

2. "Ought we to encourage either by premiums or other special advantages the formation of associations of industrialists other than Societies of mutual assistance, whether among workmen or between workmen and employers."

IV. *Legislation, Public Law and Jurisprudence.* For 1851, the Academy has already proposed the following subject: "Investigate the origin of the judicial organization and the judiciary in France; trace their history; set forth their present condition and develop the principles on which they are based." This question is now added as a second subject for 1851: "What from the judicial and the philosophical point of view are the reforms of which our civil procedure is susceptible?"

V. *General and Philosophic History.* For the year 1853: "Inquire what was the state of the agricultural classes in France from the 13th century to the revolution of 1789. Indicate the conditions through which they successively passed from complete serfdom, through partial liberty up to their perfect enfranchisement. Show to what burdens they were successively subjected and mark the differences existing in that respect in different parts of France, according to the writing of jurists, the printed and manuscript texts of ancient and reformed common laws both general and local, the royal legislation, the writings of historians, as well as ancient deeds and leases which may cast light on the question."

For the year 1854: "The condition of the working classes in France from the 12th century to the revolution of 1789.

VI. *Special prize founded by the late M. de Morogues.* The late Baron de Morogues left in 1834, a fund for a prize to be awarded every five years alternately by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences to the best

work on the state of pauperism in France and the means of remedying it, and by the Academy of Physical and Mathematical Sciences to the work which shall have most contributed to the progress of French agriculture. The prize will in 1855 be given to the best work on pauperism; it will be 3000 francs.

All the essays except the one on pauperism must be written in either French or Latin; that must be in French.

Yrs truly, Jno. Timon

THE NEW SERIES OF THE LORGNETTE.

HERE are the second dozen of the much-talked of and widely-read letters of John Timon. They have deservedly enjoyed a wide circulation in the city, and we state for the credit of American book-making and the gratification of country readers that they will soon appear in as elegant a volume as the second edition of the first series. Their finish of style, delicacy of wit, independence of thought, broad, catholic spirit, and the higher eloquence of their occasional moralizing, are not to be found in combination, in any other work of their kind "this side of the water." Their pages often evince a greater maturity and calmness of thought and the results of a wider observation, than appear in the Salmagundi pages, which were written when Paulding and the Irvings were young men. The prestige attendant on the morning stars of American belles-lettres will prevent many from agreeing with us—but we feel sure that the generous master of Sunnyside and the honored and honorable ex-Secretary will freely grant their unknown rival a place between them in our literary Pantheon. Now that "Timon hath done his reign"—and sorry were we to read it, for the scepter was never firmer in his grasp,—each issue bringing him new subjects, while old ones grew more and more loyal as each succeeding fortnight strengthened their confidence in the tempered justice of his sway—it might seem a proper time to treat at some length of the wisdom of his policy, the limits of his domain and the name of the monarch. But, beside that space does not now suffice, the first is sufficiently apparent in his writings; and of the second, which is, in general, American, and, in particular, New York society, our city readers already know, and our country readers will find the best hints to learn within the covers of the Lorgnette; and of the third, policy forbids to say much,—for John Timon, with all his virtues, is a testy gentleman, as any gentleman who chooses to keep his parlor privacy inviolate, has a right to be when intruded on; and although he has relinquished his tri-weekly "conveniency" for punishing discourtesy, we fear that, even from the coffin, in which he drolly makes his emblematic exit, some ghostly torment might come upon us were we to forget in his regard, the decorum of which he was in life so

observant. It will be enough to remark too, on this latter head, that of the many names mentioned as that of the author in the laughable appendix to the last number—to say nothing of another Mr. Robinson and another Mr. Mitchell (neither of the Olympic nor of the Fresh Gleanings), and a score or two more of authors, authorlings, authorkins and authoretti,—we have no confidence in the fitness of any of them. Darley's admirable sketch at the head of this notice is, we doubt not, if not a true likeness of the physical man, at least a faithful eidolon of the spiritual John Timon, and, together with the affixed autograph, gives a more correct idea of his appearance than we have yet had. We have neither time nor space, now and here, to indulge in an extended criticism on the many merits and occasional slight defects of this work, but must hasten to give an extract, chosen rather for brevity than as the most favorable specimen of the author's style of thought and rhetoric.

It is somewhat remarkable that within a few weeks' time the three great nations of modern civilization should each have lost one of their greatest men, "carried into the night by the same ground-swoop of the black-winged angel of Death." Over the tomb of each John Timon stops thoughtfully. "I love," he says, "to make even the dark incidents that overshadow us, give down the grateful coolness of a moral"—and we add the moral with which he closes his remarks on the death of Sir Robert Peel, a moral that should call a blush to the cheeks of many of our young men—would that it might change to the steady glow of a high ambition.

"Sir Robert Peel was a commoner; he was the son of a cotton spinner; he was luxuriously rich; he was the aptest statesman, and the most admired man in England. These facts make up a very good text for an American sermon; and the elucidation of the text, without any of my sixthlies, or seventhlies, would go to show that nerve and energy can triumph over station,—and what is more to the purpose, over the indulgences of wealth.

"How many of our rich cotton spinners' sons are in the road toward making Sir Robert Peels? How many are counting it any part of their duty, to be anything else than rich men's sons? How many of them are laboring toward any nobler end, than a pretty exhibition of that listless composure, and that pride, which American wealth is teaching to its children?

"Our money is breeding an abundance of fine dancers, neat moustaches, and excellently dressed men; it is possibly refining such, with capital judgment about a polka, or an *aria*; but as for that sort of masculine development, which makes the will earnest, and the soul big with manly intent, and with the purpose to make itself felt on mind, and not merely on grooms, or tailors,—it would be troublesome to find specimens, who are heirs to wealth.

"Let our rich cotton spinner's sons, who are rioting in the indulgences that riches bestow, and boasting the inertia that riches are too apt to induce, reflect for a while (if their powers of reflection are not altogether withered up and gone) on that sort of nobility—the only real sort—which takes its measure from the grief of a nation, which secures its patent by the strength of personal resolve, and which traces its escutcheon to the fiat of God!"

VILLAGE SPINSTERS.

"I have been favored with invitations to one or two of the village tea-drinkings, and delighted all the old ladies with praise of their tea-cakes, and crockery. On all such occasions, I am excessively gratified by a study of the village spinsters; who are the most inveterate talkers, that are, I think, to be found, in the habitable world. They possess a happy art of marrying everybody but themselves; and this exception—as they are Christian women,—is, without doubt, attributable to their own charity. They are always unlimited admirers of the clergyman, and extol the dear good man over their tea, with an enthusiasm worthy of all success.

"If of the 'Established Church,' they absolutely dost upon crosses, and Miss Sewall's novels, and offend their best friends by contumaciously calling all dissenting church buildings, meeting houses. Should they be of the other branch, they look with very evil eyes upon showily bound prayer books, which they reckon no better than so many devices of Satan; and they are especially earnest in their devotion to poor unmarried Divinity students. They are famous at all quiltings and other country gatherings; and with all their charity, are the most arrant scandal-mongers that can possibly be imagined. They will be sure to know and report any little excesses in man's diet, and are curiously successful in their inquiries about the lateness of hours, which different families keep. As for any little domestic broils, not so much as a hard word can pass between man and wife, but they will hatch out of it a pestilent brood of stories that will set the whole village agog.

"Here and there a pair of them will set up for literary ladies, which from the size of the town, and the moderate attainments of most of the inhabitants, is a position of very easy maintenance. They will furnish opinions to the village in regard to most of the new novels; and will be sure to make the most of any errant knight of the quill who may venture in their neighborhood; and they sigh over Longfellow with an earnestness every way commendable.

"They are mightily observant of all strangers who enter their church on a Sunday, and will sidle up to the postmaster's or the tavern keeper's wife after service, to find out who was the strange gentleman in the middle aisle. This class of ladies—not all of them spinsters—are, I observe, a sort of go-betweens in all the factions which divide the village, and use their best arts to keep all mischief at the boiling point. These village feuds, by the bye, are to be found in all the little towns where I have lingered for ever so short a space; and I am very sorry, for my gallantry's sake, to avow that they were confined chiefly to the women. What may be their origin, I cannot well determine, but being set on foot, they serve to relieve the monotony of a country village, and inspirit the inhabitants into such rivalry of colors and green blinds, as adds vastly to the life and animation of the place.

"A stylish visitor from the city is a godsend to either party; and it has been a source of gratulation to me, Fritz, that my plainness of parts, and unpretending mediocrity, have saved me from the sin of fanning any such unchristian feuds; and of being offered up as a holocaust to the village pride."

RELIGIOUS SECTS AND SOCIALISM IN RUSSIA.

OUR readers will remember, that at various times in the early part of last year, reports were current of an extensive conspiracy discovered at St. Petersburg, which was described as Communist in its character, and as including in its ranks many members of the noblest families, and officers of various rank in the army. Though this report was stoutly denied by journals in the Russian interest, it found confirmation in the autumn, when the results of a five months' investigation were officially published at St. Petersburg. The number of persons arrested proved to have been about fifty, half of whom were set free, and the remainder punished by being sent to Siberia or confined for life in fortresses, with the loss of every civil right. The official report speaks of the character of the conspiracy in the following language: "A number of young persons, some of whom were utterly depraved in mind and heart, while others were the thoughtless victims of perfidious influences, had formed a secret society, with the purpose of violently overthrowing our political organization, and introducing a form of the State according to their own ideas—that is, anarchy." Since then we have heard of a conspiracy in a girls' school at Warsaw, where Socialist and Communist books are said to have been a means of evil. But a far more weighty indication of the Russian policy than these may be found in the manifestos issued by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg during 1848 and '49, when the revolution was still active in Europe. In all those documents political movements are set forth as merely a disguise, or a forerunner of Communism, which in turn is described as the offspring of atheistic sophistry. "The revolution is above all unchristian," says a Russian memorial prepared in the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs: "this antichristian spirit is its soul, its peculiar, essential character, while the various forms in which it appears, the war-cry under which it takes the field, and everything else, down to its very crimes and acts of violence, are merely collateral and accidental." The same idea is expressed in all similar documents from the same source. In one of the earliest, the Czar, in the first impulse of his anger, is represented as calling upon all orthodox believers to undertake a crusade against the "heathen." This characteristic expression was afterward declared to be an error of translation, and was changed to "foreign nations" by the prudence which rules at St. Petersburg. But as the *Grenzzboten* says, from whose pages we condense the present article for the *International*, it is impossible to find any correction of the sort in the Russian papers printed in the language of the country; instead of this, the priests everywhere began to glow with the announcement that "the heathen from foreign countries were threatening to break into the empire of the White Czar, in order to destroy the temples of the church of the true faith, and spread devastation over the whole land of the faithful children of the great father."

Russia has long understood the art of employing the peculiar situation and tendencies of other countries for its own benefit, as in Greece, Persia, the Danubian principalities, and the southern Slavonic provinces of Austria. In all these regions, after having weakened the existing political institutions, the identity of religion, the Confessional, the supremacy of the Czar as the Patriarch of the Church, have been used to establish Russian authority, and separate the people permanently though not always apparently from their sovereign. By this means the principle of Faith which Russia maintains has disappeared from the rest of Europe, has become one of the most powerful agencies of conquest in the service of the Czar. A real national policy, in the eyes of Russians, must be purely ecclesiastical. The old Russians are not characterized by the love of conquest, but rather by exclusiveness against everything foreign. On the other hand, the policy of the government, since Peter I., has been invasive, bent on conquest abroad, and thus in a certain sense opposed to the national will. In the course of time, also, privileges have been bestowed on parts of the empire which are not Russian, which the Russian parts do not enjoy. Hence danger for the whole system. This danger is now kept down by the vigor of the Czar Nicholas, but on his death some new restraint must be ready, or there will be serious trouble. The foresight of the government seeks such a restraint, not only in the Russian Church, but in the general principle of absolute Faith and strict Orthodoxy. Herein is the motive which impels Russia to depart from her boasted course of religious tolerance and indifference as to sects, and, while at home she carries intolerance to its farthest extreme, to oppose the political movements of Europe with the declaration that the revolution is above all anti-Christian.

But danger presses upon Russia in the very domain of religion. In spite of the closing of the frontiers and the extreme punishments imposed on every manifestation of sympathy in the current religious agitations, the foaming waves of European thought, instead of being repelled by the walls of the orthodox church, have penetrated their crevices, and found there germs ready for impregnation. The number of Russian sects is known, but not their internal organization. In fact, most of them have no organization; they attach themselves to individual doctrines, or work out this or that idea, their adherents clinging thereto with a fanaticism which sometimes produces the most frightful consequences. Now and then we hear of the self-immolation of masses of persons, murders of children, self-maiming, and the like, which were not heard of before these peculiar notions were set on foot, and which now occur unexpectedly, as most of the sects make a point of

outwardly complying with all the requisitions of the orthodox church. The judicial investigations which follow these crimes do not go beyond the overt acts, while the sect gains new adherents by the martyrdom of its members.

On the other hand, two sects have attained a complete organisation: these are the *Starowerzen* and *Duchaborzen*. The former, called in the popular dialect *Roskolniks* (heretics), are the representatives of the ancient faith, the supporters of that orthodoxy which combated the reforms in the church planned by Peter I., in spite of persecution, as well as of every inducement to compromise with the State Church, have established a complete system of dogmas apart from that institution. How great is their power appears from the fact that Alexander gave up the attempt to put them down by threats, and that Nicholas has so far recognised them as a separate church as to allow the free exercise of their religion, on the single condition that their priests shall be consecrated by those of the regular church, though according to the antique ritual. But the *Starowerzen* perceived that by agreeing to this they would endanger their fundamental principle of the independence of the Church from the State, and declined the offer. The government allowed the matter to rest, although the schism is essentially dangerous to its political system. It is pretended that the only points at issue between the State Church and these heretics are the wearing of the old Russian costume, sundry differences in the liturgy, and the like; but every one who has lived in Russia must know that these questions of external form have long been abandoned, and that the first principle of Russian absolutism, the combination of the dignity of the Patriarch with the office of the Czar, is really the matter in dispute.

It has also been said that the peculiarities of the *Starowerzen* are petrifaction of the Christian dogmas, hostility to progress, bitter prejudice against everything foreign, and that for these reasons they are internally powerless.

These assertions are not without truth considered from the stand-point of the governmental policy. But in their very truth consists the national might of the sect. The fixedness of the dogmas which the Czar in his capacity of head of the church disavows, deprives him of that divine *nimbus* which is the chief support of absolutism, while it gives to this sect the importance of an independent power. In its political consequences this religious principle coincides as well with the opposition of the old nobility to the house of Romanoff, as with that general opposition to absolutism which originates from intercourse with foreign countries. The *Starowerzen* go for the development of the nation from its own elements; the careful culture of the soil, the raising of cattle, and the assiduous support of Russian manufactures are peculiarities of those districts in which they are predominant; the result is material prosperity. The consequence of this is that the sect is greatly respected and is constantly increasing in numbers, while the State Church is losing.

The *Starowerzen* of Great Russia, or of Muscovy strictly speaking, form the ancient Catholic national opposition against the modern form of the imperial authority, the State church and the political system. The *Starowerzen* of the provinces near the frontiers of the empire are divided into many sects, to which the old Catholic doctrine of the independence of the Church is common, as is the refusal to recognize the Czar as the head or Patriarch, while practically they all oppose the distinction of ranks, serfdom, and the political privileges of the nobility. In the interior of the empire, especially in Moscow and Novgorod, and also in St. Petersburg, a quite intimate alliance has sprung up between the holders of the ancient faith and the old aristocracy, while in the more remote provinces the doctrines of the *Starowerzen* are most disseminated among the peasants, the small traders, and mechanics, in short among the political Parias. The learned classes as well as the office-holders, generally have nothing to do with them, but that is only another reason why they should have a strong hold upon the people. Three years ago an admirer of Russian statesmanship and of the influence exercised by the government in shaping the character of the people, wrote as follows: "The *Starowerzen* exercise a deep and mysterious moral influence on Russia and its government. In every question of legislation, of church affairs, of internal policy, in connection with every proposed improvement and alteration the first secret inquiry always is: What will the *Starowerzen* say of it?" The same writer goes on to say that they represent in Russia the principle of stability or adhesion to the past, and "that they are the regulator which shows how far it is practicable to go with innovations." But these innovations, as far as they are of a political nature, have been based on the idea that the Czar is the incarnation of the Russian spirit, and that serfdom is a condition of the people justified by their past history. The adherents of the past deny both these propositions.

The other prominent sect in the Russian church is called the *Duchaborzen* (strivers for light), and is of more modern origin. They do not, like the *Starowerzen*, date their origin from the split in the Oriental church under Nikon, but from a much later time. Peter III., the friend of foreign usages, who in his short reign not only sought to free the despotism of the Czars from its Asiatic features but to bring all the political and social relations of the people into harmony with the institutions of Europe, and was therefore murdered in a palace-revolution, passes for the founder of this sect. Its origin thus coincides

with the most flourishing period of Free Masonry and Illuminism in Europe. Its doctrines do not reject the original dogmas of Oriental catholicism, but have added to them the main points of Western catholicism. As far as we have exact information, its first purpose was to render the Oriental church less sensual, and to substitute life and development for petrifaction in mere ceremonies. Accordingly the *Duchaborzen* did not form a definite society, but were grouped around the puritanic idea by means of various theological or philosophical systems. But all of them contended for reform in the church. If the orthodox State church could not overcome the *Starowerzen* for the want of a popular form of doctrine, much less could it bring the *Duchaborzen* back to orthodoxy. It had no opportunity of doing it by violence because where they were not in the majority they carefully followed the prescribed ceremonial. And still less did it know how to follow this protean sect from the sphere of the church into the social domain whither the *Duchaborzen* gradually removed their central point of influence. And here is the place of contact of the two sects of which we are speaking. The *Starowerzen* resist the absolute authority of the Czar and serfdom as foreign innovations, as assaults upon the ancient genuineness of faith. On the other hand the fundamental doctrine of all divisions of the *Duchaborzen* is the equality of all men, by reason of the sinfulness of all. "There is no master and no servant; thou canst use the aid of another, but he still remains thy brother and equal, as thou art the brother and equal of the mightiest." Such are their teachings in this respect, and thus they attack the very basis of the Russian government. This socialist tendency is natural. The whole state of things in Russia must give it the first place in a system of religious reform. In some places it has been carried to a community of labor and property. This has also been the case in some divisions of the *Starowerzen*.

The theological heresies of these dissenting bodies are not of much account in the eye of the Russian government. The most important question is the social, and the political which is closely connected with it. But prudence forbids any manifestation of anxiety on this point, and commands the government to put forward strict orthodoxy as the means of putting down the social and political movement. Hence the declaration that "the revolution is above all anti-Christian."

IT is difficult to resign the illusion of a life. The system which we have made or have adopted we love, and resent the offer of criticism or the recommendation of change. It may be necessary that men should repose a stubborn confidence in themselves and their works; yet history teems with instances where they have fallen victims to the ineradicable prejudices which are fed upon self-love.

MISS WEBER AND HER WRITINGS.

BY MISS HARRIET SARGENT.

TOWARD the close of the last century, Mary Wolstonecraft appeared in the literary world with her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." This book created a lively sensation in the literary circles, owing to the severity of its strictures upon the writings of Rousseau, Chesterfield, Fordyce, Gregory, Madame de Genlis, and divers other *litterateurs*, who had hitherto been regarded as oracles in all matters relating to woman's province and duties. Mrs. Wolstonecraft was a nervous but not graceful writer. In asserting the rights of the sex, and exposing what she considered the false reasoning of eminent writers, she evinced great spirit and considerable genius; but the extreme acrimony of her style was fatal to the success of her arguments. Few persons were willing to believe that Lord Chesterfield and the amiable Gregory were "cold-hearted rascals," merely because they had formed erroneous conceptions of the true sphere of woman; and fewer still regarded that and other equally coarse epithets liberally employed by the author, as womanly expressions.

Mary Wolstonecraft entered upon an entirely new field of contention. She boldly threw down the gauntlet, but no one felt inclined to take it up. She was like the little tailor in one of Lover's stories—nobody would "be so obliging as to strike" her. Yet, in the field of woman's rights, Mary Wolstonecraft was undoubtedly the true pioneer, and whatever credit may pertain to that distinction is clearly her due.

Of late years, this question has been revived, and brought before the public in such a formidable shape, that the very foundation of our social and political fabric is threatened with destruction. Women now demand the abrogation of all laws and customs which "base a distinction of rights upon sex." This claim covers wide, very wide ground; but it is advocated, in all its ramifications, by the numerous writers and lecturers of the Woman's Rights party, many of whom are women of great talent, energy, and influence.

Miss Helene Marie Weber, a young Belgian lady, stands preeminent among the advocates of woman's rights of the present day. A noted French critic, who is by no means friendly to the cause in which Miss Weber is engaged, confesses that "she possesses the highest order of intellect, and a thorough knowledge of social and political economy."

Miss Weber's style is sententious, vigorous, and graceful, with a dash of quiet humor, sufficient to relax the gravity of the surliest old bachelor in the world. Her essays appear to cover the whole ground in dispute. She claims the right of women to enjoy the elective franchise, to fill every description of civil and ecclesiastical offices, to hold their own property independent of their husbands, to have a full moiety of domestic authority, to

dress without restriction as to the form of garments, and to be the compeers instead of the "legal slaves" of their husbands. It will be perceived that these demands embrace everything except the right to command armies and ships of war. The omission of this claim, however, was no oversight. Though herself the daughter of a military man, she is opposed to warfare, and has no exalted opinion of plumed heroes.

"War," she says, "is the rioting of brutal instinct. Its practice by the human race is a downright encroachment upon the rights of the tiger, hyena, and bull-dog. A resort to arms never determines a question upon its real merits, because the stronger party, which is more apt to be wrong than right, is sure to be victorious. Dueling is quite as rational and commendable as the warfare of armies, notwithstanding the law interdicts the one, while it countenances and encourages the other. In this age of enlightenment, war should not be tolerated.) Disputes between nations can be determined by arbitration as easily as disputes are settled by that means between individuals. But, should a nation, having a bisexual form of government, so far disgrace itself as to engage in war, it would be right that all its people, irrespective of sex, should bear the pecuniary burdens of the contest, in proportion to their means. It is impossible, however, that wars can ever be countenanced by governments in which women have an equal voice with men. No necessity exists, therefore, for calling upon Queen Semiramis, Joan of Arc, or Jacoba of Hainault, to prove woman's military capacity, or Alfhilda, to testify to her prowess on the seas. The ability to do a thing may be admitted, while its expediency may be denied."

The following extracts, taken somewhat at random, from the writings of Miss Weber, will afford the readers of *The International* some idea of her sentiments in regard to the rights and wrongs of her sex. The sprightliness of her manner will suffer by the translation, a misfortune not chargeable to her account.

SUFFRAGE.

"Modern governments that are administered on free principles all recognize the right of the people to choose those who are to govern them. And yet, in defiance of this recognition, a full half of the people are disfranchised. We are gravely informed by the men, that 'people,' in the grammar of politics, is a substantive of the masculine gender, in particular instances, of which the above is one. It is high time to put the seal of reprobation on this miserable system of grammar.

"In law, woman is regarded either as an alien or a nonenity: she has no more rights than the former, no more tangible existence than the latter. The ballot ought to be free alike to both sexes; and women should never fall into the error of claiming its exercise as a privilege, but as an absolute right. Suffrage is the initial step in the walk of woman's political life. Its enjoyment is essential to the procurement of every other franchise she demands. While the ballot-box remains closed to her, she may cry aloud in the wilderness, but her voice will not be heard."

FEMALE DIPLOMATS.

"Lucretia Marinella, the Venetian, held the opinion that women make better diplomatists than men. She was led to this conclusion by her extravagant admiration of Catharine de Medicis—a woman who certainly attained a great notoriety in the political world, but who was rather a subtle intriguer than an honest stateswoman. As an ambassadress, I believe that woman has the ability to acquit herself creditably. In the natural endowments of the mind, I hold that woman is fully equal to man; the additional cell which Fontenelle has assigned to the male cranium is a mere figment. It is perfectly consistent with this principle to recognize a difference in the construction of the minds of men and women. In some of the faculties woman excels, while in others she is inferior; but the equilibrium is always maintained. Man himself concedes woman's superiority in what is denominated quick wit [scharfsin] and in the equivocal talent of finesse, both of which are regarded as valuable qualities in diplomatic characters. On the other hand, man has a profoundness of reasoning—slow in its workings, but clear in its deductions—that has never yet been attained by woman. A foreign embassy might, with advantage and propriety, be composed of a husband and wife invested with equal power. Should they ever differ about any public measure, it may be safely inferred that it is one of questionable expediency; and in such a case instructions how to act should be invited from the government at home."

THE MARRIED WOMAN.

"The married woman is neither more nor less than a slave, under the laws as they now exist. The husband has a legal right to the unconditional control of her person. He can remove her from the home of her dearest affections to the uttermost corners of the earth; he can separate her from her children, squander her property, reduce her to the lowest depths of poverty, inflict personal chastisement upon her to a certain extent, and hurry her to a premature grave by the deadly poison of unmerited insults, slights, contumely and cruelty. And for all this, and more too, he has the sanction of law! If this be not slavery—absolute, unmitigated slavery—there is no such condition in life."

GOSSIPING.

"The despicable habit of gossiping is by no means peculiar to the female sex. It is the bantling of ignorance and idleness; and if there are more female than male gossips, it is because the female mind has received the least cultivation. An assemblage of uneducated people must either keep their mouths shut, or talk about the peccadillos and short-

comings of their neighbors. Interdict that topic, and you seal their lips. When woman shall be educated properly, her conversational powers will be directed to nobler themes."

DRESS.

"The nether garment was first worn in the bifurcated form by the women of ancient Judah. How far it resembled the modern trowsers we have no definite information; but the fact is worth keeping in mind that women were the original wearers of trowsers. The exclusive claim which man so pertinaciously maintains to the use of this garment, is founded upon no principle of moral or social policy. It is an arbitrary claim, without a solitary argument to support it, not even that of prior usage. Nature never intended that the sexes should be distinguished by apparel. The beard which she assigned solely to man, is the natural token of his sex. But man effeminates himself, contrary to the evident purpose of nature, by shaving off his beard; and then, lest his sex should be mistaken, he arrogates to himself a particular form of dress, the wearing of which by the female sex he declares to be a grave misdemeanor.

"Common sense teaches us that the dress which is most convenient, and best adapted to our wants and circumstances, is the dress most proper for us to wear. Scarcely a case can be imagined in which the superiority of the male attire is not palpable. I am cognizant of no reason why women should not wear this dress. If girls were accustomed to it from an early age, we would see fewer delicately formed women, and none with overlapped ribs."

TRAINING OF GIRLS.

"The matrimonial market, for which young women are carefully reared by their mothers, differs in none of its essential features from the cattle fairs so well known in many parts of Europe. The girls are mere marketable commodities, worth more or less in the purchaser's opinion, according to the qualities exteriorly manifested. The matronly venders, with true trafficking instinct, sell to the highest and best bidder; and the purchaser obtains his property in the same manner that he would a horse—that is to say, on the merits of outward appearance and the faith of the jockey's recommendation. Too often he finds that he has bought the wrong horse, and then the poor animal is made to suffer the penalty of the master's displeasure. All this is the consequence of false training. The sin rests with the mothers, not with the daughters. Nor is the evil attributable to man, except so much of it as results from those absurd political and social systems which he has reared up, and maintained by force and prejudice. The remedy is only to be found in a complete change of the system of female education. Girls should be trained for usefulness—to move in an independent sphere of action if necessary or desirable—and not to be the puppets or playthings of men. They may, with great propriety and advantage, be instructed in ornamental accomplishments; but they should also be brought up to some profession or trade by means of which they may be enabled to earn their own living, and place themselves beyond the *necessity* of matrimony. When girls shall once be taught to think and act for themselves, they will be fully competent to choose a husband without parental interference. I would, by no means, urge that a young woman, in taking this important step, should disregard the will of those to whom she owes her being, as well as her most sacred affections; but it is surely no more than reasonable that she should always be the uninfluenced nominator of the man who is to be her companion and coadjutor to the end of her life. Should the choice prove to be an unfortunate one, she has none to reproach but herself."

These excerpts, saving the stiffness of the translation, and making just allowances for isolating them from the context, are fair specimens of Miss Weber's style. One of her essays, which I have not touched in my gleaning, is devoted wholly to church and religious matters. She manifests a strong admiration for that "eminent divine Martin Luther, whose efforts have done so much toward enlightening mankind in the pathway of salvation." Her writings, throughout, breathe a genuine and deep spirit of piety, which cannot fail to command the admiration of every Christian reader.

Her theories are not merely speculative, for she has reduced many of them to practice,—indeed all of them may be deemed feasible at the present moment. This is an efficient way of enforcing arguments.

She is not popular with the leading reformers in Europe, who make socialism their grand platform; but among the conservatives she has scarcely an opponent. In Berlin, Vienna, and other continental cities, are "Gesellchafts," organized to further the cause of reform on the principles of Miss Weber. The first society, in Berlin, was formed under her own auspices, and was honored by a series of lectures from her eloquent lips. She also addressed various other societies, as they sprang into existence, and proved herself to be an oratress as well as a writer. The party of which she may be considered an eminent member, rather than the leader, is mainly composed of the young generation now coming upon the stage. Her tracts are made class-books in many of the female seminaries—a distinction which few writings of this description have ever obtained. She has labored hard for the good of her sex; and though some of her opinions are of questionable propriety, she is, in the main, free from those *extreme* notions which are so common in France.

Miss Weber's genius has not confined itself to the discussion of woman's rights. She has written extensively, both in prose and verse, for the continental annuals and magazines;

and is the German translator of Mrs. Walker's book on Female Beauty.

She is one of the few literary women who have not permitted the *cacoëthes scribendi* to engross their whole attention. For several years past, she has pursued the honorable vocation of agriculture and sheep husbandry. She has an excellent farm, the entire business of which she manages in person; and, by all accounts, her farming operations have proved to be a steady source of profit and pleasure to her. Her family consists of a widowed mother, together with two female cousins, between fifteen and twenty years of age.

Miss Weber, as is generally known, dresses completely *en homme*, a practice by no means uncommon with European ladies. The following description of her personal appearance and manners, from the pen of an American lady who visited her in the Spring of 1849, is taken from the *Lowell Offering*:—

"Miss Weber's figure being unusually tall and straight, is well adapted to masculine costume. She dresses in the Paris fashion, generally in a black dress coat, with pantaloons to correspond; though I have seen her in the evening wear a stylish blue coat, enriched with lustrous plain gilt buttons, and small clothes of a light color. Her vest is of buff cassimere, with a row of flat-surfaced gold buttons, perfectly plain, but exquisitely polished; this is the only style of vest that she ever wears. Her hair, of course, is cut short. She is about twenty-four years of age, and is possessed of a beautiful face, and her manners are strictly lady-like. She enjoys the friendship of the great and good of both sexes. Unlike most learned ladies, she is full of sociality and unflagging merriment; but her every word, look and action is characterized with the most refined womanly delicacy."

This is a vivid portrait; it leaves the daguerreotype far in the back ground. The unaffected modesty and strict womanly deportment of this remarkable young lady have, doubtless, reconciled her friends to her masculine dress. However erroneous Miss Weber's sentiments may be on the subject of attire, it is not to be questioned that she entertains them honestly; and this fact should not be kept out of mind when we come to pronounce judgment on her actions.

The French critic, of whom I spoke before, sums up the character of Miss Weber, in the following brief sentence:—"*C'est une demoiselle accomplie et un homme comme il faut.*" This is high praise, expressed with great delicacy, and may have the additional merit of being well deserved.

LAMARTINE'S "GENEVIEVE."

THE last and finest of the poetical "histories" of Lamartine, "Genevieve," has been translated by Mr. Fayette Robinson, and published by Stringer and Townsend. We copy the following notice of it from *The Athenæum*:—

"Except for its preamble, which need not be read,—but for a few egotistical passages, which might easily be expunged from any future edition,—and but for its close, which seems over poetically just and too theatrically elaborate—this story, 'Genevieve,' might rank in French sentimental literature as high as 'Paul et Virginie.' It is incontestably M. de Lamartine's best imaginative prose work. The fastidious novel reader has no reason to complain of the year which, before the winter comes, will have given him 'Copperfield' complete,—the powerful and highly-finished 'Scarlet Letters' by Mr. Hawthorne from America,—and from France the tale which we have in hand.

"The dedication'* adverted to rather condescendingly, sets forth Mademoiselle Reine-Garde, to whom 'Genevieve' is inscribed, was a servant, and is a seamstress at Aix, in Provence. No one will receive without cordial interest the news that the operatic class in France, besides its Reboul, and Jasmin, and Savinien Lepointe, has also its poetess in the party specified. But there is too much of the Chateaubriand style in the narration of the visit which the seamstress muse paid to the author of the 'Meditations,' attracted by her irresistible desire to behold him. We hardly think that M. de Lamartine can have faithfully reported the high conversation with which he tells us he regaled his visitor, on the destinies of popular literature,—as though his eagle eye had first discovered that whereas the people are now choosing to read, books will henceforward be written for the people's use. What is more, we are not sure that there is not an aristocratic class-prejudice beneath the sonorous promises here tendered, that the people aforesaid shall have a literature 'made to fit,'—poems, tales, plays—better than those formerly contrived for the use of their betters. Thanks to his friends, the *Prolétaire* bids fair to be allowed as little liberty of choice as his arch-antagonist, the King. Credited by his patrons with superhuman purity, and with an uncorrupted and incorruptible desire to have and hold only "the best and honorablest things," a literature is to be got up for him superfinely simple, wondrous in its wholesomeness, incomparable in the instruction which it contains;—as if the very idea of intellectual development did not also include that freedom of choice, that indulgence of fancy, that desire to digress, that patience with blemish and extravagance which are provided for in the literature for the few,—precisely because that has been created by men more intent on their own great thoughts and subtle fancies than on sitting, rod and horn-book in hand, face to face with a row of unlettered children gaping for culture.

"Let us, then, hear somewhat less of this Patent Digestive Literature for the People, about which philanthropists, on the principle of the parallelogram, are too fond of lecturing:—least of all let us be preached upon by

* Printed in the *International* for September.

fervent and picturesque poets like M. de Lamartine. If they only write such books as this 'Genevieve,' they may be as sure of being followed by a host of befitting readers as that every one among the myriad will draw nourishment from the pleasure according to his own humor, and at his own time.—A more beautiful tale of its kind, we repeat, has rarely, if ever, been given to the public.

"Like M. de Balzac, M. de Lamartine for his principal character has had recourse to a former work of fiction. Genevieve, he tells us, is *Marthe*—whom all will remember as having been *Jocelyn's* faithful servant. When, after *Jocelyn's* death, his house had to be cleared for the new priest—to *Jocelyn's* friend and executor the story of Genevieve's life and sorrows was made known. There is not much plot nor invention in this,—but great pathos. Genevieve is one of those beings who seem destined from infancy to a life of self-postponement and sacrifice. Born in an humble class, as a child she was the faithful servant and *confidante* of her bed-ridden mother (a figure touched with sad sweetness). When orphaned, she became a mother to her younger sister,—poor, pretty Josette!—and for Josette's sake she renounced her own chance of marriage with the man whom she loved dearly. Yet this was only a first trial. Poor Josette allowed herself to be enticed into a secret marriage, the appearances of which were so questionable that loss of reputation must have ensued had the facts been half known. She gave birth to a child, which it was needful strictly to conceal,—and in the midst of uncertainty, dismay and distress, died suddenly. The maintenence of her sister's secret Genevieve regarded as a religious duty. This was to be accomplished only by her taking Josette's shame upon herself. Granting such premises, few scenes more pathetic have ever been penned than those that stand betwixt the adoption of this heroic resolution and the moment when the real truth is made clear. If we say that (allowing for differences of local coloring) there are pages here which may be measured against the best in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' it is only the French author's due.

"After the acquittal of Genevieve, however, in the presence of her old lover and his family, the story might well have been closed. It is a generic defect with tale-tellers that they never seem to know when their readers have had enough,—or else err, from themselves becoming weary ere the play is played out. Notions of poetical justice seem to have troubled M. de Lamartine. Genevieve was not only to be absolved, she was to be rewarded,—and the lost child of Josette was to reappear: such reappearance (with the new characters thereby introduced) being managed little more successfully than the retributive history of the child of the *Lily of St. Leonard's*, which amounts to an excrescence on Scott's admirable story. But so good are the good portions of 'Genevieve,' that the tale is worth re-casting, with a view, as we have said, of its taking a permanent place in the modern Library of Fiction."

DR. LATHAM ON THE AMERICAN RACES.

ONE of the most important works in Ethnology that have been published in many years is "The Natural History of the Varieties of Man," by Dr. George Gordon Latham, F.R.S.* We hope it will be reprinted in this country, where its sound scholarship and healthful opinion are needed to counteract industriously-circulated heresies, which were put down so long ago that they are now accepted by tyros as novelties, and by some as discoveries.

Among the supposed difficulties in the way of a belief in the unity of the human race, some of the most formidable are thought to be presented by the alleged differences of the American populations from each other, and by the alleged general differences of these populations from those of the Old World. A little knowledge suggests these difficulties, and a profound knowledge dispels them. Dr. Latham is probably correct in stating that in the discussion of the question, *How was America peopled?* our only choice lies between the doctrine that the American nations had an entirely independent origin, and that that they came from North-Eastern Asia, *viâ* Behring's Straits, or the line of islands between Kamskatka and the Peninsula of Aliaska. The stories of the driftings of Japanese junks and Polynesian canoes, he considers insufficient to account for the *original* settlement of the continent.

It is a very remarkable fact that the same nation is found on the American side and on the Asiatic side of Behring's Straits. This is the Eskimo. And, unimportant as the Eskimos are in a political and historical view, they are, on account of their geographical position, the most important nation in the world to the ethnologist.

The whole of Dr. Latham's chapter "on the American Mongolidæ," deserves careful study. We can present no suitable analysis of it, but venture to copy into the *International* a few of the paragraphs in which this masterly examiner has stated with the greatest clearness his conclusions as to the points which have lately been discussed most largely in this country. In physiognomy, complexion, and indeed all outward characteristics, the Eskimo is Mongol and Asiatic, and in language American; or, to state the fact in another way, we find that at the very place where the Asiatic and American continents are nearest to each other, the same nation inhabits the coasts of both, and this nation is proved by its physical appearance to be connected with the greater part of the Asiatic populations, and by its lan-

* The Natural History of the Varieties of Man. By Robert Gordon Latham, M.D., F.R.S., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; one of the Vice Presidents of the Ethnological Society, London; Corresponding Member of the Ethnological Society, New York, &c., &c. London: Van Voorst. 1850.

guage to be connected with the principal tribes of America. Thus stated, the unity of the nations in the two continents seems sufficiently clear, but in so stating it we assume a point on which doubts have been raised: that is, that all the American nations have had one origin. We show that some of them may have come from Asia, and thence we infer a common descent. But this question of the relation of the peoples of this continent lies at the foundation of the entire discussion. It is quite useless to show (for instance) that all the American nations, *except the Mexicans*, may be connected together, and may be, through the Eskimos, of the family of the Asiatics. The dissociation of the Mexicans would still require the hypothesis of a distinct origin for the Mexican, and would of course be altogether fatal to the doctrine of unity. In comparing the populations of America with each other, many startling discrepancies at first presented themselves as to languages and degrees of civilization. Dr. Latham says:

"The broad differences between the American Indians, as a body, when compared with even the most anomalous of the tribes of the Old World, were such as would naturally engender on the part of the earliest investigators—those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—an opinion in favor of a general fundamental unity among the several sections of them. This was the effect of the natural tendency of the human mind to connect with each other those things which disagree with certain others rather than the result of any definite series of comparisons. The Brazilian and the Mohawk equally agreed in disagreeing with the Laplander or Negro; and this common difference was enough to bring them within the same class.

"The observed facts which first had a tendency to disturb this notion, were, most probably, those connected with the languages. These really differ from each other to a very remarkable extent—an extent which to any partial investigator seems unparalleled; but an extent which the general philologist finds to be no greater than that which occurs in Caucasus, in the Indo-Chinese frontier, and in many parts of Africa.

"The phenomena, however, which the multiplicity of mutually unintelligible tongues spoken within limited areas exhibited, were first made known in the case of the languages of America; and as new facts they were not likely to be undervalued. On the contrary, another natural tendency of the human mind, viz., a readiness to exaggerate difference in cases where similarity had been expected, was allowed full play; and not only were the really remarkable phenomena of philological diversity overstated, but the inferences from them rather exceeded than fell short of their legitimate compass. . . . .

"It is difficult to say what would have been the natural growth, in the way of opinion, from these strong (and not much overstated) phenomena, as to the apparently radical differences between the languages in question, if they had come down to the present generation of scholars in an unmodified and unqualified form. This however was not the case. A most important disturbing element was soon indicated, which I follow Prichard in ascribing to Vater. It was this—viz., that different as may be the languages of America from each other, the discrepancy *extends to words or roots only, the general internal or grammatical structure being the same for all.* . . . .

"We now see in a general way (and this is as much as in a work like the present can be shown), the meaning of a statement made in a former page, viz., that 'where the American languages differ from each other, they differ in a manner to which Asia supplies no parallel,' whilst when they 'agree with each they agree in a way to which Asia supplies no parallel'—*i. e.*, whilst they agree grammatically they differ glossarily; so exhibiting what may be called a philological paradox. At present we are neither doubting the reality nor measuring the amount of this paradox; we are only asking in which of two ways it has been interpreted. What has been the effect of the antagonism between the philologico-grammatical and the philologico-glossarial test? Which has told most—the difference or the likeness? Has the first determined investigators to separate what the latter unites, or has the latter united what the former separates?

"The answer to this is—that the likeness in the grammars has been generally considered to override the difference in the vocabularies; so that the American languages are considered to supply an argument in favor of the unity of the American population stronger than the one which they suggest against it. The evidence of language, then, is in favor of the unity of all the American populations—the Eskimo *not* excepted."

The second great argument which has been urged against the unity of the American races is the superiority of the civilization of the Mexicans and Peruvians to that of the other nations of the continent. Dr. Latham says of this:—

"In the consolidation of the Mexican empire, I see nothing that differs *in kind* from the confederacies of the Indians of the Algonkin, Sioux, and Cherokee families, although *in degree* it had attained a higher development than has yet appeared; and I think that whoever will take the trouble to compare Strachey's account of Virginia, where the empire of Powhattan had, at the time of the colonization, attained its height, with Prescott's Mexico, will find reason for breaking down that over-broad line of demarkation which is so frequently drawn between the Mexicans and the other Americans.

"I think, too, that the social peculiarities of the Mexicans of Montezuma are not more remarkable than the external conditions of climate, soil, and land-and-sea relations; for it must be remembered that, as determining influences, toward the state in which they are found by Cortez, we have—

"1. The contiguity of two oceans.

"2. The range of temperature arising from the differences of altitude produced by the existence of great elevation, combined with an inter-tropical latitude, and the consequent variety of products.

"3. The absence of the conditions of a hunter-state; the range of the buffalo not extending so far as the Anahuac.

"4. The abundance of minerals.

"Surely these are sufficient predisposing causes for a very considerable amount of difference in the social and civilizational development."

In another passage he warns his readers of the points respecting the civilization of the Mexicans, and the Peruvians:—

"1. The probability of its being over-valued.

"2. The fact of its superiority being a matter of *degree* rather than kind.

"Phraseology misleads us. We find certain phenomena in the social and political constitution both of Mexico and Peru, which put us in mind of certain European customs, *e. g.* (two among many), the dependence of subordinate chiefs on a superior one, and the use of certain ceremonies previous to the warrior's first achievements in war. How easy is it, in such cases, to take a false impression, if we illustrate the habits in question by comparisons drawn from European feudalism and chivalry, instead of from their truer analogues, the probationary tortures of tribes like the Mandans, and the constitution of such an empire as Powhatan's in Virginia.

"Again, phrases, like *picture-writing*, are only safe so long as we compare them with their real equivalents; and these are not the painted and sculptured walls of Egypt, but the rude hide of the Pawni, whereon he scratches or daubs a sketch of his exploits.

"More exceptionable still is the term *hieroglyphics*; of which the following is said to be a specimen. The sign denoting *Cimatlan*, the name of a place, was compounded of the symbol of *Cimatl*, a *root*, and *tlan*, signifying *near*. Surely this is no example of phonetic spelling. *C-i-m-a-tl-tl-a-n* consists of eight elementary articulate sounds. How then can two signs spell it phonetically? Eight are required to do it properly; and unless it can be shown that the symbol *cimatl* be in the same category with the letter *x* (*ks*), and that it is a compendium for two or more (in this case eight) simple single signs, the phonetic character either falls to the ground, or the term changes its meaning. Again, the spelling is not even syllabic. *Cim-alt-an* consists of three syllables; which have only two signs to express them. The real spelling is neither more nor less than rhematographic, with one sign for one word, and two signs for two; just as if in English we spelt the word representing the idea of a *shore* by one combination of points and lines, that of a *ham* by another, and that of the town *Shore-ham* by a combination of the two. Now no one would say that this spelt *Sh-o-re-h-a-m*. One more instance —since I am indicating rather than exhausting lines of criticism—shall be taken from the account of a so-called remarkable phenomenon in the arithmetic of the tribes akin to the Mexican. Some of the rudest tribes of South America, like the generality of the Australians, are unable to count beyond five. The Mexicans, however, have a simple term for twenty. Nay more, for 400 and 8,000 they have simple terms also, *i.e.*, for the first and second powers of twenty; just as we have in the words *hundred* and *thousand*, simple undecompounded names for the first and second powers of ten. A great contrast this! exhibiting multiplicational as well as mere numerational arithmetic. What else?—there is a Notation as well, and certain symbols stand for 20, 800, and 4,000.

"Gallatin observes, that the symbols thus standing for these number also express words equivalent to *company*, *regiment*, and *army*, in the military system, and, thence, he argues that the vigentesimal system determined the organization of the legions of Montezuma. I do not say that such was not the case. I believe, however, that it is much more likely that the organization of the army determined the so-called vigentesimal numeration, and that, just as the word for twenty=*man* (*i.e.* ten fingers and ten toes,) so the word for 400 was the name of twenty companies of twenty, and that for 8000 the name of twenty regiments of 400.

"If this be true, so far from the Mexican multiplying twenty by twenty, he might be unable to count to forty-five; having names for the higher numbers furnished him by an accident, but without terms for the intermediate ones.

"As for the agricultural condition of the Mexicans, contrasted, as it may be, with the hunter-state of the Sioux and others, it is no contrast, except in degree, with the habits of the *Diggers* and other tribes of California and Oregon, where game is scarce and esculent roots abundant; and whilst the archæology of the Valley of the Mississippi shows rudiments of their architecture, the more important confederations, such as the Creek, are analogues of what may be somewhat grandiloquently called their imperial organization.

"Then as to the Casas Grandes, surely these show Mexican architecture beyond the area of Mexico (*i.e. Aztek* Mexico.) But what if they also show the extent to which the Mexican civilization extended itself? In such a case they prove nothing as to the *independent* civilizational development of the nation on the area where they occur. But is this the *only* inference that they suggest? No. It is not even the most legitimate one. Casas Grandes, in localities a thousand miles from Mexico, indicate, not that the Mexican influences were spread so far beyond the Valley of Mexico, but that more nations than one built with stone and brick. To assume colonization from community of characteristics is inadmissible.

"I have now only to add, that if this sort of criticism—such as it is—has not been shown to be applicable to the Mexican astronomy and the Mexican chronology, it is only because the magnitude of the subject excludes it from the present volume."

JUNIUS.

THE DISCUSSION OF THE AUTHORSHIP OF "JUNIUS" has been renewed in England by the appearance of Mr. Wade's edition of the Letters, with the old argument in favor of the claims of Sir Philip Francis. There have been published altogether some sixty volumes in this controversy, besides an innumerable quantity of pamphlets, essays, and reviewals. Of the books on the subject by Americans, one by Dr. John A. Graham supports Horne Tooke, one by Dr. Waterhouse supports Lord Chatham, one by Judge Wright supports Colonel Barré, and five or six others have as many heroes. None of these works has much merit or interest; but some of the British arguments in the case evince the subtlest sagacity and profoundest research. By far the most interesting article we have ever read upon any of the candidates proposed for the honors of the authorship of these remarkable compositions, was one in the *North British Review*, by Sir David Brewster, we think, in vindication of the hypothesis that Junius was Lachlan Maclane, who, before the Revolution resided some time in Philadelphia. Objections to this theory have been made, but it strikes us that there are more facts and probabilities in favor of Maclane, than have been suggested in favor of any one else. Mr. Wade, in his "History and Discovery of Junius,"* re-

* New-York, Bangs & Co. 1850.

produces all the arguments in behalf of Sir Philip Francis; and *The Athenæum*, in three elaborate and masterly criticisms of this book and another by Sir Fortunatus Dwarris, has put an end, it appears to us, forever, to every suspicion of the identity of Francis and the anonymous statesman. A grand argument of the Franciscans has been, from certain coincidences of expression in the Letters and in reports of speeches, attributed to Sir Philip, which were asserted to have been unpublished for twenty years after the Letters came before the world, *The Athenæum* shows that these reports were not made by Francis, and that if they had been, they would prove nothing in this case, because they *were really all printed before the Letters of Junius were written*. Every vestige of an argument in favor of Francis may be regarded, indeed, as swept away by *The Athenæum*, which, however, does not present any candidate of its own. We copy the conclusion of the discussion:—

"We cannot conclude without expressing a hope that we shall never again hear the name of Francis associated with that of Junius until some ONE FACT shall have been established showing a connection between them. To any such fact, be it of more or less importance, we shall be prepared to give respectful attention. We have no prepossessions of our own, and therefore no prejudices on the subject. We do not agree with Dr. Parr, Mr. Butler, Mr. Baker and others, that because the acknowledged writings of Francis are not equal to those of Junius the verdict must be against him. Francis was a man of great ability, and made manifest great power in some long subsequent pamphlets,—and every man writes with more than usual power anonymously. Burke, we are told, pronounced him to be "the best pamphlet writer of the age." We also agree that, in respect to his age no objection can be held of force against a man who was four years older than Pitt when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the capability to do a thing is no proof that a man did it. In 1769 Francis had not, so far as we know, or as his friends have been able to show, published or written one single page. There had been no preparatory training—no previous testing of his powers. If he was Junius, he came forth perfect at his literary birth,—the wonder and the admiration of his own age; and, however unusual with prodigies, he has maintained a high rank and distinguished position in the literature of his own country for eighty years. Neither do we deny the possibility that the dependent clerk may have been animated by a resolution and a spirit that lifted him far above the accident of his fortune. *What we want in the case of Francis is proof.* We cannot receive and believe what is so strangely improbable *simply* because it is possible. If proof be ever offered, then, all circumstances considered, Francis must take rank amongst those rare phenomena of which the world has few examples, and in this instance no previous example."

MR. FONBLANQUE recently observed, in the Court of Bankruptcy, that bookkeeping was a very proper occupation for women, and the sooner the women of England in this respect followed the example of those of France, the better it would be for themselves and their husbands.

SERPENT CHARMERS.

IN the September number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, there is an article by Mr. W. Cooper, on "The Snakes and Serpent Charmers at the Zoological Gardens;" in which the disputed question as to whether the fangs are extracted by the serpent charmers from the reptiles which they exhibit is set at rest. Dr. John Davy, in his work on Ceylon, denies that this is the case, and says the only charm employed is that of courage and confidence:—

"In order that we might get at the truth, we sought it from the fountain head, and our questions were thus most freely answered by Jubar-Abou-Haijab,—Hamet acting as interpreter. 'How are the serpents caught in the first instance?' 'I take this adze (holding up a sort of geological hammer mounted on a long handle) and as soon as I have found a hole containing a cobra, I knock away the earth till he comes out or can be got out; I then take a stick in my right hand, and seizing the snake by the tail with the left, hold it at arm's length. He keeps trying to bite, but I push his head away with the stick. After doing this some time, I throw him straight on the ground, still holding him by the tail; I allow him to raise his head and try to bite, for some time, in order that he may learn how to attack, still keeping him off with the stick. When this has been done long enough, I slide the stick up to his head and fix it firmly on the ground; then taking the adze and forcing open the mouth, I break off the fangs with it, carefully removing every portion, and especially squeezing out all the poison and blood, which I wipe away as long as it continues to flow; when this is done the snake is harmless and ready for use.' 'Do the ordinary jugglers or only the hereditary snake charmers catch the cobras?' 'We are the only persons who dare to catch them, and when the jugglers want snakes, they come to us for them; with that adze (pointing to the hammer) I have caught and taken out the fangs of many thousands.' 'Do you use any other snakes besides the cobras for your exhibitions?' 'No; because the cobra is the only one that will fight well. The cobra is always ready to give battle, but the other snakes are sluggish, only bite, and can't be taught for our exhibitions.' 'What do the Arabs do if they happen to be bitten by a poisonous snake?' 'They immediately tie a cord tight round the arm above the wound, and cut out the bitten part as soon as possible—some burn it; they then squeeze the arm downward so as to press out the poison, but they don't suck it because it is bad for the mouth; however, in spite of all this, they sometimes die.' 'Do you think it possible that cobras could be exhibited without the fangs being removed?' 'Certainly not, for the least scratch of their deadly teeth would cause death, and there is not a day that we exhibit that we are not bitten, and no skill in the world could prevent it.'"

Authors and Books.

Scholars and Students of ancient literature need not be told, that among the best as well as most elegant and thorough editions of the classics are those of the house of Firmin Didot, of Paris. Especially are they familiar with the "Library of Greek Authors," which to all the excellence of the most splendid typography, and the editorial aid of the first scholars of Europe, adds the peculiarity of a comprehensiveness never before attempted by any publisher. This library, after having exhausted the works of the earlier ages and of the ordinary standard writers, is designed to come down through the more modern times, in the same complete manner, and in fact to furnish a perfect collection of all known works in the Greek language. Two volumes have just been issued, the one containing Diogenes Laertius, edited by M. Cobet, according to the MSS. of Florence, Venice, and Naples, and the Lives of the Philosophers, by Jamblichus, Porphyry, Manius, &c., edited by Messrs. Westermann and Boissonade. The second of these volumes contains Eunapis, edited by Boissonade, Philestratus by Westermann, and Himerius by Dübner. The text these writers has been amended, according to the best manuscripts, and new Latin translations have been added to them.

M. Didot has also just issued the third volume of Fragmenta Historicorum Romanorum, by Charles Müller, who has visited Madrid expressly to copy for this work, the inedited fragments of Nicholas of Damascus, the contemporary and friend of Augustus Cæsar, who furnishes the most circumstantial details as to the death of Julius Cæsar, and the ascent of the throne by Augustus. This immense work of Müller's has received the praise of competent scholars, generally, and especially of Creuzer, now perhaps the chief of German philologists, who has reviewed it at great length in the *Gelehrtenzeitung* of Munich. The fourth and last volume of this collection of the fragments of about three hundred historians will not be published till after the return of Mr. Müller from Italy, where he has gone for the purpose of collecting the mutilated texts of several authors.

The same house are now sending through the press the last volume of their great *Thesaurus Linguæ Græcæ*, one of the most splendid monuments of classical scholarship produced in the present age.

Mr. Astor Bristed has another "Sketch of New York Society" in the October number of *Fraser*. The *Leader* says "he is the better worth hearing from the peculiarities of his position as a born American educated at an English university, which gives him a more commanding view of American society in itself, and of its relation to English society." The readers of *The International* will find a specimen of his painting in the following pages.

The heirs of Schiller and Goethe, according to a Leipsic paper, have obtained possession from the government of Weimar of the original MS. correspondence carried on between those two illustrious men during the years from 1794 to 1805, consisting of four hundred and forty-two letters written entirely by Schiller; one hundred and five wholly written, and four hundred and eight dictated and signed by Goethe. The heirs propose to sell the original letters, as well as the autographs of those dictated, under condition that if published the publication must be in *fac similes*.

The name of Henry Wheaton, by those who are acquainted with the last days of his career, will never be heard but with the deepest mortification and regret at the treatment he received from our government, and the consequences of that treatment. He was the ablest and most respectable diplomatic servant of the United States, in half a century. His *authority* in matters of international law, is illustrated in a recent letter by Mr. Walsh: It appears that two dispatches or notes are now extant from the Sardinian Minister of Foreign Affairs, in reply to the protests and reasonings of the Papal court, in which he concedes the obligation of treaties, in general, but says there are exceptions resulting from utter change of circumstances, as it seems to have been always and commonly understood by the famous clause *Rebus sic stantibus*. He cites the Duke de Broglie, once premier in the French government, who affirmed, on an important occasion, on the 13th of February, 1848, when the question was raised with reference to the effect of the revolution of that month on the treaties of France, that the clause or general condition was implied in all treaties; that there was no necessity for a formal stipulation: it was of the essence of all engagements. The Minister then holds this language: "I shall forbear to appeal to the various authors, who, from the seventeenth century to the present day have treated this question: for example Cocceius who, *ex-professo*, wrote a dissertation on the clause *Rebus sic stantibus*. I shall content myself with invoking the authority of Mr. Henry Wheaton. The work of this diplomatist on International Law is generally regarded as the *expression* of the present state of the science. Pellegrino Rossi, in an article in a French Review, in 1836, designated it as superior on some points to the works of Wolf, Vattel, and Martens." The minister proceeds to quote, as exactly applicable to the new political situation of Piedmont, the following text of Mr. Wheaton: "Treaties expire of course,—first, In case either of the contracting parties loses its existence as an independent state; second, where the internal constitution of the government of either state is so changed as to render the treaty inapplicable under circumstances different from those under which it was concluded."

THERE is now appearing in weekly numbers at Paris a book called *La Hongrie Pittoresque*, which receives and merits a good deal of attention. It is divided into two parts, the first of which bears the title of History and the second of Varieties, and furnishes a comprehensive and reliable account of that interesting country. It is the work of a society of Hungarian literary men, consisting of representatives of the various races in Hungary, at the head of whom is the well-known Boldenyi. The text is accompanied by numerous illustrations from sketches taken on the spot, of which the artistic execution leaves nothing to be desired, either in the clearness of the views or the lively coloring of the plates of costumes. The first part gives the history of Hungary, from the earliest period of the great migrations from Asia, through the Crusades and the centuries occupied by the Turkish war, down to the present day, including the last revolution, with its gigantic events and tragic disasters. A new light is cast upon this revolution by a detailed exposition of the previous condition and earlier struggles of this heroic nation, as well as of its gradual social and political development. The accounts of the various battles and adventures of the years 1848 and '49 are by eye-witnesses, and are full of life and picturesque effect. The second part contains multifarious descriptions of the several races that inhabit Hungary, such as Croats, Wallachians, Germans, Magyars, &c., with their national costumes, manners, customs, music, dances, and other peculiarities. It also describes the natural curiosities of the country, its most frequented mountains and valleys, its cities, bathing-places, and castles, with all that is picturesque in their vicinity, and with the recollections connected with them from the middle ages. Next there is an account of the condition of the people generally in respect of agriculture and commerce, with the museums, public edifices, and coins, as well as of the royal crown, that now hidden and invaluable talisman of the nation. Finally the work furnishes a complete view of the literature of Hungary, with translated specimens of romances, traditions, poems, &c., and a treatise on the spirit of the Magyar language.

THE Surgeons and Assistant-Surgeons of the French navy have contributed largely to the advancement of zoology, as their labors in the magnificent folio works, "Voyage de la Coquille," "Voyage de l'Uranie," "Voyage de l'Astrolabe," "Voyage de la Bonite," "Voyage de la Venus," and others, abundantly testify; and these testify further to the lively interest manifested in their researches by the Minister of Public Instruction, on the part of the Government. Our American naval officers have furnished some clever books of personal adventure, but except in the case of the Exploring Expedition, under Captain Wilkes, have added very little to the domain or the literature of science.

THE fact that WALTER SCOTT is one of the most popular romancers known to the reading public in France, is an argument against the corruption of taste and manners, which is sometimes supposed to exist in that country. There are already several translations of his works, and a new one is just being brought out by one of the first publishing houses in Paris, that of Messrs. Furne, Pagnerre, and Perrotin. The translator is M. Defauconpret, who long since made himself known as the translator of Cooper. The eleventh volume of Scott is just issued, containing Woodstock, Guy Mannering, and Nigel. Eleven volumes more will complete the whole series. The paper and typography are excellent, and the translation altogether successful.

MR. MELVILLE, the author of "Typee," &c., has abandoned the city, and purchased a farm in the delightful region of Berkshire, Massachusetts, where Hawthorne, Wendell Holmes, Orville Dewey, and the Sedgwicks, have already their residences. In taking leave of the city we trust Mr. Melville has not taken leave of literature. "Typee" and "Omoo" were remarkable for their freshness and a certain artistic keeping. Their subjects filled their pages, to the exclusion of their *author*, which can scarcely be said of his more recent compositions. There are very few writers whom we would rather see, in their books or out of them, than Mr. Melville, but we cannot help regarding it as a fault when a writer comes before us in his own person in a novel, where he has as little right as the dramatist would have to interrupt the dialogue of the players, by making a speech from behind the footlights. The perfection of romantic art is to obtain the submission of the attention to one's characters, and to keep it, uninteruptedly, to the conclusion of their histories.

THE ORIGINAL play of DR. FAUSTUS, as performed in former times at popular gatherings in Germany has just been issued in very handsome style at Leipzig, with notes and illustrations. It is a specimen of the ruder popular poetry of the middle ages, as distinguished from that which grew out of chivalry, and had either an epic or lyric character. In this piece, which is known to have served Goethe as the basis of his wonderful creation, Faust has no higher qualities than correspond to the stage and actors for which it was designed, and by means of which it was represented. The stage was a box, and the actors were puppets moved like Punch and Judy, by hands concealed behind the side of the box. The romantic critics who have thought it superior in any respect to the Faust of Goethe, because the original productions of popular ignorance are supposed to contain qualities of excellence which art and cultivated genius cannot rival, will hardly put forth that opinion again, now that the public have the means of passing a conclusive judgment upon their assertions.

THE REV. ALBERT BARNES of Philadelphia, though he has not half the learning of Andrews Norton or Moses Stuart, nor half the genius of Addison Alexander, is undoubtedly the most popular commentator on the Scriptures now living. His works have many years been more widely read than any others of their class in Great Britain, and to a considerable extent they have been introduced on the continent, but in the present condition of the copyright law without any advantage to him. In a letter to the Rev. Thomas Rees, (the translator, we believe, of his Notes on the Gospels into Welsh), Mr. Barnes remarks that his labors as a biblical expositor are drawing to a close. His Notes on Daniel are finished, but will not be published for some time; and he is half way through his work on the Revelations. He says: "When these are sent forth to the world, if they ever are, I shall feel that my labor, in this department, is ended; for I do not contemplate the preparation of any other commentary on the Scriptures. I should have been glad, if I could, to have prepared a work on the Psalms; but the task seems to me to be so great and difficult, that I do not now think of attempting it."

LEDRU ROLLIN'S "Decline of England" has proved, as a bookseller's speculation, it appears, a decided failure. We see by reports of law proceedings in one of the Paris courts, that he has had to bring an action against the purchaser of the copyright to recover payment of the bills of exchange given for the MS. The unfortunate purchaser pleaded in his defense that the work had not sold at all, and that he has whole rooms full of copies, or, as he expressed it, "nightingales" (the technical term of French publishers for unsalable works). But however unfortunate the "fine-looking demagogue" may be in literature, it is anticipated by many a shrewd politician that he will be the most powerful competitor of the Bonaparte and the Bourbon at the next election for the chief magistracy of the "Republic."

MR. JOHN BIGELOW, of the *Evening Post*, passed several weeks last year in Jamaica, from which Island he wrote for the *Post* a series of very interesting and valuable letters, now published by Putnam, in a volume. Mr. Bigelow is a remarkably quick and shrewd observer, with unusual capacities for generalization; and the public may confidently anticipate in this book of his the most important reflections that have yet appeared, upon the condition of the British West Indies.

MR. PRESCOTT, while in England, has revised his Critical and Historical Essays for Bentley, who has brought out an enlarged edition of them, with a new portrait, much more like the accomplished author than any before published. The new edition contains the review of Mr. Ticknor's Spanish Literature, from the *North American*.

BOHN has lately published in his Standard Library, a translation of Vasari's Lives of the Italian Painters. It is sold in this country by Bangs & Co., the agents for this admirable series. The work is one of the most curious and valuable in the literature of art. Pictorial connoisseurs have long seemed as intimately acquainted with the old Italian biographies as they are with their Pilkington or Walpole. The truth, however, is, that Vasari has been much rifled, although never before translated into the English language, except in an abridgment made at the beginning of the last century. Though there is something antique in the style of these biographies, there is a largeness in their view and a grandeur in their treatment, caught from the profession of their author, and the magnificent era in which he lived; and we do not know a work which will give more expansive and elevated views of art.

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, LL.D., is the completest and we think the highest authority in all matters connected with the Red Race; and we are therefore gratified that among the appropriations by Congress at the late session, was one for the publication of his great work, "Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes, collected and prepared under the direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, pursuant to an Act of March 3, 1847." We have examined the admirably executed colored engravings for the first volume, and other specimens of the work, which will be equal in its style to the quarto edition of the Narrative and Reports of the Exploring Expedition. The first volume will contain 450 pages, and seventy-five engravings from drawings by Captain S. Eastman, U. S. A. The entire publication will be in seven thick quartos.

"SCHOOLS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE" is the title of an interesting and pleasantly written article in the last number of *The Church Review*. It is attributed to Bishop Doane, and "The Prose Writers of America" serves for its text. The *editor* of the *Review*, in a note, remarks, that Joel Barlow, John C. Calhoun, William Croswell, James A. Hillhouse, David Humphreys, J. G. Percival, and Moses Stuart, "though thought by Mr. Griswold unworthy of a place beside *N. P. Willis*, have still been heard of in the literary world." The editor is a careless reader, or he would have seen that every one of these writers is treated in "The Poets" and "Prose Writers of America" with as much particularity and consideration as Mr. Willis; and he would also discover that Mr. Griswold, instead of passing in silence the merits of Noah Webster, Professor Silliman, Dr. Jarvis, Chancellor Kent, and several other alumni of Yale, to whom he refers, has given them as much praise as he himself would suffer them to receive in the *Church Quarterly*.

M. Leon de Wailly has published in Paris a novel founded upon the most questionable incident in the life of Swift, and Lady Duff Gordon has translated it into English, under the title of "Stella and Vanessa." M. Leon de Wailly is an accomplished English scholar, known for his translations both of Burns and Shakspeare. The studies necessary to form the translator have made him acquainted with English literature both in its facts and in its spirit. His "Stella and Vanessa" is remarkable as a picture of English manners by a Frenchman, in which there is nothing at all foreign. It is not that the author avoids reproducing the Continental notion of the English man or woman; there is nothing French about the fiction, either in manners or opinions; though the finish of the workmanship, the delicacy of the irony, and the cleverness with which the incidents are contrived to work out the author's views, is French enough. At the same time, it is hardly English, at least English flesh and blood. It is a demonstration rather than a picture; the abstract idea of Swift and contemporary manners, distinct, clear, and conclusive upon the author's premises, but somewhat wanting in warmth, color, and life. M. de Wailly's view of the story is highly favorable to Swift; and he carries it out by putting all the difficulties upon circumstances and the women. Apropos of this work, which will probably be reprinted by some of our publishers, the London *Daily News* has the following observations, which strike us as altogether just:

"We have an especial dislike to the working up into fiction the lives of men of genius; above all, of moderns about whom so much is known. In no respect does English literature show to greater advantage than in the fewness of such works, compared with their multiplicity in French and German. Almost the only exception of any note in English is Mr. D'Israeli's 'Venetia,' in which, however, the concealment of the names, and utter *bouleversement* of the facts of the lives of Byron and Shelley—the latter, if we recollect aright, being credited with some of Byron's worst troubles, and Shelley's daughter represented in the position of Miss Chaworth, but ultimately betrothed to Byron, and the marriage prevented by Byron's being drowned! Shelley's wife on the other hand being credited with much of the character attributed to Lady Byron—is such as to deprive the work of all semblance of reality. A pleasant phantasmagory, 'Venitia' is, no doubt, but with all its ideal treatment, one of the most unsatisfactory, one of the most discolating and discomforting books we remember ever to have read. The fact we take to be, that so much is known about the lives of Byron, Shelley, Swift, Rousseau, Goethe, and almost all the great geniuses of modern literature, that no fictitious embellishment of their history, even with the license assumed by Mr. D'Israeli, of directly reversing some of the chief circumstances of their relation and position, can be pleasing to any well-constituted mind. And if there be any one man whom more than another we would implore a fictionist of this class to avoid selecting for a hero, it would be Swift. We deem it, in short, a species of irreverence to seek material for fiction in the life of such a man as Swift, and, in events too, so tragical in their reality, and about which while so much is known so little is understood. The real history of Stella and Vanessa is and most probably will always remain a mystery as regards the main facts which should guide and determine an upright judgment of it. The doubt, confusion, and prejudice which exist on the subject ought not to be worse confounded by either the inventions or the misrepresentations of the novelist, prone as such perversions are to take root in the popular mind. Enough of wrong of this kind has been done by history and the drama, in times when popular prejudice took the place of fact and right. The time has gone by for taking the word of chroniclers or gossips as to the supposed delinquencies of men of extraordinary genius or renown. Public opinion is beginning to require from the artist a more conscientious treatment of such subjects. The truth about great men so far as it can be come at, is felt to be infinitely more precious than the most elaborate tissue of lies. If the poet or romancist expects to be pardoned for taking up such subjects at all, it must be on the ground of his adherence to reality as to character and known events, and of the probability of his suggestions as to matters, about which the facts not being known, conjecture may come into play. We have always dissented from Goethe's maxim, that the artist may claim unbounded license in his treatment of historical characters and events. We mean, of course, where the men, or the transactions in which they have taken part, are of great historical importance. 'Egemont' is in some respects the most beautiful of Goethe's works, but our enjoyment of it has always been marred by its utter incongruity with the notorious facts. Neither the correct delineation of most of the historical characters, nor the charming scenes with Clara, can reconcile us to the transformation of the mature, experienced, married, almost veteran Egmont, into the gallant youth of Goethe's drama. And what we forgive with difficulty to genius like his, we shall be still less likely to favor in writers of immeasurably inferior power."

Alaric A. Watts, well known for many years as editor of "The Literary Souvenir" and other gift-books, and as a poet and painter of considerable merit, recently obtained an honorable discharge of debts in the Court of Bankruptcy; and the Commissioner, in delivering judgment, took occasion to say:

"The classification of certificate was introduced by the law of last year, and is, in my opinion, a very valuable reform; but in order to maintain it as such, it is necessary that great care should be taken that none should be admitted to the first-class but the really deserving. It is a great pleasure to me to be able to say that Mr. Alaric Watts is fully entitled to this honorable distinction. His present position is attributable, not to extravagant personal expenditure, needless speculations, or anything of that nature, but solely and entirely to an over-devotion to literary pursuits, and an over-confidence as to money matters in those with whom he was connected in his literary undertakings, and in whom, in justice to himself, he should have reposed no confidence whatever. It would be inconvenient to enter into long details: one specimen will suffice to show to what treatment this unfortunate gentleman has been subjected." The Commissioner gave the incident at some

length, and then proceeded: "Mr. Watts's conduct under his bankruptcy has been in entire conformity to the law, and he has won my respect and that of Mr. Cannan, the official Assignee who has had the charge of his affairs. One error, however, he has fallen into, that of addressing a private letter to me; but this slight departure from the strict rule, was, to a certain extent, justified by its object, which was to show that he had a claim to a first-class certificate, as to which there had been no public discussion; but right or wrong, I cannot regret it, because his letter records one more instance of the kindness shown by the late Sir Robert Peel to men of literary distinction when in circumstances of distress. After mentioning that Sir Robert Peel had, without any application from him, appointed his son to a place under government, he adds, 'a few months only before his death, having been induced to make inquiries respecting me, from having been told by Mr. Christie that my portraits of Mrs. Siddons, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and of Sir Walter Scott, by Leslie, (portraits well known by amateurs,) were for sale, he wrote me a letter, which he dispatched to me in the Queen's Bench by the hands of his private secretary, conceived in the spirit of the most delicate generosity, offering me any pecuniary aid which might tend to alleviate the discomfort of my present situation.' I could not resist the pleasure of giving publicity to this additional proof of the private virtues of our great statesman, and I do so the more readily, because I hope that the opinion thus implicitly given by so great a man in favor of Mr. Watts, may come in aid of the judgment I am now pronouncing, which is, that Mr. Watts is better entitled to a first-class certificate than any bankrupt that ever came before me."

"The Lily and the Totem," (published by Baker and Scribner,) is the pleasantest book we have ever had from the pen of Mr. Simms. To adopt the observations of the *Tribune*, "The rich treasures of legendary anecdote are gracefully interwoven by the author with the substantial facts of history, in a manner no less creditable to the vigor of his imagination than to the fidelity of his researches. The memorials of the Huguenots in Florida abound in romantic events, and they lose nothing of interest or pathos under the fertile pen of Mr. Simms."

The Rev. Dr. Wainwright has given us through the press of the Appletons, in one of the most splendid volumes of the year, "The Pathways and Abiding Places of our Lord," as he saw them during his recent tour in the Holy Land. Dr. Wainwright is one of the most pleasing writers of the time, and his genial and poetical as well as pious spirit, displayed in this performance, renders it one of the most attractive of all that have appeared upon its ever-engrossing subject.

Mr. Raymond's Discourse before the Alumni of the University of Vermont, (published by Baker and Scribner,) is one of the most wise and forcible of the many orations for similar occasions, that have appeared during the season. We have never seen a more just exhibition of the duties of the scholar.

Mr. E. V. Childe, of Boston, long a resident at Paris, has published through Little & Brown a translation of "The Researches of Viscount Santarem, formerly Portuguese Prime Minister, respecting Americus Vespucius and his "Voyages." It is a very thorough investigation of the subject, and the conclusion of the author is that the merit of having discovered any part of this continent has been unjustly attributed to the Florentine, and that his letters, describing his voyages, were simply impositions. The following are the points which he claims as having established:

"1. The discovery of the new continent is due, without a doubt, to Columbus; or, if he was not the first to discover this part of the world, he was at least the man who *re*-discovered it, and in a positive and definite sense communicated the knowledge of it. 2. Priority in discovery of the Eastern part of the new Southern Continent belongs to those Portuguese navigators, who, by a series of expeditions, were the first to explore those immense regions. 3. Americus Vespucius never commanded a single expedition, for even in the second voyage of Hojeda, that of 1499 and 1500, he was only a subaltern. And that expedition, the only one which he appears to have had any share in, confined itself to the examination of the coast of Venezuela, and was under the direction of the celebrated Biscayan pilot, Juan de la Cosa. 4. The voyages ascribed to Vespucius being extremely problematical, and destitute of those proofs which insure authenticity, he has no claim to be classed among the first discoverers of the new continent."

These positions are enforced by a variety of facts and circumstances, in the course of which the occupations of Vespucius, and his connection with the expeditions of discovery in his age are traced. He was a sort of commissary for vessels, and was once appointed boatswain's mate in an expedition which never left the port.

Dr. Latham's recent work on the Natural History of Man* is one of the most valuable contributions to ethnology that have appeared in a long time, and it is deserving of attention as the expression of the highest authority against the heretical opinions of Mr. Agassiz and the sciolists who accept him as their leader, upon the subject of the origin and unity of the human race. We refer to the book however for the purpose of quoting Dr. Latham's recognition of the value of the results of our Exploring Expedition. He describes Mr. Hale's volume on the philology of the regions visited by Captain Wilkes, as "the greatest mass of philological data ever accumulated by a single inquirer." Other American works from which he copies are Pickering on the Races of Men, the last publications of the venerable Gallatin, on "The Semi-Civilized Nations of America," John R. Bartlett's "State of Ethnology," Dr. Morton's "Crania," and the writings of Catlin, Wilkes, Squier, and Prescott.

* The Natural History of the Varieties of Man. By Robert Gordon Latham, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London 1850.

In London, about four years ago, eighty-two gentlemen entertained at a public dinner Mr. John Britton, the voluminous architectural and archæological writer, on the occasion of his attaining his seventy-sixth birthday—a very large sum having been previously subscribed for the purpose of presenting him with a service of plate, or the amount in money, or in any way he pleased. Mr. Britton, while flattered by such a tribute, shrunk from converting it to a purely selfish purpose, and to further the objects with which his name has been so conspicuously identified for more than half a century, he resolved upon an expenditure of the funds in the production of his own biography, for presentation to the subscribers to the testimonial. About £1000 has already been so expended, and there is a prospect the work will be completed, for the octogenarian is still hale and buoyant, and his zeal in antiquarian literature as remarkable as ever, after having published nearly seventy volumes, many of a most elaborate character, filled with engravings drawn to scale, and entailing an outlay of above seventy thousand pounds—besides innumerable contributions to the fugitive contemporary literature of his age, one of which is his volume entitled "Junius Identified," which formed the basis of an elaborate article in a recent number of the *North British Review*.

Dr. Layard appears to have been more successful than ever in his most recent discoveries in Nineveh. At Korjinyik, he penetrated into a chamber which appeared to be of the same class as the "House of Records," noticed by the prophet Ezra, where was found a copy of a decree of Cyrus, permitting the Jews to return from captivity. In this chamber he found, in *terra cotta*, tables, piled up from the floor to the ceiling, and representing apparently the archives of the Assyrian empire during the long historical succession. He had packed by the last accounts five cases for transport to England, and these only occupied one small corner of the apartment. When the whole collection is disinterred and examined, it is probable that we shall have a better account of the history, religion, jurisprudence, and philosophy of the Assyrians, thirteen centuries before the Christian era, than we have either of Greece or Rome during any period of their history.

The Vladika, or religious and military chief of Montenegro, has just composed a drama founded on the history of an adventurer who, after the death of Peter III. of Russia, appeared among the hills of Montenegro, pretending to be that Prince. It is written in the language of the country, which is recognized as the purest of the Servian or Slavonic dialects, and is going through the press at Agram, the capital of Croatia. The Vladika had previously published a collection of the songs of his tribe, originating in the various wars it has waged against the Turks.

Mr. Bancroft has been diligently occupied since his return from England, in the prosecution of his historical labors, and the stereotypers are busy with the preparation of his History of the American Revolution, which will be published next year in three octavos. Mr. Sparks, as is well known, has long been engaged upon a work in the same field, but it is not probable that he will offer it to the public for some time. Mr. Bancroft collected, while minister at the court of St. James, such an amount of important material, hitherto inaccessible, that he enjoys in this respect very great advantages over all others.

The Senate of the University of Padua is preparing for publication two curious works, of which the manuscripts are in its library. One is a translation into Hebrew verse of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, by Samuel Rieti, Grand Rabbi of Padua in the sixteenth century. The second is a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, likewise into Hebrew, in stanzas of eighteen verses, of a very complicated metre, from the pen of the Rabbi Sabbati-Mari, the successor of Rieti, who was celebrated as a philosopher and physician. He died in 1680, in the ninety-fourth year of his age.

Theories of Light seem now in an unusual degree to occupy the attention of men of science. Lord Brougham will publish an essay upon the subject during the winter; Mr. Richard Adams Locke (who saw through it so well when he made his discoveries in the moon,) has been for years engaged upon an elaborate and we have no doubt very learned and ingenious book in the same regard; and M. Cauchy has recently read several papers before the French Academy in which he has disclosed his own profound researches, with a new theory in the case.

Mr. Richard Hildreth has nearly completed the fourth volume of his History of the United States, which will soon be issued by the Harpers. It embraces the period of Washington's administration, of which we have had no history deserving the name, though Mr. Gibbs and others have contributed very rich materials for the composition of one.

A collection of Hungarian Tales and Legends, by Theresa Pulzsky—gathered some years ago by her husband from the living source of national folklore, and now edited and made English by her own delicate and dexterous pen—is announced among the literary novelties forthcoming in London.

The Life of Hill, the Comedian, with anecdotes and incidents of his travels, has been published in a beautiful volume by W. F. Burgess, under the editorship of Dr. W. K. Northall. It presents the popular delineator of Yankee character as a most amiable and honorable man, and is one of the most amusing books of the year.

DR. BROWNSON, in his recent number of his *Quarterly*, thus notices the last volume of J. G. Whittier: the "Songs of Labor."

"His poems, though often marked by strength and tenderness, are our abomination. He is a Quaker, an infidel, an abolitionist, a philanthropist, a Red Republican, a non-resistant, a revolutionist, all characters we hold in horror and detestation, and his poems are the echo of himself. God gave him noble gifts, every one of which he has used to undermine faith, to eradicate loyalty, to break down authority, and to establish the reign of anarchy, and all under the gentle mask of promoting love and good-will, diffusing the Christian spirit, and defending the sacred cause of liberty. He approaches us in the gentle and winning form of an angel of light, and yet whether he means it or not, it is only to rob us of all that renders life worth possessing. If he believes himself doing the will of God, he is the most perfect dupe of the Evil One the Devil has ever been able to make."

Of Lamartine, Dr. Brownson says:

"M. Lamartine seems to have written this work to show that he is a great man, and ought not to be suffered to sink into the insignificance to which he is inevitably doomed."

And of Tennyson:

"We certainly are unable to admire Tennyson, or to discover any other merit in him than harmonious verse and a little namby-pamby sentiment."

JAMES NACK has just published (through Stringer and Townsend) a volume entitled, "The Immortal and other Poems, with a Memoir of the Author, by George P. Morris." Mr. Nack is a very pleasing poet, writing with grace and feeling and a fine fancy; and his poems have this peculiar claim to our regard, that they were produced without the aid of faculties deemed indispensable to even the sense of harmony: he is deaf and dumb. A collection of his lyrical pieces was made several years ago by General Wetmore, who prefixed to it a very interesting account of Mr. Nack's life, and General Morris closes a fit memoir in the present volume with expressions of his "high appreciation of the genius of one whom it has for many years been his privilege to number among his most intimate and most esteemed friends."

A NEW VOLUME OF POEMS BY MR. BRYANT, may soon be expected from the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston. Some of Mr. Bryant's best compositions have appeared since the publication of the last and completest collection of his works. We regard him as altogether the greatest poet who now writes the English language; and we believe there is little hesitation among the best critics anywhere in assigning him this rank.

BISHOP HEBER'S fine poem of "Palestine" was originally published in a Philadelphia magazine—*The Port Folio*, for January, 1816, to which it was contributed by the author.

M. GEOFFREY ST. HILAIRE, we see by the Paris journals, has been appointed professor of Natural History at the Sorbonne.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES in this country has been a striking feature of our civilization, from the days of Godfrey, Rittenhouse, Franklin, the Bartrams, and other ante-revolutionary investigators and discoverers. In a recent notice of the "Progress of Science in America," the *Boston Traveler* calls attention to the fact that the last number of the *Edinburg Philosophical Journal*, the leading scientific magazine of Great Britain, derives nearly one-half of its matter from American sources, as follows: over fifty pages are taken from the recent publications of Professor Agassiz, three from Dana's Geology of the Exploring Expedition, and twenty-five are made up of various articles from the Annual of Scientific Discovery, published in Boston last spring.

SCHILLER'S "Anthologie" for 1782, which for the last sixty years has altogether disappeared from the book market, has just been republished in Germany. It was printed by Schiller on his own account, immediately after the publication of "The Robbers." Only a few copies were struck off. The "Anthologie" is said to have been one of the causes of the flight to Mannheim. All the poems were not by Schiller; but he contributed by far the greater proportion—fifty-two pieces—and of these fifty-two only twenty-two were reprinted in his collected works.

GRIEPENKERL, the German dramatist, has recently been reading his tragedy of "Robespierre" to admiring audiences in the various towns, like a modern Statius; he has now sent it to press, and on the first of November he commences reading his second drama, "Die Girondisten." "Those unhappy revolutionary heroes!" exclaims the *Leader*, "how they must darken Hades with their frowns to know themselves caricatured as they are now by every *ignobilis verborum opifex* in want of a subject!" Some of our American novelists may be as successful in adding to the torments of heroes now in the world of belligerents.

MR. KIMBALL, whose novel of "St. Leger, or the Threads of Life," was the most successful piece of prose fiction, except Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," produced in America during the last year, and the most wisely thoughtful novel of the season, except Bulwer Lytton's "Caxtons," we are pleased to learn is engaged upon a sequel to that work, which will appear in consecutive numbers of *The Knickerbocker* for 1851.

AMONG Mr. Putnam's new publications is a "Series of Etchings Suggested by Hood's Bridge of Sighs," designed by J. W. Ehninger. The poem is one of the most popular and one of the most beautiful fugitive compositions of our time, and these illustrations of it are worthy of the great German who is the recognized master in their style, Moritz Retsch.

THE WEIMAR FESTIVAL, in commemoration of HERDER and GOETHE, seems to have gone off with brilliant effect. For five days the gayety continued; the last day was the people's holiday, and the *London Daily News* says of it: "It was one of those joyous meetings which agree so well with the poetical traditions of old Thuringis. The peasants arrived from all parts in their holiday dress, and peopled the streets of Weimar with an unaccustomed crowd, coming to admire Herder's statue. The Society of Jagers gave a grand entertainment in an inclosure belonging to them. The sight was for all the world like a Flemish fair. A great number of booths, constructed of a kind of trellis-work, surrounded the green close. Equestrian performers and the famous puppen-spielers plied their arts, and a learned elephant awakened curiosity and created mirth. The majority of the crowd, however, devoted themselves to a large consumption of beer, sausages, and pastry. The dress of the German girls, with their short jupes, long tresses, and bare arms, imparted an air of liveliness to the scene." The colossal statue of Herder, erected in the square of the Cathedral, was inaugurated; and in the evening his dramatic poem, "Prometheus Delivered," was performed, with music by Liszt, with fine effect.

MONSIEUR F. BASTIAT, representative of the Landes—the state of whose health had for a long time prevented him from attending to his duties in the French Assembly, and who had gone to Italy for the renovation of his strength—exhausted by his laborious studies, died some three weeks ago at Nice. We trust we offend no "old associate" or "friend" of M. Bastiat, in stating thus soon after his demise this judgment of him: that he was not a great economist, nor altogether so original an one as some have represented him to be. He was a brilliant paragraphist, and frequently surprised by the perfection and admirable finish of his antitheses, but he was the supporter of an empirical system, and attracted attention by qualities which make the litterateur rather than the philosopher. Recently he had forfeited something of his good reputation by certain appropriations, made without the slightest acknowledgment, from our very able writer in the same field, Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia. The Paris *Economist* endeavored his defense by the assumption of accidental "coincidences" in regard to certain harmonies; but the case would not bear examination.

A POEM by Robert Burns, never before published, has just been discovered. Mr. Robert Chambers pronounces it genuine. The *Scottish Press* says it is intended to print it in the new edition of Burns's works in preparation by Messrs. Chambers.

BARON HUMBOLDT is expected in Paris, to pass the winter.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for October, has an able and liberally conceived article on the United States, in which the American institutions and their influence are intelligently treated, and the defects in British systems and policy are spoken of with bold distinctness. The reviewer is scarcely right, perhaps, in taking Massachusetts as an illustration of our general condition. The tone of the paper may be inferred from the following sentences on the subject of religion and education:

"In England it is the doctrine of a certain school of liberal politicians (we fear a large one) that education should be as voluntary as religion, and that both should be left to supply and demand. But we have in the United States the authority and example of the freest republic in the world in favor of a very different principle, viz., that religion should be free, and education compulsory—that the state should train all its subjects to the duties of men and citizens, upon a basis of absolute religious equality. And we venture to say that this rule has its root in reason, as well as in the essential conditions and necessities of a *Protestant* commonwealth."

NIKOLAUS LENAU — or NIEMBSCH EDLER VON STREHLENAU, which was his real name,—called in *The Leader*, the "first of the Young Germany poets,"—the author of many beautiful lyrics, and of that powerful narrative poem, "Savonarola," in which the death of Lorenzo de Medici and the Plague in Florence are painted in so masterly a manner, and finally of "Faust," which has often been compared with the Faust of Goethe—Nikolaus Lenau died recently in a madhouse at Vienna, where he had been kept since November, 1844. He was only forty-eight years of age, having been born on the 13th of August, 1802, in Csatad, in Hungary.

MR. MELVILLE'S "Omoo" is reviewed with much severity in the October number of the London *Eclectic Review*, in an article entitled "Mr. Melville and the South Sea Missions." We think Mr. Melville has been very unfortunate in his hostility to the Protestant Missions in Polynesia. If we remember correctly, a writer in *The Tribune*, immediately after the appearance of his book, by very ample and satisfactory evidence proved him to be altogether wrong in facts and opinions in this case.

JAMES WEIR makes a first appearance upon a title-page, we believe, in "Lonz Powers, or the Regulators," a romance of Kentucky life, just published by Lippencott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia. It is a singular book—without method, and evincing a sovereign disregard of nearly all the canons of modern authorship; but it has some passages of remarkable merit, and in the whole evinces very high and various abilities.

MR. ELIOT WARBURTON is collecting materials for a "History of the Poor," from the earliest period to the present time, and his work may be expected in print next spring.

Mr. Ford, the pleasant traveler in Spain, has an elaborate article upon Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, in the new number of the *Quarterly Review;* and the able critic of *The Times*, in that paper for the 5th of October, devotes to it several columns, which open with the following index paragraph:

"Spain, long the land of mystery and misconception, seems likely at last to be better understood, thanks to Anglo-Saxon diligence and intellect; while Robertson, Dunlop, and Mahon have set before us her more recent history—Southey and Lockhart her ballads, chronicles, and chivalry—Head and Stirling her fine arts—Ford and Widdrington the form and pressure of her land and people, our Transatlantic brethren have chosen for their part, the age in which their continent was discovered, and the illustrious Spaniards by whom the great deed was done; to the names of Irving and Prescott—deservedly European—that of Ticknor must now be added: in the excellent work before us he has pretty well exhausted the literature of Spain, and has completed in one comprehensive whole the large subject which his pioneers, Bouterwek, Lampillas, Liano, Sismondi, Ludwig Clarus, and others, had only treated in portions and imperfectly."

In conclusion, *The Times* says:

"In bidding him farewell, our best thanks must be tendered for the mass of accurate information contained in his genuine work. Not one made up of borrowed erudition, and second-hand quotation, it is the labor of love, the fruit of thirty years' honest, hard reading of his well-stocked library, the finest of its kind in America; our author is full of his subject to overflowing, and from the perhaps unavoidable necessity of giving a complete series of Spanish authors and a catalogue of books he is sometimes oppressed with his learning, as David was by the heavy armor of Saul; occasionally we were jaded with dry details, and felt that a considerable portion of his volumes, and notes especially, were less suited for the reading-desk than the book-case; but no library of any pretensions can dispense with this matter-pregnant work. The style of Mr. Ticknor suits the professor; it is clear, precise, and unaffected. Without being lively or poetical, he interests in his descriptions, and is impartial and unprejudiced in his criticisms; here and there the fastidious ear of the Old Country will trace a tone of constraint, which Americans writing this high class of English can scarcely quite escape. Taken as a whole, the work is the best that has ever appeared on its subject, and certainly will insure to Mr. Ticknor a lasting and honorable reputation on both sides of the Atlantic."

M. Villiaume is bringing out in Paris a new History of the French Revolution. His hero is *Marat*, as Robespierre is the noblest and most virtuous patriot of Monsieur Cabet's similar work, in eight or ten volumes. Lamartine, Michelet and Louis Blanc, in the histories which they have undertaken of the same period, seem to labor chiefly for the vindication of deeds and characters which the world had regarded with abhorrence. Villiaume is a more painstaking investigator than these predecessors of his, but he is far from estimating his heroes according to our standards.

Longfellow's "Evangeline," and "Voices of the Night," have been published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston, in two of the most beautiful volumes ever issued from the British press—for the American poet is indebted to an English lady for the designs by which his works are illustrated, and they have been engraved and printed in London. The *Art Journal*, (edited by S. C. Hall,) says of the latter, and we think decidedly the least attractive of the two books—

"The pictures consist of six etchings on rather a large scale, by Mrs. Lees, a lady with whose name, as an artist, we are unacquainted; but she has afforded us so much pleasure in what is here produced, as to make us desirous of meeting her again in similar company. Her style is founded on the German school, which seems to be gaining ground with our amateurs; and although we should regret its prevalence to the exclusion of what appears to us to have more of the freshness, elegance and truth of nature, we are not unwilling to see it referred to as embodying certain principles of excellence which, combined with greater latitude of poetical feeling, would go far to insure perfection. Mrs. Lees' illustrations are little more than outlines, with a small amount of shadings in the principal figures; they are designed with great taste, show an intimate knowledge of the structure of the human form, and are imbued with a sentiment at once poetical and devout. The figure of the old man asleep in the chair, illustrating the poem entitled "Footsteps of Angels," and the design for the "Hymn to the Night," are especially beautiful, and worthy of the matured powers of a practiced artist."

We have seen some specimens of illustrations, in a similar style, done in this country, for a forthcoming edition of the Poems of S. G. Goodrich, to be published by Putnam. We think the work will be scarcely inferior in respect to art to these exquisite volumes manufactured in London for our friends in Boston. Mr. Goodrich has written some poems of very great beauty, which have been "anonymously popular," while the author has been famous chiefly as "Peter Parley."

Thackeray announces a new work for Christmas, and we hope it will be better than the vulgar and witless tale he gave lately under the title of "Boots." The London *Leader* says the author of "Pendennis" "intends tearing himself away from admiring duchesses and dinner-giving lords, to visit America, there to deliver lectures on English character and literature." This, we believe, is a mistake, as a letter from Mr. Thackeray, received by the last steamer, contains no allusion to such a purpose.

M. Chevalier, the Secretary-General of President Bonaparte, is to be replaced by M. Romieu, author of the *Ere des Cesars*, a pamphlet which demonstrates the necessity of military despotism.

Charles Knight announces for 1851 a "Cyclopedia of Industrial Arts," as a companion for the great exhibition.

THE LONDON MEDICAL SESSION opened on the first of October, when sixteen medical schools commenced the winter campaign, and were the scenes of introductory lectures by some of the most eminent medical writers and teachers of the day. The total number of medical students in London as compared with the numbers once seeking education in the metropolitan schools has decreased during the last few years, in consequence of the regulation which permits them to complete in the provinces their education for examination as apothecaries; but there is understood to be an increase this year in the number of names at the various hospitals, as compared with the number registered last year.

MUCH has been said about the spoliation of the Vatican Museum in Rome by the republican authorities, and the subject has been discussed with some asperity in the New York journals, in which General Avezanni was compelled to appear in defense of his administration as Secretary of War in the Roman Republic. But it is now allowed by all parties that the only robbery that took place at all in that splendid collection of artistical and literary treasures was the work of Signor Diamilla, an *employé* who owed his appointment to Cardinal Lambruschini, and who made rather too free with the large gold coins in the medal department. That worthy has met with his just reward by being condemned to twenty years of the galleys.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER has quitted the editorial chair at Cincinnati to occupy a place in the Treasury, at Washington. Mr. Gallagher, as every body knows, is a very genuine poet, and we hear that he has long been the center of a circle of warm and appreciating friends, in Ohio, who did but simple justice in the recognition of him as the most single-hearted and efficient promoter of Western Literature in the last twenty years. We hope his official duties will not divert his attention altogether from letters.

MR. EDWARD A. MCLAUGHLIN, who has been known for many years as a writer of "occasional poems," some of which are of that degree of merit which secures their regular annual reappearance in the journals, has just published (through Mr. J. C. Riker) a romantic poem in four cantos, entitled "The Lovers of the Deep." Its versification is harmonious, several of its descriptive passages very graphic, and it is interesting as a story. It is published in the style of the souvenirs, with illustrations.

M. DE LAMARTINE, who has been in London, has contributed several articles to the *Presse* on the condition of England. English opulence, order and industry, have excited his wonder and admiration. He hints that constitutional monarchy is better than republicanism.

THE REV. DOCTORS KRAPF AND REBMANN, missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in Central and Eastern Africa, some two years since surprised the scientific world by announcing that they had discovered mountains within one degree of the equator, and about two hundred miles from the sea, which are covered with perpetual snow, and which there is abundant reason for supposing are Ptolmey's "Mountains of the Moon." These statements were received with skepticism by some, but believed by others, and have occasioned considerable discussion. We learn now that Dr. Krapf has arrived in England, and that by the publication of his journals in *The Church Missionary Intelligencer* he has put all the doubts in the case to rest. The mountains are believed by a writer in the *Morning Chronicle* to be those in which the White Nile has its rise. Other interesting discoveries in South Africa are described at length in the *Daily News* for the 10th of October, which complains of the very singular and unwise conduct of the emigrant "boers" in turning back from the country which they have settled English scientific travelers.

LOUIS NICOLARDOT has published in Vienna, under the title of "Etudes sur les Grands Hommes," an amusing volume of curiosities of literature crowded with piquant details, and so arranged as to have greater unity than other works of the kind. Beginning with Precocity and Maturity, he next considers men during the moment of Composition, and their aptitudes under the three heads of Facility, Difficulty, and Fecundity. A piquant chapter is that upon the Wives of Great Men, and another on their Children.

THE famous collection of Hebrew works known as "The Michael Collection," recently purchased by the British Museum, amounts to about five thousand volumes. They are now in progress of being classified on a system which deserves to be adopted even by the private collectors of libraries. The several departments of Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, History, &c. are each represented by a peculiar colour of binding; each department being again classed into certain subdivisions is made recognizable by the special color of the lettering label.

M. THIERS, prior to his departure for Germany, proceeded to Ath, where he visited the scene of the retreat of General Maison, in 1814. He likewise visited Ollignies, where he procured information of high interest for his History of the Consulate and the Empire, which he is now engaged in completing.

DR. HINCKS, the learned Egyptian and Assyrian antiquary and correspondent, is mentioned in the Irish journals as likely to follow to the vacant bishopric of Meath, or to succeed Dr. Knox, should that prelate be transplanted to Meath.

We have looked over with great interest the programme of the University of Berlin for the session of the present winter. Such a varied and attractive list of lectures can hardly ever have been offered to any public before, while among the names of the professors we recognize some of the first scholars of the world. In the theological faculty thirteen different lecturers are announced, each of them treating more than one subject, and some three or four. In the juristic or law faculty there are eighteen professors, in the medical thirty-six professors and other lecturers, in the philosophical, which includes all branches of classical and other literature, as well as the various natural sciences, eighty-five. In addition, there are special lectures in Italian, French, and English literature.

Putnam, we are told, has in preparation a very beautiful edition of Mr. Godwin's admirable tale called "Vala, or the Nightingale," which lately appeared in the columns of the *Evening Post*. It was founded on incidents in the life of the great musical celebrity of the day, and was pronounced by the critics the most beautiful tribute that had yet been paid to her genius and character. It will be illustrated from designs by several of our best artists, and published for the holidays.

The Late Timothy Pitkin, LL.D., of Connecticut, whose "Political and Civil History of the United States, from 1763 to 1797," was published in two octavo volumes at New Haven in 1828, had completed and carefully prepared for the press, before he died, a continuation of that important work down to the close of his own political life. It is in the form of letters to his son, and we understand it will soon be given to the public. Mr. Pitkin was one of the most sagacious and exact writers we have ever had in politics.

Miss A. E. Dupuy, whose residence we believe is in Louisiana, has just given to the public through the press of Messrs. Appleton, a clever historical novel entitled "The Conspirator." It is one of seven that we remember, founded upon the supposed treason of Aaron Burr—echoing that remarkable comedy at Richmond, the trial which Martin of Maryland fitly described as "Much Ado about Nothing."

Mr. William H. Stiles, reputed to be a close and shrewd observer of affairs, has in press a comprehensive work upon Austria, her resources, policy, and recent history. Mr. Stiles has had unusual opportunities, while in the diplomatic service, in Austria, for the fit preparation of such a book.

MM. Antoine and Arnaud D'Abbadie, the eminent Abyssinian travelers, have received croses of the Legion of Honor "for the services they have rendered to geography, philology, science and commerce," by their arduous and daring journeys.

The Rev. Henry Ruffner, D.D., President of Washington College, in Virginia, is a thoroughly accomplished scholar, and has displayed in his novels of "Judith Bensaddi" and "Seclausaval" inventive faculties of no mean order. He has within a few weeks given to the public (through Baker and Scribner) a singular work under the title of "the Fathers of the Desert," containing an account of the origin and practice of monastic institutions amongst Heathen nations, and of the introduction of the system into the early Christian Church—with legends and tales concerning the primitive monks and hermits. Its object appears to be to weaken the remnant of respect, with which Christians yet regard the monkish establishments of the Roman Catholic Church.

"The World's Progress, or a Dictionary of Dates," is the title of a very thick duodecimo, written and published by Mr. Putnam. It illustrates a vast amount of well-directed research, of which the results have been arranged with remarkable judgment. We have no single volume containing as many facts, or that is more indispensable as a companion to the library or the newspaper.

De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater," with his "Suspira de Profundis" and his "Biographical Essays," have been published in two uniform volumes by Ticknor, Reed and Fields, of Boston; and we are glad that those books will be followed by the other writings of this original and powerful author.

Mr. John I. Bailey, who has for several months conducted the literary journal, "*The Two Worlds*," has published in it nearly all the chapters of an interesting romance, under the title of "The Prima Donna of Madrid," founded upon incidents with which he became acquainted while in Southern Europe.

The Poems of Grace Greenwood are in press by Ticknor, Reed and Fields, and those of Frances and Metta Fuller, (the latter best known by her contributions to the *Home Journal*, under the signature of "Singing Sybil,") will soon be published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

Mr. Poinsett, of South Carolina, formerly minister of the United States in Mexico, in a late communication to the French Geographical Society promises a memoir on the progress of Geography in this country.

The Rev. W. W. Lord, whose poems, published some five years ago, furnished Mr. Poe occasion for one of his wittiest but most unjust reviewals, has in the press of the Appletons a new poem entitled "Christ in Hades."

M. de Trobriand's very clever magazine, the *Revue du Nouveau Monde*, has made its last appearance—much to the regret of the few who appreciated its good qualities.

The Fine Arts.

THE COLOSSAL FRESCOES with which KAULBACH, indisputably the greatest of living painters, is adorning the broad stairway of the new Museum at Berlin, have already been the subject of brief remark in the *International*, but deserve a more extended and complete notice. They are to be six in number, namely,—The Tower of Babel, the Age of Homer, the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Crusades, and the Epoch of the Reformation. Through this series the artist intends to treat the chief moments of man's history, and to set before the eye in mighty and vivid traits those controlling influences which have had the most effect on the political and social life of the nations, and on their mental, moral, and artistic development. Between and surrounding the several pictures, various figures are to stand on the golden ground, serving the Frescoes themselves as a sort of frame. Some of these figures will allegorically represent the countries which have played the largest parts in history, as, for instances, Egypt, Greece, Italy, and Germany; others will be transfigurations of great historic persons, such as Moses, Solon, Charlemagne, Frederick the Redbeard; others will typify History, Art, Science, &c. Around the whole will be a frieze, or connected series of scenes and figures, mingled with arabesques, the whole 240 feet long, depicting, allegorically, the progressive moral, intellectual, and religious life of humanity, from the first rude and chaotic condition, through all its stages to the catastrophe which ended the Catholic and Imperial Middle Age, and began the transition to a new order of things. This will be as fanciful as it is poetic and profound, and will accompany the sober earnest of the great historical compositions it incloses, like the explanations of a satirical chorus in a drama.

Of these great works the Tower of Babel is finished, and as all can testify who have had the fortune to see it, is worthy the fame of the artist. For grandeur and originality of design, harmony of coloring and the beauty of the various groups, it is impossible to find its equal in modern art. The unfinished tower looms in the back ground, while in the front are the dissevered races of men going forth on their separate paths with the symbols of their future offices in history. The group of Circassians, representing the warriors, is particularly magnificent. Indeed it is by the beauty and wonderful treatment of the groups that the artist relieves and enlivens the allegorical abstraction of the entire picture.

The Destruction of Jerusalem is now far advanced toward completion, Kaulbach's favorite assistants, Echter and Müller, being industriously at work upon it, according to the cartoon of the master. Already more than the half of it is completed, and before the autumn is over, Kaulbach will have given it the finishing touches. He is now actively engaged not only in supervising his assistants, but has already completed, either in cartoon or outline on the wall, half the extent of the frieze which is to surround the whole. The designs of this are spoken of by competent critics who have seen them, as overflowing with genius and grotesque humor. He expects, in the course of the autumn, to complete the admirable figures of Tradition, History, Art, and Science, which stand over the four entrances. These he will paint with his own hand; the execution of the frieze he will confide to others.

The brilliant effect of what is already complete of this vast work, is no doubt in a measure to be ascribed to the peculiar method in which it is painted. This method is known as Stereochromy, and is the invention of a Bavarian named Fuchs. The basis of the coloring used in this method is, we believe, ground glass. It is especially adapted to fresco painting, giving a greater depth and richness, as well as greater permanence of color, than the old method.

BERLIN, which is already so rich in works of art, is, ere long, to receive an additional ornament. In the neighborhood of the Arsenal is a very handsome cast iron bridge, at the four corners of which, are massive blocks of granite. On these, it is proposed to erect four groups of marble statuary, by four artists, representing: Victory exciting a youth to deeds worthy of fame, which is to be executed by Emil Wolff, who is now at Rome; Victory supporting a wounded Hero in his last moments, by L. Wichmann; Victory crowning a triumphant Warrior with laurel, by F. Drake; and Iris bearing a dying Hero to Olympus, by Wredow. Four other groups, also of marble, are to be disposed on the central pillars of the same bridge, representing Minerva in her relation to the life of the Hero; the first represents her arming a young Hero, by Möller; in the second, which is by Schiefelbein, she is training a youth in arms; in the third, by Adolf Wolff, she is leading a young Hero to combat; and in the last by Bläser she is protecting a fighting Hero. A great part of these groups are completed, but it will be some time before all are ready for erection. It might be desired that they were less warlike in character.

THE artists of Düsseldorf are about to publish "The Düsseldorf Artists' Album." It is to contain original contributions from Lessing, Achenbach, Von Schadow, Leutze, Jordan, Ritter, Fay, Winthrop, Camphausen, Tidemann, Hübner, Des Coudres, in short the majority of the more distinguished artists of the Düsseldorf circle. The literary contributors are to be Simrock, W. Müller, Louise Von G——, A. Kaufmann, Gruppe, and Oscar Von Redaitz. The Album is to be got up in the most splendid style both as to engravings and typography.

Though centuries have passed since the death of Christopher Columbus no statue has yet been erected to his memory either in Spain or elsewhere. At last, however, this remarkable omission is to be repaired. A subscription has been opened at Madrid by Salvador Bermudes, the poet, and Martinez Della Rosa, formerly Minister to France, to erect a colossal monument to the great discoverer. It is to be placed near the port of Palos de Magner, opposite the cloister of Santa Anna, where Columbus embarked on his first voyage. The subscription list, which already contains the most distinguished names of Spain, will be carried to England by Bermudes, for further signatures. The artists of all Europe are to be invited to compete for the honor of furnishing the design for the monument. At present a statue of some fifteen feet in hight is spoken of, surrounded by groups of statues of the size of life, all in Florentine bronze, with a pedestal of red granite. The minimum of the cost is set down at $100,000,—just half as much, by the way, as Virginia gives Crawford for his monument to Washington.

The Colossal Monument in bronze to Frederick the Great, by Rauch, which it was hoped would be placed on its pedestal on the 15th of October, cannot now be erected till next spring, owing to delay in the delivery of the vast block of granite on which it is to be set up. The king is represented twice the size of life, mounted on a steed of matchless elegance. The movement of the horse represents a slow trot, but yet it is full of spirit. The pedestal is to contain also groups of the prominent warriors, statesmen, artists, and savans of Frederick's time, all of the size of life, arranged with admirable skill about the king. No other work exists in Europe which can be compared with this; and we know of no other sculptor than Rauch who could have executed it.

The Philadelphia Art Union has just published, for its subscribers, the celebrated picture by Huntington, of "Mercy's Dream," engraved by A. H. Ritchie, of this city. This work was once engraved by Cheney, in miniature size, and forms one of the most beautiful illustrations of Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of England." The Art Union has given it to us in a large size, and we have had scarcely ever so effective a specimen of mezzotint in this country. The Philadelphia Art Union has chosen our much valued contributor, George W. Dewey, Esq., to be its Corresponding Secretary, and he will have the chief direction of its affairs. We are pleased to learn that the institution is exceedingly prosperous—much more so than last year.

A bust of M. de Balzac, the French Minister of the Interior has decided, shall be placed in the Gallery of the Celebrated Men of the Nineteenth Century in the Museum of Versailles.

At a sale of the effects of the Harley family—descendants of the great collectors, father and son—in London, lately, there were sold several curious portraits, among which were one of Sir Isaac Newton, reading Euclid, by Vonderbank, and a genuine and characteristic head of Queen Elizabeth, smaller than life, and probably by De Heere. It must have been like, and is very ugly. At the Harley sale it brought £10 10s., but that price was trebled by another change of owners. What adds to the value of the picture is, that it was bequeathed by Prior the poet, to the Lady Harriet Harley. What Prior thought worthy of leaving to a family so well versed in English antiquities as the Harleys has an interest of its own, irrespective of its excellence as a work of art.

A new picture, from the easel of W. S. Mount, represents a handsome negro fiddler, of the size of life, in the act of calling out a figure of the dance, at a ball. The artist has hit upon the happy title of "Right and Left." It is to be engraved by Goupil & Co. The *Evening Post* says the hero "is something of a dandy, as one may see from the jaunty air with which his hat is set on his head, his carefully combed and oiled woolly locks, and the tie and color of his cravat and vest. He is indeed a *chef d'œuvre* of Ethiopian portraiture, and holds an instrument in his hand worthy of the Ole Bull of native fiddlers. The artist is himself an enthusiast and skillful performer on the violin."

General Scott has been sitting to Mr. Kellogg for a full length picture, now nearly finished, to be placed in the gallery of the city in the City Hall. It is Mr. Kellogg's finest work in portraiture, with everything in keeping with the heroic of his subject, who is represented acknowledging the applause of the army, as he enters, after the capitulation, the palace of the Montezumas. Mr. Jones, the sculptor, has nearly completed a bust of the great chief, which in every respect surpasses any other that has been modeled. "The head is turned toward one side, the eyes slightly lifted, and the lips just parted—sufficiently to obviate that *set* expression which the mouth is too apt to wear in busts. The general expression is one of attention, mixed with command. It is a bold, massive, vigorous head, with a Roman cast of energy and inflexibility of purpose."

The Archæological Institute announces in the London papers, that, instigated by the success of the mediæval exhibition of the Society of Arts, they contemplate forming a central museum of ancient arts and manufactures, to be held in London simultaneously with the great exhibition of 1851. If sufficient space can be found they suggest that a collection of paintings illustrative of the early advance of art, especially in Great Britain, might be added.

Miss Sarah Biffin, celebrated as a miniature painter, and who was born without hands or arms, died on the 6th of October in Liverpool, at the age of sixty-six. She was born near Bridgewater, in Somerset, in 1784, and manifested, in early life, a talent for drawing and painting which she afterward cultivated with remarkable success. She was initiated in the first rudiments of the art by a Mr. Dukes, and was further instructed by Mr. Craig, a gentleman of much eminence in his profession as a miniature painter. Under his tuition, she attained to a very great skill, so much so, indeed, that in 1821, the "Society of Arts and Commerce" for one of her pictures presented her with a prize medal, through the late Duke of Sussex.

The New Bronze Statue of Herder—heroic in stature—just inaugurated at Weimar, beneath the walls of his church, is, as modern statues go, a very fine work,—large and simple, and clear of the oppressive pedantry which might almost seem to have been invited by the severity of the subject. There is more parade of a shapely leg, perhaps, than is strictly clerical: otherwise the beauty and the dignity of the subject are well conciliated. The artist is Herr Schaller of Munich.

The French Minister of Public Works has charged M. Chabrol, the architect of the Palais Royal, with the plan of a temporary building, in the great court of that palace, as a supplemental gallery for the Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture:—which it is finally determined shall open on the 15th December.

A Statue of Marshal Oudinot, Duke de Reggio, destined for the town of Bar-le-Duc, was recently exhibited in Paris. It is in bronze, and represents the marshal with the military cloak, a baton in the right hand and slightly reposing on the hilt of the sword.

The Statue of the late Professor Samuel Cooper, F.R.S., is completed, and a public meeting of public men has been convened in London, to decide where it shall be placed. Opinion is divided between University College Hospital and the Royal College of Surgeons.

Vincent Colyer—perhaps the first living artist in Crayon portraiture, is now fulfilling some engagements in Philadelphia. His admirable head of Henry C. Carey is being engraved by Charles Burt, of this city.

At Edinburgh it has been resolved to erect a monument to the memory of the poet Motherwell, in the Necropolis, where his remains are interred. The monument is to be confided to Mr. Fillans, the sculptor.

The last numbers of Brady, D'Avignon, and Lester's *Gallery of Illustrious Americans* contained admirable portraits and memoirs of General Scott and President Fillmore.

Music at Home and Abroad.

Jenny Lind's reception in New York is the theme of exaggerated description and amusing commentary in nearly all the European journals. *Punch* illustrates it with pictures; the *Times* gives it half a dozen columns; and in Paris the *Journal des Debats* for one day is filled with a history of the arrival and reception of the songstress. It is from the pen of H. Berlioz, the great composer and musical critic. "All this," he says, "may appear incredible to us old Europeans, worn down to comparative apathy—quite *blases-palled*,—without fire or passion for art. All this, however, is absolute reality, as indisputable as the prodigies wrought of old by Amphion and by Orpheus."

The Italian Opera season commenced on the evening of the 21st ult., at the Astor Place, under Max Maretzek, the most thoroughly accomplished and efficient musical director and purveyor ever in this country. The chief novelty of the season will be the original opera by Mr. Strakosch, to be brought out by the 20th inst. The critics—all indeed who know anything of the abilities of this brilliant composer—are sanguine of its most complete success.

The Concerts of Jenny Lind have been recommenced in the Metropolis, in a Hall of suitable capacity and of remarkable beauty—surpassing in these respects any hitherto in America, and equaling the most magnificent in Europe. The popularity of the Swede is not at all abated since our last.

Rossini is carrying on the rehearsal at his residence, and with great secrecy, of a new *chef d'œuvre*, to which it is said he attaches the highest importance. A great portion of his time is occupied with the tenor Donzelli in the perfection of this work. It is thought it will be produced at Bologna in the course of November.

Madame Bishop gave three concerts at Tripler Hall, near the close of the month; but though most effectively conducted by Mr. Bochsa, they were not altogether successful.

Mlle. Parodi, one of the most brilliant stars of the Italian Opera, has been engaged by Maretzek, and will appear at the Astor Place early in the season.

Places of Resort.

The Athenæum, in Broadway, opposite Bond street, is one of the principal new attractions for gentlemen, in the city. It is our great intellectual exchange, furnished with the best periodicals, of all nations, and in the splendor of its appointments surpassing every thing else of its kind in the world.

NEW POEMS.

BAYARD TAYLOR and R. H. STODDARD have just given us—one in *Graham's* and the other in *Sartain's Magazine*,—characteristic and remarkably beautiful poems,—the first sustaining his reputation as the finest of our poetical rhetoricians and the last adding another illustration to the many he has recently furnished of the richness of his fancy, his power in description, and the delicacy of his sentiment. We quote first the beautiful production of Taylor, which should redeem his fame though he had written all the songs sent to the Barnum-Lind committee:

HYLAS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

STORM-WEARIED Argo slept upon the water.
No cloud was seen; on blue and craggy Ida
The hot noon lay, and on the plains enamel;
Cool, in his bed, alone, the swift Scamander.
"Why should I haste?" said young and rosy Hylas:
"The seas were rough, and long the way from Colchis.
Beneath the snow-white awning slumbers Jason,
Pillowed upon his tame Thessalian panther;
The shields are piled, the listless oar suspended
On the black thwarts, and all the hairy bondsmen
Doze on the benches. They may wait for water,
Till I have bathed in mountain-born Scamander."

So said, unfilleting his purple chlamys
And putting down his urn, he stood a moment,
Breathing the faint, warm odour of the blossoms
That spangled thick the green Dardanian meadows.
Then, stooping lightly, loosened he his buskins
And felt with shrinking feet the crispy verdure,
Naked, save one light robe, that from his shoulder
Hung to his knee, the youthful flush revealing
Of warm, white limbs, half-nerved with coming manhood,
Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.
Now to the river's sandy marge advancing,
He dropped the robe and raised his head exulting
In the clear sunshine, that with beam embracing
Held him against Apollo's glowing bosom.
For sacred to Latona's son is Beauty,
Sacred is Youth, the joy of youthful feeling.
A joy indeed, a living joy was Hylas,
Whence Jove-begotten Heraclès, the mighty,
That slew the dreaded boar of Erymanthus,
To men though terrible, to him was gentle,
Smoothing his rugged nature into laughter
When the boy stole his club, or from his shoulders
Dragged the huge paws of the Nemæan lion.
The thick, brown locks, tossed backward from his forehead,
Fell soft about his temples; manhood's blossom
Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly
Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lips parting,
Like a loose bow, that just has launched its arrow;
His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and beamy,
Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven;
Dewy and sleek his dimpled shoulder rounded
To the white arms and whiter breast between them.
Downward, the supple lines had less of softness:
His back was like a god's; his loins were moulded
As if some pulse of power began to waken;
The springy fullness of his thighs, outswerving,
Sloped to his knee, and lightly dropping downward,
Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest, of motion.

Musing a space he stood, a light smile playing
Upon his face—a spirit new-created
To the free air and all-embracing sunlight.
He saw his glorious limbs reversely mirrored
In the still wave, and stretched his foot to press it
On the smooth sole that answered at the surface:
Alas! the shape dissolved in glimmering fragments.
Then, timidly at first, he dipped, and catching
Quick breath, with tingling shudder, as the waters
Swirled round his thighs, and deeper, slowly deeper,
Till on his breast the River's cheek was pillowed,
And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple
Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom
His white, round shoulder shed the dripping crystal.
There, as he floated, with a rapturous motion,
The lucid coolness folding close around him,
The lily-cradling ripples murmured: "Hylas!"
He shook from off his ears the hyacinthine
Curls that had lain unwet upon the water,
And still the ripples murmured: "Hylas! Hylas!"
He thought: "the voices are but ear-born music.
Pan dwells not here, and Echo still is calling
From some high cliff that tops a Thracian valley;
So long mine ears, on tumbling Hellespontos,
Have heard the sea-waves hammer Argo's forehead,
That I misdeem the fluting of this current
For some lost nymph"—again the murmur: Hylas!"
And with the sound a cold, smooth arm around him
Slid like a wave, and down the clear, green darkness
Glimmered on either side a shining bosom—
Glimmered, uprising slow; and ever closer
Wound the cold arms, till, climbing to his shoulders,
Their cheeks lay nestled, while the purple tangles
Their loose hair made, in silken mesh enwound him.
Their eyes of clear, pale emerald then uplifting,
They kissed his neck with lips of humid coral,
And once again there came a murmur: "Hylas!
O come with us, O follow where we wander
Deep down beneath the green, translucent ceiling—
Where on the sandy bed of old Scamander
With cool white buds we braid our purple tresses,
Lulled by the bubbling waves around us stealing.
Thou fair Greek boy, O come with us! O follow
Where thou no more shalt hear Propontis riot,
But by our arms be lapped in endless quiet,
Within the glimmering caves of Ocean's hollow!
We have no love; alone, of all th' Immortals,
We have no love. O love us, we who press thee
With faithful arms, though cold—whose lips caress thee
Who hold thy beauty prisoned. Love us, Hylas!"
The sound dissolved in liquid murmurs, calling
Still as it faded: "Come with us, O follow!"
The boy grew chill to feel their twining pressure
Lock round his limbs, and bear him, vainly striving,
Down from the noonday brightness. "Leave me, Naiads!
Leave me!" he cried; "the day to me is dearer
Than all your caves deep-sphered in Ocean's quiet.
I am but mortal, seek but mortal pleasure;
I would not change this flexile, warm existence,
Though swept by storms and shocked by Jove's dread thunder,
To be a king beneath the dark-green waters."
Still moaned the humid lips, between their kisses;
"We have no love. O love us, we who press thee!"
And came in answer, thus, the words of Hylas:
"My love is mortal. For the Argive maidens
I keep the kisses which your lips would ravish;
Unlock your cold, white arms—take from my shoulder
The tangled swell of your bewildering tresses.
Let me return: the wind comes down from Ida,
And soon the galley, stirring from her slumber,
Will fret to ride where Pelion's twilight shadow
Falls o'er the towers of Jason's sea-girt city.
I am not yours—I cannot braid the lilies
In your wet hair, nor on your argent bosoms
Close my drowsed eyes to hear your rippling voices.
Hateful to me your sweet, cold, crystal being,
Your world of watery quiet:—Help, Apollo!
For I am thine: thy fire, thy beam, thy music
Dance in my heart and flood my sense with rapture:
The joy, the warmth and passion now awaken,
Promised by thee, but erewhile calmly sleeping.
O leave me, Naiads! loose your chill embraces,
Or I shall die, for mortal maidens pining."
But still with unrelenting arms they bound him,
And still, accordant, flowed their watery voices:
"We have thee now, we hold thy beauty prisoned—
O come with us beneath the emerald waters!
We have no loves; we love thee, rosy Hylas.
O love us, who shall nevermore release thee:
Love us, whose milky arms will be thy cradle
Far down on the untroubled sands of ocean,
Where now we bear thee, clasped in our embraces."
And slowly, slowly, sunk the amorous Naiads;
The boy's blue eyes, upturned, looked through the water,
Pleading for help; but Heaven's immortal Archer
Was swathed in cloud. The ripples hid his forehead,
And last, the thick, bright curls a moment floated,
So warm and silky that the stream upbore them,
Closing, reluctant, as he sunk forever.

The sunset died behind the crags of Imbros.
Argo was tugging at her chain; for freshly
Blew the swift breeze, and leaped the restless billows.
The voice of Jason roused the dozing sailors,
And up the ropes was heaved the snowy canvas.
But mighty Heraclès, the Jove-begotten,
Unmindful stood, beside the cool Scamander,
Leaning upon his club. A purple chlamys
Tossed o'er an urn, was all that lay before him;
And when he called, expectant: "Hylas! Hylas!"
The empty echoes made him answer: "Hylas!"

The next is by Stoddard. It is scarcely

equal to his "Castle in the Air," but we have no other poet in America who could have written it.

AUTUMN.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Dark on the welkin's verge the city looms,
Beneath its wreathed smoke, a daily night;
But here the hills and vales, with all their blooms,
Fronting the Sun, are bathed in mellow light;—
And lo! while Noon, its diadem ablaze,
Upclimbs the sky with cloudy banners furled,—
The Horn of Plenty trailing in his hands,
Soft muffled in the golden-skirted haze,
Benignest Autumn broods above the world,
And breathes a benediction o'er the lands!

Forever changeful o'er the changeful globe,
Fantastic Masquer! who may sketch thee best?
Who guess thy certain crown, thy favorite crest,
The fashion of thy many-colored robe?
Sometimes we see thee when the dawn is young,
In fading woods, the haunt of timid deer,
A curvèd bugle at thy baldric hung,
And in thy hand a slender hunting spear;—
A swineherd stretched full-length upon the ground,
While o'er thy head the acorns patter fast
Down-dropping, with thy tusky boars around
Crunching among the leaves the ripened mast;
And oft at work, where ancient granary doors
Flung open wide show all the thrashers hale,
Whitened with chaff upwafted from thy flail,
When south winds oversweep the dusty floors;
And when aweary with their toil and heat,
The field hands loll away the noontide hours,
Where gusty shadows lengthen o'er the path,—
Thou sleepest amid the reapers in thy swath,
With Plenty at thy feet.
Braiding a wreath of oaten straw and flowers!

What time, emerging from a low-hung cloud,
The shining chariot of the sun was driven,
Slope to its goal, and Day in reverence bowed
His burning forehead at the gate of heaven;—
I saw thy glorious presence full revealed,
Slow trudging homeward o'er a stubble field;
Around thy brow, to shade it from the west,
A wisp of straw entwisted in a crown;
A golden wheat-sheaf, slipping slowly down,
Hugged tight against thy waist and on thy breast
Linked to a belt, an earthen flagon swung;
And o'er thy shoulder flung,
Tied by their stems, a bundle of great pears,
Bell-shaped and streaky, some rich orchard's pride;
A heavy bunch of grapes on either side,
Across each arm tugged downward by the load,
Their glossy leaves blown off by wandering airs;
A yellow-rinded melon in thy right,
In thy left hand a sickle caught the light,
Keen as the moon which glowed
Along the fields of night:
One moment seen, the shadowy masque was flown,
And I was left, as now, to meditate alone.

The sky is soft and beautiful to-day,
Serener than in Summer's fiery reign;
Deepening along the woods that rim the plain,
A league beyond the city dim and gray;
Unseen but felt, the Winds are sailing past,
Slow-veering through the trackless azure seas,
Heaven's Argonauts, with each a golden fleece
Of clouds, suspended at its winged mast!
And Earth oblivious of the Summer's bier,
Her calm great forehead bound with Autumn leaves,
Sleeps in the richness of a thousand eves,
The sunset of the Year!

Come forth, ye dwellers in the sickly maze
Of overpeopled cities, one and all;
One little day at least beyond the wall,
And it will comfort ye for many days!
"Pent up in regions of laborious breath,"
But still to long-forsaken Nature dear,
Why will ye crowd in hives the live-long year,
And hoard disease and all the seeds of Death?
Can all the wealth ye rake together there
With cunning arts, the gilded chains ye wear,
Repay your loss of health, your passions crost,
And nature's smiles and tears forever lost?
As well might water in a stagnant fen
Repay the need of ever-limpid springs:
Decay and Age the blessed youth of men,
Or some poor cripple's crutch an angel's wings!
It cannot be!—despite your years of shame,
The old allegiance binds ye as before;
And all within ye feeds the sacred flame,
And bids the soul adore
The world's divinity around us evermore!

Hark! hark!—the merry reapers in a row,
Shouting their harvest carols blithe and loud,
Cutting the rustled maze whose crests are bowed
With ears o'ertasseled, soon to be laid low;
Crooked earthward now, the orchards droop their boughs
With red-cheeked fruits, while far along the wall
Full in the south, ripe plums and peaches fall
In tufted grass where laughing lads carouse;—
And down the pastures, where the horse goes round
His ring of tan, beneath the mossy shed,
Old cider-presses work with creaky din,
Oozing in vats, and apples heap the ground;
And hour by hour, a basket on his head,
Up-clambering to the spout,
The plowman pours them in!

Sweet-scented winds from meadows freshly mown,
Blow eastward now, and now for many a day,
The fields will be alive with teams of hay,
And stacks, not all unmeet for Autumn's throne!
The granges will be crowded, and the men
Half-smothered, as they tread it from the top;
And then the teams will go and come again,
And go and come until they end the crop.
And where the melons stud the garden vine,
Crook-necked or globy, smaller carts will wait,
Soon to be urged o'erloaded to the gate
Where apples drying on the stages shine;
And children soon will go at eve and morn,
And set their snares for quails with baits of corn;
And when the house-dog snuffs a distant hare,
O'errun the gorgeous woods with noisy glee;
And when the hazels ripen, climb a tree,
And shake the branches bare!
And by and by, when northern winds are out,
Great fires will roar in chimneys huge at night,
While chairs draw round, and pleasant tales are told:
And nuts and apples will be passed about,
Until the household drowsy with delight,
Creep off to bed a-cold!

Sovereign of seasons! Monarch of the Earth!
Steward of bounteous Nature, whose rich alms
Are showered upon us from thy liberal palms
Until our spirits overflow with mirth!
Divinest Autumn! while our garners burst
With plenteous harvesting on heaped increase,
We lift our eyes to thee through grateful tears,
World—world in boons,—vouchsafe to visit first,
And linger last along our realms of Peace,
Where Freedom calmly sits
And beckons on the years!

ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

THE Rev. RANN KENNEDY, of Birmingham, author of "Britain's Genius," "The Reign of Truth," and other poems, and his son, Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, professor of law at Queen's College, Birmingham, have within a few weeks published a new translation of the works of Virgil, which is much praised. In the preface to the second volume, Mr. C. R. Kennedy discusses with great skill and learning the relative merits of our rhyming heroic measure and blank verse for the purposes of translation. He considers the latter to be far the best; and his own example of the effect with which blank verse may be used, goes far to support his theory. He says:—

"That the measure in which Shakspeare and Milton wrote is the best adapted for a translation of Virgil, I feel no manner of doubt. It is the only one which allows sufficient freedom to express the full force and harmony of the original. If I were required to translate the Æneid in a rhyming measure, I would not choose the heroic couplet of Dryden, but rather the Spenserian stanza, or any other which allowed more expansion for the sentences and periods. Yet the objects which a translator of Virgil ought to keep in view could not, through any such medium, be fully accomplished. Schiller, who has given a free version of the second and fourth Æneids, adopted the eight-lined stanza, as being the most soft and melodious measure of the German language. Yet even he confessed, that

with such a form of verse, he was too much fettered and circumscribed, to do justice to the free march of the Roman. It was impossible, he says, so to arrange his stanza as to preserve the various pauses and divisions of the original. The Miltonic verse, though different in form from the Virgilian, most nearly corresponds with it in genius. It is, as my father truly observed in the prospectus of this work, capable of the utmost variety in the modification of its rhythms. In short, it only requires to be properly handled. What may be done with it is proved by what has been done. Shakspeare and Milton, as they are unquestionably greater than Homer and Virgil in other respects, are by no means inferior to them in the style of their versification. I speak of the best parts of the English Poets; for they are not always equal to themselves. It has been truly said of Shakspeare that he has sounded every note of the gamut. Milton has not indeed the variety of the Dramatist, though he is sometimes Shakspearian in style; yet in him we find a substantial majesty of verse, which more nearly resembles the Homeric and Virgilian. These two great masters have shown of what the English language is capable, when its masculine strength is properly applied. These, our best models, should always be kept in view. I grant at once, that as on the one hand the English measure is capable of all the solemn, slow movements of the Iambic, so, on the other hand, it cannot equal the rapidity of the Hexameter. The rhythm of lines such as the following—

'Aureus ex humero sonat arcus et arma Dianæ,
Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.
Convellimus altis
Sedibus, impulimusque: ea lapsa repente ruinam
Cum sonitu trahit, et Danaûm super agmina latè
Incidit'—

cannot be fully attained in English. But it is equally true, that as the English measure surpasses the Iambic in rapidity, so can it express the solemn and pathetic more happily than the Hexameter."

AN ENGLISH REVIEWAL OF THE SONGS OF GENERAL MORRIS.

WE lately copied into *The International* from *Fraser's Magazine* an estimate of the "Poets and Poetry of America," attributed to the pen of Mr. C. Astor Bristed. A writer in *Howitt's and the People's Journal* demurs to the fairness of that article, especially on the ground of its omissions, and furnishes the following sketch of General Morris and his songs, by way of supplying its deficiencies:

"Before us lies a heap of songs and ballads, the production of the rich fancy and warm heart of George Morris. Not many weeks since, at a public meeting in London, a gentleman claimed to be heard speak on the ground of his connection with the public press from the time when he was seven years of age. We will not undertake to say that General Morris ran his juvenile fingers over the chords of the lyre at so very early a period, but it is certain he tried his hand at writing for the newspapers when he was yet but a mere child. While in his teens he was a constant contributor to various periodicals. Many of his articles attracted notice. He began to acquire a literary reputation; and at length, in 1822, being then in his twentieth year, he became editor of the *New York Mirror*. This responsible post he continued to hold until the termination of that paper's existence in 1834.

"Morris accomplished an infinity of good in the twenty years during which he wielded the editorial pen. Perhaps no other man in the United States was so well qualified for the noble task he set himself at the outset of his career as editor. American literature was in its infancy, and subject to all the weaknesses of that period. Morris resolved to do his utmost toward forming a character for it, and looked abroad anxiously for such as could aid him in his endeavor. The *Mirror* will ever be fondly remembered by the American literary man, for it has been the cradle of American genius. In it Willis, Theodore Fay, and many others, whose names will not soon be forgotten, first tried their ''prentice han'.' In its pages clever artists of every kind were certain of a kind reception. Morris, indeed, appears to have been almost a universal genius. He saw the wants of his country—it had no literature, no drama, no school of painting. Morris vigorously girded up his loins, resolved to do his utmost to remedy all this. None had a sharper eye than he for the detection of latent talent, and none were more ready by sound counsel and otherwise to aid its possessor. A writer in *Graham's Magazine* (American) speaks warmly of Morris's perseverance and address in disciplining a corps of youthful writers; of the keen eye which could discern in some nameless manuscripts the promise of future power; of the firm and open temper which his example inspired into the relations of literary men with one another throughout the land; of the inestimable value to America of the singular variety and discursiveness of the intellectual sympathies of General Morris.

"To him this writer attributes the present flourishing condition and bright prospects of transatlantic literature. He evidently possesses a personal knowledge of the renowned literary general, and discourses right eloquently in his praise. Nor do we think that he overrates his merits in the least. From other sources we have ourselves learned much of the genial nature of George Morris, and his gigantic labors as a literary pioneer. Considering its juvenility as a nation, republican America indeed has been amazingly prolific of good writers. The large share Morris has had in awakening the latent talent of his countrymen must ever be to him a high source of gratulation. And then, as an original writer he has won for himself a high place amongst literary Americans; he is, in fact, known throughout the States as 'The song-writer of America.' And we have the authority of Willis for stating that ninety-nine people out of a hundred—take them as they come in the census—would find more to admire in Morris's songs than in the writings of any other American poet. Willis also tells us, as a proof of the General's popularity with those shrewd, dollar-loving men, the publishers, that 'he can at any time obtain fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for one shilling!' He is the best-known poet of the country by acclamation—not by criticism.

"Morris seems to have had juster notions of what was required in a song than many who have achieved celebrity as song-writers in this country. 'The just notion and office of the modern song' has been defined to be, the embodiment and expression in beauty of some thought or sentiment—gay, pensive, moral, or sentimental—which is as natural and appropriate in certain circumstances as the odor to the flower. Its graceful purpose is to exhibit an incident in the substance of an emotion, to communicate wisdom in the form of sentiment. A song should be the embodiment of some general feeling, and have reference to some season or occurrence.

"It is not a very difficult thing to make words rhyme; some of the most unimaginative intellects we ever knew could do so with surprising facility. It is rare to find a sentimental miss or lackadaisical master who cannot accomplish this *intellectual* feat, with the help of Walker's Rhym-

ing Dictionary. As for love, why every one writes about it now-a-days. There is such an abhorrence of the simple Saxon—such an outrageous running after outlandish phraseology, that we wonder folks are satisfied with this plain term.

"We wonder they do not seek for an equivalent in high Dutch or in low Dutch, in Hungarian or in Hindostanee. We wish they would, with all our heart and soul. We have no objection, provided the heart be touched, that a head should produce a little of the stuff called "nonsense verses"—that this article should be committed to scented note-paper, and carefully sealed up with skewered hearts of amazing corpulence. God forbid that we should be thought guilty of a sneer at real affection!—far from it; such ever commands our reverence. But we do not find it in the noisy tribe of goslings green who would fain be thought of the nightingale species. Did the reader ever contemplate a child engaged in the interesting operation of sucking a lollipop?—we assure him that the act was dictated by quite as much of true sentiment as puts in action the fingers and wits of the generality of our young amatory poetasters.

"We know of none who have written more charmingly of love than George Morris. Would to Apollo that our rhymesters would condescend to read carefully his poetical effusions! But they contain no straining after effect—no extravagant metaphors—no driveling conceits; and so there is little fear of their being taken as models by those gentlemen. Let the reader mark the surpassing excellence of the love-songs; their perfect naturalness; the quiet beauty of the similes; the fine blending of graceful thought and tender feeling which characterize them. Morris is indeed the poet of home joys. None have described more eloquently the beauty and dignity of true affection—of passion based upon esteem; and his fame is certain to endure while the Anglo-Saxon woman has a hearthstone over which to repeat her most cherished household words.

"Seldom have the benign effects of the passion been more felicitously painted than in Morris's 'Seasons of Love.'

SEASONS OF LOVE.

The spring-time of love is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms and balm in our way,
The sky, earth and ocean in beauty repose,
And all the bright future is *coleur de rose*.

The summer of love is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove, and valley their music impart;
And the pure glow of heaven is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow that's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love is the season of cheer—
Life's mild Indian summer, the smile of the year;
Which comes when the golden ripe harvest is stored;
And yields its own blessing—repose and reward!

While the storm scowls without, from the sunshine within
The winter of love is the balm that we win,
Love's reign is eternal, the heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons of life for his own.

"What simple tenderness is contained in the ballad of 'We were boys together!' Every word in that beautiful melody comes home to the heart of him whose early days have been happy. God help those in whom this poem awakens no fond remembrances!—those whose memories it does not get wandering up the stream of life, toward its source; beholding at every step the sun smiling more brightly, the heavens assuming a deeper hue, the grass a fresher green, and the flowers a sweeter perfume. How wondrous are not its effects upon ourselves! The wrinkles have disappeared from our brow, and the years from our shoulders, and the marks of the branding iron of experience from our heart; and again we are a careless child, gathering primroses, and chasing butterflies, and drinking spring water from out the hollow of our hands. Around us are the hedges 'with golden gorse bright blossoming, as none bloom now-a-day.' We have heard of death, but we know not what it is; and the word change has no meaning for us; and summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest, has each its unutterable joys. Alas! we can never remain long in this happy dream land. Nevertheless, we have profited greatly by the journey. The cowslips and violets gathered by us in childhood shall be potent in the hour of temptation; and the cap of rushes woven for us by kind hands in days gone by shall be a surer defense than a helmet of steel in the hour of battle. No, no; we will never disgrace our antecedents.

"We regret we have not space to enter more largely into the merits of Morris; but there is one quality in his songs to which we cannot but direct attention—and this is their almost feminine purity. The propensities have had their laureates; and genius, alas! has often defiled its angel wings by contact with the sensual and the impure. But Morris has never attempted to robe vice in beauty; and, as has been well remarked, his lays can bring to the cheek of purity no blush save that of pleasure."

Original Poetry.

LEONORA THINKING OF TASSO.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

WOULD I could dream of thee! Thy thought
Is all day long before my face;
But envious sleep hath ever brought
Some shape thine image to displace.

Yes—once, once only hath the night
Wrought thy bright semblance forth to me—
Oh! rapturous moment of delight!
Would I had died, sweet dream, in thee.

Thou, only named in thought—from this
Ecstatic vision slumber bore,
The morn, impatient of my bliss,
Enclasped my soul forevermore.

Would I could dream of thee—nor pine
With these unanswered longings rent—
Ah, me! poor heart! that love like thine
Should seek with dreams to be content!

With dreams! Yet what is life, alas!
But of the shadows that we see?
Visions of love and hope, that pass,
To mock us, like my dream of thee!

THE FOREST BURIAL.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

REST thee, loved one! we have laid thee
Where the wild wood maketh sighs;
Tears perfume the bed we made thee,
Where the withered foliage lies.
Distant from thy native dwelling,
Where we chaunt thy requiem;
Few the hearts with sadness swelling,
Few to join the funeral hymn.

On the morrow we must leave thee,
Lonely in thy woodland grave,
Where the vine a tomb shall weave thee,
Creeping where the branches wave.
All thy love! let nature breathe it,
When the vernal hours return—
Write thy name with flowers, and wreathe it
Round thy lonely forest urn.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

OH, thou, whose thought hath filled my years
With bliss unmingled with alloy;
Whose memory beamed upon my tears,
Or smiled upon my hour of joy—
The gathering sands of time have spread
Between thy onward path and mine,
But the same guiding hand hath led
Our steps unswerving to the shrine.
And now I bless the way behind,
O'er which I've journeyed from the past;
Since at the Mecca of the mind
My pilgrim heart meets thine at last.

Meets thine—meets thee!—ah! who can know
The rapture of that thought—"with thee!"
How, when with thee, the moments glow,
And throb, and thrill, with ecstasy!
The heavens so distant on the sand,
Seem bending downward in thine eyes;
While all my soul is lifted, fanned,
As 'twere with wings from Paradise.
And all our space to duty given,
The hours of absence we must know,
Are like a ladder set to heaven,
Whereon Thought's angels come and go. M. E. H.

THE RAINY MORNING.

THERE is gloom on the sky, and its shadow
Lies chill on the morning's pure breast;
The sunshine is hid from the meadow,
And Nature with tears is oppress't:
Not a carol of birds wakes to cheer us,
The flowers sleep late in their beds;
Not a bee in its flight ventures near us,
And the cattle are drooping their heads.

Rolls sullenly by us the river,
Its waves neither sparkle nor gleam;
The autumn leaves mournfully quiver,
And silently drop on the stream;
All around and below, as above us,
The sky's gloomy shadows are cast;
And Nature to joy cannot move us,
Till the cloud from her bosom is past.

But what if the vision be cheerless,
Outside of the home that we love—
The sunshine within it is peerless,
Be the skies bright or somber above:
The light of our home is affection,
And clouds cannot hide it from view;
No matter how deep our dejection,
Its rays will be sure to break through.
September, 1850. WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

IN ABSENCE.

HOPING 'gainst hope, I watched to-night for thee,
"With all my vesture on of snowy white"—
Nor left the *head-dress* out—the *circling vail*,
Through *turquoise-ring* soft gathered 'neath the chin—
(Dost thou remember it?) But all in vain
I watched and fondly hoped; thou didst not come,
Thou, for whose eyes I had arrayed myself—
Thou, who by love's mysterious sympathy,
Should, (so I fondly thought,) be softly drawn
To come to her who longed to see thee so.
Could I, while in such spotless garb arrayed,
Have worn upon my soul a thought less fair,
I might have murmured in my heart and said,
His soul's deep chords are not attuned to mine,
Or they would vibrate when my own are swept
So thrillingly across, with thoughts of him!—
But evil spirits had no power to vex
My soul with such sad fancies while I wore
That snowy raiment, strong as "armed mail;"
As long as I looked on it as the type
Of what I wished my inmost soul to be,—
Thy pure, fond, trusting, ever faithful bride!
I have been ill—sharp pain and sleepless nights
Have made me thin and pale, as when of old
I wore upon my hair this circling vail;
And even now for pain I cannot sleep,
Though "solemn midnight's tingling silentness"
Lies all around upon the dew-damp air,
And naught is heard (my throbbing pulse beside)
Save sudden rush of drowsy beetle's wing,
Attracted by my lonely taper's light.
Would thou wert here, with magic touch to soothe
The aching of my temples—with the dew
Of thy pure kiss to cool my fevered cheek,
And on thy breast to pillow my tired head.

CRADLE AND COFFIN.

TWO receptacles awaiting
Meet the needs of human kind;
Each with its appropriate freighting,
Each with garlands intertwined:
Cradle, where the child reposes—
Coffin, which the dead incloses.

Cradle, placed in marriage chamber,
Swaying, swaying to and fro;
Up its sides the children clamber,
Toiling in a rosy glow:
Whispering angels soft descending,
Sweetest dreams the child are lending.

Coffin, midway placed, and dreary,
Cold, funereal-draped, and still;
And its tenant resting weary,
With the death-damp stealing chill:
Shrinking shapes, grief-struck and weeping,
Round the couch are vigils keeping.

Cradle—coffin—intervening,
Oh, the long and aching years!
Soul, *slow learning time's dark meaning*,
Eyes out-looking through their tears,
Kindly, seems the death-cold stillness,
Genial, seems the rest and chillness.

All the nooks where self has hidden,
Memory searches to the core;
Till dark specters come unbidden,
Through the lattice and the door:
Come, upbraiding our omissions—
Self-convicting our commissions

Loving deeply, fondly, truly,
We infinitude demand;
Yielding up, spontaneous, duly,
Free-will offerings, heart and hand:
Hence this anguish is but telling,
Of the *depth whence love was welling*. E. O. S.

THE HERMIT'S DELL.

THERE is a deep and shadowy dell
Near by my summer home,
Whose quiet beauty none may tell,
Save those who through it roam.

Within its dreamy depths there wells
A fount of ceaseless flow,
Which farther on in cascatelles,
Leaps to the vale below.

A slender footbridge spans the stream,
Beneath a willow's shade;
So fragile seems it, one might deem
It was by fairies made.

And there I often love to sit
At thoughtful eventide,
To watch the changeful shadows flit
Along the streamlet's tide.

'Tis then that treasured memories come,
From out the misty past;
Some bright as rainbow hues, but some
By blighted hopes o'ercast.

I muse on childhood's play-day gone,
On youth's past hours of glee;
On manhood's anxious day begun,
On years that yet may be.

In days gone by, a trysting-place
Was this sequestered dell;
And on the willow tree I trace
Names that I know full well.

But he who carved those characters,
His plighted faith forgot;
While she who loved him clung to hers,
With truth that altered not.

They died far sundered, his lone tomb
Is swept by ocean's foam;
His lamp went out midst doubt and gloom,
Far from his childhood's home.

But she hath a far gentler rest,
Near by the streamlet's wave;
And flowers she ever loved the best,
Bloom o'er her cultured grave.

Sweet Hermit's Dell! life's happiest hours
Are these I'm passing here;
With song of bird and scent of flowers,
And waters murmuring near.

But when the few short years have fled,
In which I here may dwell,
Who next like me will musing tread
The paths of Hermit's Dell? HERMANN.

THE THREE VISITS.

TRANSLATED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL FROM THE FRENCH OF AUGUSTE VITU.

IN the month of August, 1845, a column of French soldiers, composed of Chasseurs d'Afrique, of Spahis, and several battalions of the line, were crossing the beautiful valley of orange-trees and aloes, at the base of the Djebel-Ammer, one of the principal spurs of Atlas.

It was nine o'clock at night, and the atmosphere was calm and clear. A few light and fleecy clouds yet treasured up the melancholy reflection of the sun's last beams, which, in copper bands, were radiated across the horizon.

The march was rapid, for it was necessary to catch up with the advance guard, which had been pushed forward to make a razzia, the object of which was to bring into subjection one or two mutinous tribes.

The Marechal de Camp who commanded this advanced party had halted with a field-officer, to observe this party defile into its place with the rear guard.

The day had been very warm, and luminous masses of vapor from time to time rose from the surface of the ground, like white apparitions in the midst of somber space.

"Look, Corporal Gobin, look there," said a soldier; "I saw something like a white sheet. Think you it can be a Bedouin?"

"Fool," said the corporal, "it is a cactus-leaf, lit up by the moon."

"Bah! that I can see distinctly, but I had reference to something else, of an elongated form. It is now out of sight. Look! there is another."

"They are nothing but heat-balls, my child," said the corporal.

"Possibly they may be, Corporal, but in this country I do not feel safe."

Just at that moment the soldier who was speaking to the corporal passed by the General.

"What," said Gobin, "annoys you?"

"Nothing of any great importance; but out of all of these alleys things dance the air. Those immense plants, the edges of the leaves of which cut like those of sabers. There are other green machines which look like stitching-needles. They do not seem natural to me. The night, too, is haunted by evil spirits."

"Will you hold your tongue, Conscript?" said the corporal, with vivacity. "You are not going to give us a ghost story?"

"Why should I not? I am not afraid of ghosts, though you and the rest are. The ghost of an Arab must be a funny affair."

Gobin said, very sententiously, "A man, my lad, must come precisely from your village to be so utterly without tact—I may almost say, without sentiment. Do you not know one should never talk of such matters before the General?"

"Bah! you do not mean to say General Vergamier is afraid?"

"Vergamier afraid! He who won every step on the battle-field—who has more than once spiked the enemy's cannon—who is a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and has every seam of his coat covered with other orders! I tell you what, Gabet, you will never become Minister of War."

"Then, if the General is so brave, why should not one speak of ghosts before him?"

"That is a whim of his. He says such stories always do harm, especially after night. It is a weakness, Conscript, I know, unworthy of such a brave man, and therefore is it that he so carefully conceals it."

"Then how, Corporal, do you know anything about it?"

"I have an old friend named Rabugeot, a sapper of the 22d, who was a servant of the General, and who, one night when he was drunk, under the pledge of secrecy, told me the whole affair."

"Well, you take fine care of the secret. Did I ask you if the General—"

"Silence! Gabet: I think the General suspects we are talking of him."

The fact was, the General had heard every word the two soldiers had said, and their conversation had produced a truly painful impression on him. So much so that his friend the Surgeon-Major, Edouard Banis, asked him, with surprise, what was the matter.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the General.

The Major blushed.

"Why not?"

"Then, when the body dies, the soul survives?"

"Thus expressed, the subject-matter disappears."

"Give me your opinion on the matter."

"What do I know of the matter, General? If life be the manifestation, or rather the emanation, of a general and eternal principle, under a finite form, as the disciples of Swedenborg and the other mystics think, spiritual apparitions are not only possible but natural."

"Your own opinion, Doctor?"

"Frankly, I do not know what to say. I have never seen a ghost, and consequently have a right to doubt their existence. Such phenomena do not seem to me contrary to the general laws of nature, and are rather to be admitted on scientific principles,—since if they exist, from their very nature they escape the material control of the senses; and if the soul be in contact with another soul, it alone can establish the presence of the apparition. The body feels, sees, and hears nothing. At Weinsburg, in Germany, I saw Doctor Justinus Korner and Albertus Trintzius his disciple. These men told me terrible things. I have, however, the faith of Saint Thomas, and wish to see and touch."

"But, Edouard," said the General, "I have myself seen."

The gallant officer who made this strange confession to M. Banis was a man still young,

for he was scarcely thirty-eight. His fine and noble figure, rather full than otherwise, received a kind of melancholy grace from the sad melancholy of his mild blue eyes, which softened the rudeness of his hale complexion, and the full white mustaches which covered his whole upper lip. His hair was short and silky, his ear was small, and his teeth regular. His broad brow, expressive of thought, announced him a dreamer. General Etienne Vergamier, with his tall stature, his broad shoulders, his physical power, his mild expression, and his sweet and charming smile, might have served as a model for one of those northern heroes, sons of Ossian and Fingal, who as they fought sang heroic rhymes.

The Doctor was a cold methodical man. He was however intelligent and deeply learned, and heard the confession of the General with the greatest astonishment and curiosity. Let one, however, be ever so great a physician and naturalist, the passion for the supernatural yet exerts its painful influence.

Vergamier pushed his horse to a trot, and was silent for some time. The Doctor respected his reverie, but finally gave vent to his curiosity, fully as his intimacy with the General permitted.

"We have a long route before us. The road is becoming bad, and we must perforce slacken our pace. Tell me, General, the event to which you referred just now. This is a proper time to talk of ghosts."

"Why should I, Doctor? you would not believe me."

"I believe in sensations, of all kinds. You will however permit me to discuss the principles of yours."

"Ah! you wish to insert your physiological scalpel into the secret of secrets of my heart. I beseech you, however, not to laugh. I tell you an absolute fact."

The time was well chosen for such a story. As the column approached Djebel-Ammer, the soil, which had hitherto been grassy and fertile, became barren and desolate. The orange-trees gave place to mastich-wood and the most horrible cactus. The arbuti lifted directly to heaven their blood-red trunks and regular branches, on which the leaves were so glittering that rays of the moon made them splendid as the acanthi of candelabra. On the right and on the left arose layers of black and blue rocks, like vast Japanese vases, from which arose great cactus, with leaves dentelated as the claws of a gigantic crab. Fine and dry briars rattled as they quivered in the breeze, and the pale light of the rising stars made gigantic silhouettes of the shadows of the horses and men. The wolves howled in the distance, and large birds hovered in the air, uttering the most melancholy cries while they were on the wing. The tramp of the horses on the dry ground sounded most sadly. Every now and then the sharp clang of a carabine was heard, as some soldier fired at any bush which waved or any stone which fell down the overhanging rocks. In Africa, behind every waving bush, above every rolling stone, there is an enemy.

"When I was twenty years old," said the General, "I left Saint-Cyr, with my best friend Charles de Mancel, a fine young fellow, blonde, pale, delicate-looking—dreamy as a poet, yet strong as a Kabyle and brave as a lion. We had from our very childhood been intimate, and in the various quarrels of our school-boy life, time and again we had fought for each other. We were devoted to each other, and were distressed at the idea of our separation, consequent we thought on our entry into service.

"More lucky than we had expected to be, we met at the capture of Fort de l'Empereur, as second lieutenants.

"A few days after, Algiers was stormed, and George was among the first who entered the city. I saw him fall from a gun-shot wound in the left side.

"I bore him on my shoulders to a house which had been deserted by the inhabitants at the commencement of the cannonade. I placed him in the calm, voluptuous, perfumed room of a woman. The bed was out of order, and in it I placed George, and as well as I could, stanched the blood. He was so debilitated that he could scarcely look steadily. He clasped, however, one of my hands in his, and pressed it convulsively whenever the pain became insupportable.

"He was however calm for a short time.

"'Etienne,' said he,' I die young, and regret the loss of life. We are about to separate, but who knows if it will be for an eternity? No one knows what passes beyond the tomb: perhaps there are other sufferings, perhaps pleasure, or it may be annihilation. If, however, my soul be immortal; if in unknown regions it preserves its affections and memories, thank God! If it be true that we may see those we have fondly loved, be sure, dear Etienne, that I will return some calm spring evening. I feel that I can die more easily, yet I suffer. When my mother died, she told me she would return, and kept her word. Last night she smiled on me. I see her now, Etienne, weeping.'

"He died.

The General was silent for a few moments, and with a suppressed voice continued, "I will not describe to you my horrible sufferings. George was buried amid the beating of drums and shouts of victory. I shed bitter tears, for I knew my youth was buried with my friend. The adieu of George made a deep impression on me, and I suffered on that night with awful dreams. For six months I was nervous as a woman. I tell you, doctor, I was afraid to be alone in the dark. One or two years, however, passed by, and the recollection of my friend, though profoundly engraved in my heart, yielded to the exigencies of my profession and to care

for the future. My puerile fear, which was a disease, became cured. Yes, the more I think of it, the more satisfied I am, that I was entirely cured, and that my mind was sane and healthy. Just then, however, a circumstance I am about to relate struck me with amazement.

"I had just been made second captain. After several severe, and, I venture to say, honorable campaigns, I returned to Algiers, with my senses yet ardent and almost virgin, and with all my prize-money in my possession. I plunged madly into all the dissipation of a garrison town, making one endless orgie of both day and night. I gambled with that madness which characterizes the conduct of him who yields for the first time to this vice. At first I won, then my luck was bad. One night at a café of the street Bab-Azoun, I lost 14,000 francs, the remnant of my fortune. The sum was large and created much conversation in Algiers.

"About ten o'clock an orderly delivered me a message that the Colonel wished to speak to me. Pale and uneasy, though I knew not why, I obeyed the order.

"I found my good Colonel more pale and uneasy than I was.

"'Captain,' said he, gasping as if in despair, 'the military chest of my regiment was broken open this morning and there were taken from it *fourteen thousand francs*. Do you understand? *Fourteen thousand francs*.'

"The old officer advanced toward me, with his arms folded on his chest, and a stern and menacing eye.

"I felt the pulses of my temples bound and my very brain seemed ready to burst. I drew back with indignation.

"'This handkerchief was lost by the robber, and found under the chair of the treasurer. See, sir, it bears your ciphers, E. V.'

"I took the handkerchief mechanically; it was indeed mine. My knees quivered, my eyes became filled with tears, and I could not articulate.

"'Now, sir,' said the Colonel, 'go and blow your brains out.'

"I left the room without uttering a word, completely overwhelmed at being called a criminal and a robber. It did not enter into my mind to declare my innocence, or to demand any inquiry. No, I returned to my quarters and took from the arm-rack a loaded pistol.

"I paused and began to sob. Rapidly I recalled the happiness of my childhood, my first campaigns, my mother and George, especially the latter.

"'To die. To die disgraced!' murmured I.

"'You shall not die,' said a clear, vibrating voice, at once metallic and deep, but which seemed to proceed from no human organs.

"The pistol fell from my hand. George stood before me. His eye was fixed, but brilliant as a star, illumined his pale and diaphonous complexion.

"Explain this to me, doctor. As I detail you this horrible affair, I feel my hair grow erect, my teeth chatter, and my voice to quiver. In presence of George, however, I experienced a serene joy, an ideal and unmingled happiness. My youth, my dreams of love, appeared again to cheer me. But a moment before I had seemed oppressed beneath an unaccountable fatality, but now knew myself watched over by an almost divine power. I will even say, that the apparition of George did not astonish me. It seemed to me a fact simple and natural. We spoke to each other as brothers, who had been long separated.

"'Etienne, what were you about to do?' said he to me sadly. 'I have come to save you. Your servant is guilty; he robbed the chest of fourteen thousand francs, as he robbed you of the handkerchief. You confided in that man, and thought him honest. So he was, but he has a Moorish mistress who makes him purchase her favors dearly. Two thousand francs will be found in his bed, and twelve hundred in her house. Go directly to the Colonel. I have no more to say.'

"I was alone. A sentiment of reality returned to me, and I dashed open the blinds of my window.

"In the shade of the white walls of the barrack yard, beneath the dark blue of the torrid sky, the soldiers were idly smoking, wrapped up in their 'bournous.' A negro boy was feeding a flock of Numidian fowls, the green plumage of which reflected every tint of the rainbow. Above all towered the white parapets of the Cabash, while calm and silent the waves of the Mediterranean were seen in the distance. I was alive. I did not dream. This impossible hallucination, this phantasmagoria was the truth. Terror seized on me. Icy chills passed from my brain to my feet. My nerves became contracted, and from that moment I began to grow gray."

Here the General paused and ordered a halt. The column had left the rocks, and before it lay a rolling plain through which a river wound its way. At the other side of the plain rose the black and threatening walls of the Djebel-Ammer, or mountain of Ammer.

General Vergamier dismounted, and leaning on the doctor's arm, continued:

"Subsequent events proved all the specter had said to be true. The servant confessed the crime, and the money was found. The good old Colonel, distressed at what he had said, would willingly have shot himself. All my brother officers came to see me. A few days after, at the instance of the Colonel, I was made a chevalier of the legion of honor. The reparation was complete."

The doctor was silent.

"You do not believe me," said the General. "Well, I scarcely would believe another, myself, on such evidence. I saw George, I am sure, but I can scarcely realize the fact. The thing however took place, Doctor, or I am a madman."

"Did you ever see the apparition again?" asked the Doctor, who had been much amazed by the story.

"I did," replied General Vergamier, in a melancholy tone. "I saw him the evening before my duel with Major Berkard de Ris. I had just come from drill, fatigued and melancholy, and had gone into my room in which there was no light, but a fire of dry branches. George sat in my chair, sad and moody. As I entered, he arose, and said 'I was waiting for you. To-morrow you fight with de Ris, who is a swordsman. You do not fence enough.' George leaned against the wall, and I saw that he had a sword in his hand. I took down a foil and put myself *en garde*. 'Pay attention,' said George, 'I am about to give you a lesson. See this pass. Engage him thus, and then thus. Very well, you did not thrust far enough through.'"

"'I dared not,' said I, and the cold sweat stood on my brow.

"A languid smile played on his lips. We fenced again, and with such violence that my sword broke on the wall. I ran George through and through. Strange, however, to say, my sword met with no resistance."

"'Very well,' said George. 'With a quick eye, coolness, and a steady hand, you will do well.'

"'George,' said I, with a reproachful voice, 'why do you leave me? Is there anything above which retains you?'

"George shook his head sadly.

"I said 'Will you return?'

"'Once more,' replied he, 'but thenceforth we will not be separated.'

"The vision disappeared.

"I am in my senses," continued the General, "and am sure of all I say. I, General Vergamier, took a fencing lesson from a ghost. You know the result of the duel. Doctor, that was long ago, and now I expect the third visit."

The Doctor could not repress a feeling of uneasiness, he was so much disturbed by the feverish state of the General.

"To horse," said he, assuming the command. "Control yourself. You have told me only what you have dreamed. Do not think of the matter. Be calm and composed. It is almost day."

"Doctor, I have not seen George for a long time."

The column soon turned toward the left to follow the torrent of the Oued along the plain. General Vergamier, wrapped up in his cloak, did not speak, except to give an order from time to time. At dawn, fires were seen on the declivities of the Djebel-Ammer. They were the bivouacs of the first column, with which Vergamier had orders to unite his own command. This was soon done.

The little army was encamped on the side of the army and saw at its feet a vast plain covered with a plentiful harvest, and intersected by a network of canals fed with water from the Oued. On the other side of the mountain was a large Arab village, the irregularly built houses of which seemed ready to fall into the valley. Vast rocks of trachytic porphyry were piled above it, and all was in the midst of a gigantic forest of cyprus, fig, and pine trees.

At the command "Break ranks," given by the General and repeated by all the officers, the soldiers scattered over the plain laughing and shouting.

"Here, Conscript," said Corporal Gobin to Gabet, at the same time throwing him a box of matches, "go make your first fire."

"One sous a packet, two sous a box," said an old gamin of Paris, from the neighborhood of the Temple.

The plain was soon in a blaze, and the soldiers were forced to retreat before it. A light cracking of the grass was heard, then a whirlpool of blaze seemed to be formed in the midst of an immense mass of smoke. The matches, insignificant as they usually seem, in a country like Africa become terrible weapons, were seen everywhere busy in effecting the razzia. When the whole field was on fire, the column united again, to ascend the mountain; it crossed the ravines and valleys, and in the gorge of an immense pass, descended with loud hurrahs toward Djebel. Everywhere the greenish blaze of the match was visible, and the burning junipers made all the atmosphere fragrant.

The slope of the mountain was scarcely descended, when the village was in a blaze as if it had been built of straw. A few Arabs hurrying from the houses exchanged shots with a handful of Spahis without much injury on either side. There were, however, two or three men wounded, and the doctor had taken care of them, when the column reached the base of the mountain. The conflagration had so closely followed the column that it seemed in pursuit of it. The fire wound round them like a serpent, until both man and the element paused on the banks of the Oued. The fire went out about dawn.

The plain, the village, and the river were confounded in one sea of fire, the waves of which reached the masses of the forests, hung on the side of the mountain. The Djebel was soon covered with a diadem of flames. The rays of the sun with difficulty pierced the smoky atmosphere of this vast furnace, giving it the appearance of molten copper.

General Vergamier had left his escort. At the commencement of the razzia he had dismounted, and after he had given his horse to a chasseur, attempted to ascend the mountain by a winding path which required both a quick eye and active foot.

Buried in thought, Vergamier did not observe that on his right hand arose impassable rocks, which stood like a wall between himself and his men. He, however, heard the firing distinctly, repeated by a thousand echoes, and even the roaring of the flame. Leaning on his saber he continued to ascend.

Soon he ceased to hear these sounds, and a

winding of the path led him away from the ravine through which the column defiled. The whole mountain was silent as the tomb.

The General reached a kind of fertile plateau, where the table forest of Ammer began. Nothing could be more melancholy than the deep recesses of the cypress. Vergamier rapidly walked amid them. The soil was strewn with fragments of feldspar, sharp and pointed, which had been broken from the rocks by some tempest. They wounded his feet as if they had been razors. Vergamier, however, did not heed it. He paused at a torrent which fell over a prodigious rock, and drank a mouthful of water from the hollow of his hand. He then sat down on a mossy rock and became wrapped in meditation.

He passed in review his career. He saw himself again in the white plains of his native Champagne, in the silent halls of Saint Cyr, at Sidi-Ferruch and his first fight, amid the blue mists of Paris, the gigantic and glorious. He saw himself at the Tuileries, where his valor had been rewarded, and Palais-Bourbon, where he had been received with acclamations: He saw himself at the little drawing-room of the Poet Nanteuil, with his kind heart and artistic luxury. He saw all whom he had loved. . . . George. He looked around.

Above him was the stern rock with the black spiral trees which crowned it, shutting out the light. Behind him, near a cypress tree was a man.

"George!" said he.

He covered his face with his hands. . . .

At eight o'clock, Doctor Banis, uneasy at the long absence of the General, had the mountain searched by a party of Spahis. About noon they found the body of General Vergamier at the foot of a deep ravine, completely crushed by his horrible fall. The soldiers thought that their General had been pushed over by some Arab, who had laid in ambuscade amid the underwood. Doctor Banis, however, knew that he had received the last visit of George.

COUNT MONTE-LEONE:

OR, THE SPY IN SOCIETY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL FROM THE FRENCH OF H. DE SAINT-GEORGES, BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

I.—THE SYBIL.

THE kingdom of Naples had been restored about a year to the rule of its ancient kings. Fernando I., or if you like the title better, Fernando IV., king of Sicily, had again taken possession of the throne of his ancestors.

The chivalric epic of Murat, terminated on the shore of Pizzo, October 13, 1815, had largely increased the blood-stained page of political reprisals.

That was the age of restorations as this is of revolutions. Have the people gained by the change? Louis XVIII. reigned in France. The banished kings everywhere seized their crowns which were yet warm with the plebeian brows which had borne them.

All Europe like one man had aroused itself against the giant who had deposed "The monarchs by the grace of God," and replaced them by his brothers and generals. Numbers had overpowered the giant.

The imperial eagles, after having held in their powerful claws Spain, Italy, Holland, Prussia, and so many other kingdoms, had flown toward a land of exile, and perched on a desert rock, where the allies, pitiless vultures, tormented a new Prometheus, the most illustrious of the unfortunate of modern men.

Europe gasped in the air of calmness and peace; its old lungs inflated by fifteen years of peace, being unused to it.

The Carnival of 1816 was begun at Naples in its gayest mood.

The noblesse of Sicily, delighted at a restoration which returned its titles and privileges, was prepared to pass these holidays gaily.

The populace, the most reckless and careless in the world, prepared to welcome with shouts the emblazoned coaches of their masked excellencies which defiled through the streets of Toledo and Chiaia, as it had applauded the royal and plumed parades with which the theatrical king Murat had amused the indolence and curiosity of his subjects.

On the 20th of February, 1816, Naples had flung to the wind the standard of folly, and joyous sounds were heard from Monte-Calvario to Porto-Pendino. The houses hung with streamers, were as much disguised as their occupants.

A double file of carriages slowly passed down the Toledo, from Santa Lucia to the street del Campo, and the masked figures which filled them exchanged with the spectators constant volleys of comfits, oranges and flowers.

These burlesque combats also take place during the Carnival on the Corso of Rome, with the difference, however, that the missiles are of plaster of Paris. The Neapolitans are more elegant and refined. This was, however, only the prelude or rather the prologue of the true festival which occupied the whole city. A magnificent masked ball was to take place that night at the San Carlo. San Carlo, the Fenice of Venice, and la Scala of Milan are the wonderful four theaters which Italy boasts of, and are the vastest and most splendid of the world. A masked ball by day, but with the sun excluded and lighted by countless candelabra, at which the king and court had promised to attend.

What emulation would not be excited in the exaggerated temperaments of the day!

All the wealthy lords, and accomplished women, promised to display their luxury on that night.

The time so anxiously expected by the lovers and coquettes of the crowd, which but a short time before had filled the city with joy, came at last.

All hurried into the vast hall of San Carlos. Naples was again silent and deserted, the soul of its vast body appearing to have

left it to animate the pleiad of madmen in the Theater.

We will not attempt to describe the various episodes of this Saturnalia: masked balls are everywhere the same.

There were few interesting intrigues. Original adventures are not amusing. There was much tenderness, many premeditated surprises and vulgar dramas, the heroes of which always think themselves watched over by fate.

A few dark masks with feverish agitation circulated through the excited crowd.

Beneath these masks burning eyes glanced at every domino which approached them, with love or with jealousy.

Odious masks. True marjoys in search of faithless beauties better concealed and defended by satin than the middle-age warriors were by iron breast-plates and vizors.

The bells of the thirty-two principal churches of Naples struck twelve just as four *Pulcinelli*, arm in arm and apparently riveted together by some invisible link, entered the room. So united were they that the undulations of the crowd could not separate them.

The *Pulcinella* of Naples is altogether different from the French variety.

He is a peasant dressed in white, with a pointed white hat and his face half hidden by a black mask, and sometimes wearing a prodigious nose. The nose is, however, the point of this costume. Our *Pulcinelli* wore masks. The strangers made at the same time the same motions, spoke the same dialect, advanced, retired, rose and sat together as if they had but one soul in their four bodies, or rather one body and one soul.

These strange visitors aroused universal attention and an immense crowd was collected around them.

The secret result sought for by the strangers was attained by the general attention they attracted, and far from avoiding it, they placed themselves in the center of the circle, and without separating, spoke to all around them, calling them by name, and shouting out to the crowd all the past history and scandal relating to their victims. All this they did in so comical a tone, that even the objects of their ridicule could not refrain from laughing at their own sufferings.

The strangers, however, played a terrible game, for they spared no rank, nor family. The nobles had nothing to expect—a careful observer, however, would have remarked that each of the *Pulcinelli* kept his hand hid in the folds of his robe. Perhaps they did so to restrain the palpitations of their heart. Perhaps they did so to keep possession of the long Neapolitan knives which are never abandoned by their masters in cases of trouble.

The scene was a perfect drama, full of unforeseen accidents, of strange revelations, violent and unexpected incidents, interrupted sometimes by whimsical retorts from their adversaries, whenever a new scene inspired the spectators with additional interest.

A woman dressed as a Sybil, concealing completely both her form and stature with a hideous mask which covered her features, sprang forward from the crowd and stood in front of the *Pulcinelli*. She said—

"You, signori *Pulcinelli*, who know so much about other people, would be surprised to hear that others know something about yourselves."

"Bah!" said *Pulcinella* the first, "the Sybil of Cuma is too young to know anything of the past."

"Bah!" said *Pulcinella* the second, "she is wicked enough to invent anything she pleases in relation to the present."

"Bah!" said *Pulcinella* the third, "she is witch enough to invent the future."

"Bah!" said *Pulcinella* the fourth, "she will not dare to speak of what concerns us. By the serpent Python, the very first prophecy which does not suit us will cause these eight vigorous arms to reach forward to throw her to that realm of Pluto, whence not even Megara could extricate herself."

"By Hecuba!" said the Sybil, "here are four braggarts who fancy they alone have the right to look beneath our masks, and read our consciences. Hear, my fine gentlemen, who venture to insult us in public, that every one in this world has his day—especially when all are masked. I left my cavern at Cuma purposely to enable these good people to be avenged of your sarcasms. We will now see if one female tongue is not as good as that of four men, even if all of them be *Pulcinelli*."

"True," said the people around, "every one has his day. Speak out, Sybil. Do not fear, you will be protected. Use your pretty teeth on the *Pulcinelli*. It is only the *lex talionis* after all."

As these exclamations were heard from every part of the room, the circle around the strangers became gradually contracted, and it might be seen by the paleness of their lips left bare by the masks, that they were all seized by a violent emotion.

"Now," said the Sybil, "would you know the names of these mysterious personages?"

"Tell us, tell us," said the crowd.

"When you have learned their names, would you know the secrets of their private life, their plans, virtues and vices?"

"Yes," said the crowd, "tell us their vices. That would be interesting."

"Well," said the Sybil, "the greatest of these illustrious strangers in stature and in name, is—"

Just then, as if moved by the same power, the *Pulcinelli* seized each other's arms and formed a ring, in the center of which was the Sybil, who stood like a lamb in the folds of the boa constrictor. The masks in the San Carlo, however, insisted on vengeance. They wished to tear those to pieces who had so perfectly shredded themselves. This was justice, and the justice of the masses is always

terrible. As soon, however, as the intention of the *Pulcinelli* had been understood by the crowd, as soon as it was known they wished to bear the principal actress from the scene,—there was a general pell-mell, and avalanche of masks, which rushed on the *quartuor* and sought to separate them, and to disunite the four human walls amid which the sorceress seemed to contend.

Suddenly there was a new tumult, of, however a more peaceful kind, at the principal door of the theater.

The magic words Il Re* echoed beneath the walls of San Carlo and were repeated by a thousand voices. Such was the *prestige* of these two sounds that in a few moments the four strangers were released from their adversaries. The sea which threatened to overwhelm them parted. The ocean of men and women, agitated by such various passions, became at once calm and silent. These two words had sufficed to produce this effect—Il Re.

The king of the two Sicilies just then appeared in his box, surrounded by his court, glittering like himself with gems and princely apparel, which, whatever people may say, have not a little to do with the respect of people for their kings.

The sudden revulsion produced by the arrival of the king completely changed the appearance of the contest which had been begun between the masks and the *Pulcinelli*. The latter had the victory, though there was no contest, and the Sybil, rather surprised than terrified at the disappearance of her defenders, was abandoned to them.

Taking advantage of this occasion, the four *Pulcinelli* contracted the living ring they had formed round their enemy. Now lifting her up, now whirling her to the one side or the other, they passed beyond the limits of the ball until they had reached one of the least frequented outlets. The Sybil was then placed in a berline and borne rapidly down the road toward Castel-la-More.

To explain this audacious act we must say that the heroine seemed to submit with a good grace—that she uttered no cry, and that no gesture betrayed dissatisfaction.

Perhaps had the case been otherwise our daring *Pulcinelli* having determined to take possession of the Sybil, had taken some violent means to secure her. A lady, however, who seeks to escape from a jealous guardian never submitted more carefully than she did to a forcible seizure.

After proceeding on the road for about an hour, the carriage stopped at a group of trees which were so thick that it was almost impossible to discover the door they sheltered. The strangers stopped at the door. Two of them politely offered their hand to enable the lady to leave the berline. They then took her into a kind of court-yard paved with marble, went up a flight of steps and crossed an elegant vestibule, lighted up by bronze candelabra, through which they passed into a room, the furniture of which might have made one suspect that Herculaneum and Pompeii had not been destroyed, so like the famous whimsicalities of those cities did the *bizarrerie* of its contents seem. The fact is, admirable taste and wonderful archæological science had presided over the arrangement or rather the recreation of this antique room. One might have fancied that every ornament had been wrested and torn from the ashes. The very walls had those well known fresco paintings with such pure lines and such living colors. Beds draped with purple and embroidered with gold were around a low table, on which were many of those beautiful jars whence once flowed the wines of Falernum and Syracuse. Lamps of silver illuminated a splendid festival, the viands of which seemed to have been from the table of Lucullus. I would not even swear that one might not have seen on golden plates one of those terrible *murenæ* to which the atrocious gourmand threw a slave every day. Among these wonders exhumed from so many past centuries—instead of Greeks and Etruscans, instead of the elegant Fabii who as Cicero said had their villas in this charming Campoman region, sat a Sybil and four *Pulcinelli* just come from a masquerade in 1816.

Soon, however, the scene assumed an air of dignity which the whimsical contrast of disguises might at first have appeared to make impossible.

"Madame," said the *Pulcinella* whom the Sybil had pointed out as the most important of the four, "you make your appearance here under bad auspices, for you come a captive. For this, however, you may thank the lower regions, the home of sybils, that you were not able to reveal to fools the secrets you pretend to know, unfolding some treason, the penalty of which you are perhaps ignorant of."

"This penalty is paid with the blade of a dagger, my *Pulcinella*," said the Sybil with strange *sang froid*. "As nobles, however, do things on a grand scale, not with one, but with four daggers do you menace the bosom of a harmless woman."

"By my mother!" said one of the masks, "I would not have killed her."

"Nor would I."

"Nor I."

"Nor I," said the second and third of the party.

"I would have had less scruple," said the mask who seemed to be the principal one. "The first syllable of my name would have brought my dagger from its sheath, and the last would have hidden it in the bosom of this Megara."

"Strike me then," said the Sybil, with the greatest coolness. "Count Monte-Leone, I have pronounced the five syllables of your father's name." Tearing off her mask, she exhibited to the *Pulcinelli* one of the most beautiful faces imaginable.

* Il Re. *Anglice*—The King.

II.—THE ETRUSCAN VILLA.

"La Felina!" said the four at once.

"La Felina," said the young woman, "*prima-donna* of San Carlo, and who to-night has changed her line of business for the benefit of your excellencies; she has neither a duenna's face nor age, and appears thus 'for this night only.'"

"And La Felina thinks she knows us?" said the one whom she called Monte-Leone, at the same time that he carefully adjusted his mask to his face.

"La Felina does not *think* she knows you. She does know you, and will now tell you all, in this mysterious room, what she was about to utter in San Carlo."

Sitting or rather reclining in that attitude in which Lais and Phryne are represented, La Felina cast her velvet-eyes on her hearers, each of whom cast through the orifices of his mask glances of mingled admiration and curiosity.

"Every noble is a man of honor," said she to Count Monte-Leone. "We will, if you please, make no allusion to the known prowess of your Excellency. I hate everything common—the deceived husbands, the girls seduced, your duels, in respect to which you have no rival,—are common and vulgar, known to the whole city. I would be a poor sybil were I to echo only the stories which hang on the lips of the *lazaroni*. Besides, San Januario now performs no miracles. Love is in Naples more powerful than all the saints of the calendar. Love has converted your Excellency—"

"Love!" said the Count, trembling with surprise.

"Ah ha! Monseigneur begins to have faith in the Sybil."

"Love," resumed she, "that love with which a young and beautiful girl—the brother of whom is not distant—has inspired your Excellency. This love, however, is not requited. The inconstancy of your Excellency is feared. People are wrong, for your Excellency loves earnestly now. Now let us speak of more important matters. The son of a conspirator, who during the reign of Carlo III. paid with his life for his seditious enterprises, Murat restored to you the property of your father, Count Monte-Leone. The heir of the monarch who impoverished you now occupies the throne, and you conspire against Fernando I. as your father did against Carlo III. You need the honor and power which Fernando cannot but refuse to the heir of the man who was executed at the Castle del Uovo."

"It is false!" said Monte-Leone, completely overcome, and tearing off his mask. "Such an object would be unjust and unworthy. I hate Fernando because his brother murdered mine. I wish only what the victim of Carlo III. did: not office, honors, nor dignities, but the liberty, grandeur, and the prosperity of my country."

"Hush," said Felina; "half of the words you have said would have insured your being immured by Carlo III. in that dungeon whence you know how your father escaped."

"What is all that to you, who sought just now to unvail our plans in the ball-room of San Carlo, and to point me out to those who seek for me?"

"Are you sure," said the actress, with a smile, "*that* was my intention? I did not come hither to conceal it from you, and what I sought you will soon know. Your four masks must, however, in my presence be laid aside. You, Count Monte-Leone, have set the example. Let your friends follow it."

"Since you knew me, why should I conceal my features?"

"Your mask and those of your companions were equally powerless to hide from me who you were."

"Come, my German," said she, speaking to one of the *Pulcinelli*, "show me your fair hair and your dreamy eyes. Four years since you left the University of Gottingen, with your head and heart full of those infernal doctrines which armed the hand of Sand. Your noble nature became lost in Utopian schemes. You dream of a general level, as if mind, courage, and genius could ever be thus reduced. If chance guides a few fortunate individuals to this eminence, the gifted reach them by their own exertions, and it is out of your power to prevent them. Believe me, Friederich Von Apsburg, your father, the venerable clergyman of Elbogen, would be better pleased did his son strive to cicatrize the still-bleeding wounds of his native Germany, rather than to kindle the incendiary torches which can only light him to the scaffold."

The second mask fell.

The supernatural fire which animated the eyes of La Felina gave place to a pleasant melancholy.

"Taddeo Rovero," said she to the second companion of the Count Monte-Leone, "you are loved by the most adorable of mothers, the heart of whom is tender and pure as that of a young girl. What demon converted you into the agent of a conspiracy,—into the adept of a terrible secret society, the first stake of which is peace of body and soul? Remember your mother, Taddeo. When the doors of a prison close on you, the gates of a tomb open for her."

Taddeo Rovero silently took off his mask, and withdrew.

"Madame," said Monte-Leone, "your comedy has become a melodrama. The manner in which you amuse four merry *Pulcinelli* has become tiresome, too tiresome for the Carnival."

"And is that my fault, Count? Is it my fault that even *Pulcinelli* become conspirators, and that their hands, which should ring the Zany's bells, are armed with daggers? Do not however be afraid; the fourth of your companions has nothing serious to hear from me. He is a charming conspirator, the

Gallic recklessness of whom accepts treason as an amusement during his wanderings in a foreign land. He conspires merely to occupy his mind, and to fill up the intervals of his amours. Brave and volatile as his countrymen, he loves danger for its sake, being by an earnest fancy transformed into a hero. The laurels of Masaniello keep him awake, and he would fight to avoid idleness. Besides, a hero is always favorably looked on by ladies, and the elegant Vicomte d'Harcourt would not be sorry to be able to tell the lofty ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain the melancholy story of his arrest and imprisonment. Many a beautiful face would grow pale, and tender hearts would beat as it was listened to."

"My word for it, messieurs," said the Vicomte, throwing his mask on the floor, "I have nothing to hope nor to fear. La Felina protects. She has spoken to you of wisdom, prudence, and duty; me, however, she laughs at. But by her eyes, the most beautiful I ever saw, the portrait is not flattering enough, and is too like, to be pleasant. I will, however," said he, kneeling to the actress and taking her hand, "prove that I bear no malice."

"I expected nothing less," said La Felina, "from a French gentleman, the flower too of that aristocracy which is the first of the world for elegance and taste."

"I drink to our enemy," said the Vicomte, pouring out a goblet of *lachrimæ christi*, "and ask you all to join me."

"Vicomte," said Monte-Leone, in a stern voice, and seizing his arm, as the young Frenchman was about to lift the goblet to his mouth,—"this woman has sought to betray us. She knows our secret, and before to-morrow will have denounced us."

La Felina changed color. Her beautiful and mild features became darkened, and her eyes were kindled with indignation.

"Excellencies," said she, rising with dignity, "now is the time to tell you my secret, and reveal to you why I searched you out. The Count of Monte-Leone, accused of conspiracy against the government of Fernando, has for three months been sought for by the police of Naples. His friends already attract suspicion, now when all think the Count in safety out of the kingdom. I learned yesterday that with extreme temerity he had formed the bold plan of braving his enemies in the halls of San Carlo."

"Our plan, Madame, was something more than a bravado," said the Count Monte-Leone. "We came protected by a mask, to reveal to the people rights of which it is ignorant, but which it will one day enjoy."

"You were destroying yourselves," said Felina, "when by attracting attention to myself I determined to save you. I hoped my threat of pointing you out to the offended crowd would check your offensive words; and far from betraying your incognito, four names you had never heard were about to fall from my lips. Just then a lucky accident terminated this scene, which might have proved dangerous."

"Felina," said Monte-Leone, "a mind less candid than mine and my friends Frederic and Taddeo, might fancy this story an invention of your fertile imagination. One single thing is required to make me believe in it—probability."

"It has more than probability, Count Monte-Leone, it has truth. Truth, I tell you, which, when you hear what else I have to say, you will yourself discover. I love one of you four madly, and would sacrifice my life for him. The idea that he was in danger would have made me brave death a thousand times to save him. This inspired me to do what I have. The person I love will however never know it. Like an invisible providence I will watch over his life and happiness. This will be the object of my life. Seek not to penetrate my secret, which will go down to the grave with me. My soul, full of fire for him I love, will found its very honor, glory, and religion in concealing its secret. If I must tell you the explanation of this enigma, it is that I am and ever must be unworthy of him."

Felina had finished, and the four men who stood around looked at her with mute admiration. Their hearts beat violently when they heard her strange language.

This woman, the hatred of whom they had feared but a short time before, had been under the influence of the most violent passion. One of them had inspired this noble and mysterious passion, yet he was ever to be ignorant of it. The energy of the *Prima Donna*, her rare beauty, her intelligence, her burning soul, would make one of the four supremely happy, yet all this would eternally be lost to him.

Each of these proud men looked closely into the nature of his feelings toward this woman. Each of them had the fullest confidence in her.

Whom did Felina prefer? Which had inspired that deep love, which asked neither sympathy nor compensation, which subsisted only on sacrifice and devotion, and which, stern to itself, protested that it was unworthy and profane, immolating all to honor?

The life of La Felina had certainly not been free from stain. Belonging to a noble family of Bologna, a brilliant education had expanded all her qualities. The ruin of her family had thrown her into the dangerous profession of the theater, where seduction is a thing of every day, and the virtue of a young and beautiful actress is surrounded by almost irresistible temptations.

The success of Felina, the first singer in Italy, her wonderful beauty, the natural elegance which she exhibited in an art where it is rarely met with, contributed to surround the first steps of the *Prima Donna* with danger.

For a long time the prudence of Felina was the object of general admiration. Her lofty

mind resisted the inducements of grandeur and opulence. One day, however, the purity of her star was obscured, and an angel fell.

The modest and chaste girl became an ardent and passionate woman. Her amours became famous in all Italy. Ultimately people only thought of the great artist, and when we met her at Naples, the most profound mystery protected her private life. The world only spoke of her successes.

The Count of Monte-Leone, before his proscription, even his intimate friends, knew her only as the applauding public did. The confession of Felina, therefore, filled them with surprise.

They were about to find fault with the rigorous determination of the cantatrice, when a violent knocking, followed by other sounds, was heard at the door of the house. The four friends exchanged glances. The face of Felina grew pale as death.

"Who can come to us at this hour of the night?"

"Some brother of the *Venta* at Castel la Mare," said Von Apsberg, coldly.

"I will see, and will not open until I am satisfied, and until he replies to the password."

The Vicomte left.

"Madame," said Monte-Leone, presenting his hand to La Felina, "we can offer you here but a poor supper for conspirators. What we have is most unworthy of you. We will however be glad to see you accept it. Besides, as one of us is loved by you, I have as much chance as my friends. Should I be the fortunate man, the festival by the side of the person we love is the richest of all festivals."

La Felina thanked him, and sat down. Apsberg and Taddeo imitated them. Monte-Leone took two pistols from his bosom, cocked and laid them on the table.

"Let us sup," said he.

He rung a bell. A curtain arose, and an old man appeared.

"It is well," said the new-comer, "that you made up your mind to call me. I began to think you would not sup to-night. This is a pretty hour to sit down. What can be expected of a household when its master keeps such bad hours? A supper, too," said the old man, looking sadly at the table, "which I had prepared with such care. My fathers have been stewards of the Monte-Leone for more than a century, and now I am degraded to a cook, and the heir of that illustrious house has no servant but Giacomo."

"There, Madame," said the Count, pointing to Giacomo, "is one of the wrecks of my power and splendor. Giacomo serves and scolds me. If he serves me badly, he gives me excellent advice. This is the privilege of old friends and servants, and he has been for a long time both the one and the other."

"The Vicomte is long absent," said Frederic.

He arose and left.

"This house," said Monte-Leone, "was one of my father's father's. Situated between Naples and Castel la Mare, I pretended to convey it to Pietro Pignano, a retired merchant, but in fact one of us. In this secluded place I have found an asylum at all times from my foes' persecution."

Neither Frederic nor the Vicomte returned.

"Monte-Leone," said Taddeo, suddenly, "it is strange that they do not return."

Taddeo went to look for them, glancing strangely at La Felina.

"Do you not think," said she to Monte-Leone, "that your friends have been a long time away?"

"Madame," said Monte-Leone, "you grew pale when d'Harcourt left—you blushed at the departure of Von Apsburg—and you tremble now that Taddeo has gone: do you love him?"

Just then each of the three purple doors were opened, and twenty *Sbirri* entered, each pointing his carbine at the Count.

He directed his pistols at the *Sbirri* nearest him. They however missed fire, the charges having been withdrawn.

La Felina fainted.

"Ah!" said the Count, looking coldly at her, "she is in love with ME!"

III. THE PRISON.

"ACCOMPANY us, Monsignore," said the chief of the *Sbirri* to Monte-Leone.

"Twenty carbineers against an unarmed man. The contest is unequal, and I am ready to accompany you. Suffer me however to revive the person whom you see fainted there."

"I cannot grant you a minute," said the officer. "My orders are positive, and my time limited."

"Then let us leave, sir," said the Count.

Going close to Giacomo, he whispered a few words in his ear, and pointing to Felina, bade him take care of her. Then he clasped the hand of the old servant, whom he left with tears in his eyes.

"I said so," said Giacomo, abandoning himself to despair. "He will end as his father did."

As the Count passed the outer door his feet became entangled in something, at which he looked anxiously, and by the light of a torch which was carried by one of the *Sbirri*, Monte-Leone saw two broken daggers, and shreds of the *Pulcinelli* dresses.

He knew that he was not the only one arrested, and that his friends had involved themselves in a contest to prevent the *Sbirri* from reaching him. The contest had however been brief, for he had heard no sound. All the incidents were mysterious. A coach was in attendance, into which Monte-Leone quietly entered. This man, though endowed with an iron will, understood that resistance would compromise his dignity and be useless. He therefore acted with apparent resignation,

and surrendering his body to his keepers, he reserved all the energies of his mind for some opportunity when they might be useful to him.

Monte-Leone, as Felina had said, the son of a conspirator, who had died in the defense of what he thought a holy cause, had been brought up with full faith in the revolutionary principles which for fifty years have caused so much bloodshed in Europe. The last descendant of an illustrious family, owner of one of the most magnificent palaces in Naples, possessed of the vast paternal fortune Murat had restored to him, the young Count naturally attached himself to the new order of things. The early youth of Monte-Leone therefore passed idly in pleasure and festivals. His mad adventures, his love affairs, were known through all Italy. Brave and generous, endowed with boldness almost unrivaled, he suffered no obstacle to oppose his desires. He poured forth gold to satisfy them with as much prodigality as he shed his rivals' blood when their evil genius led them to cross his path.

Murat fell from and Fernando I. ascended the throne. Monte-Leone felt all his hatred against the person he called the murderer of his father revived. At this epoch ideas of federation and liberty awoke in France, after having been long repressed by the hand of Napoleon. The disasters of 1815 seemed to restore that vitality which all had fancied drowned in the ocean of blood shed in '93. Secret societies called *Ventas* were formed in many countries of Europe. In Italy the Carboneri arose. The chiefs of this association sought for their *adepts* and *seides* among the malcontents and victims of monarchy.

Monte-Leone could not escape their attention. A personal enemy of King Fernando, devoted to liberal principles, and esteeming his nobility and name lightly, as many of our French nobles did in that first revolution, the object of which was a cause that recognized neither name nor family,—by his mind, courage, and self-will, Monte-Leone was a precious conquest to the apostles of the new association. They therefore omitted no means to attach him to them, and their efforts were crowned with success.

Led astray by the vast power offered him, by the terrible authority of life and death over all affiliated with the association, by the control of the secret dark crowd which acted in obedience to his orders, by the hope of securing the triumph of the ideas to which his father had been a martyr, Monte-Leone accepted the dangerous post of supreme head of the Ventas of the kingdom of Naples. While Carbonerism was only in embyro in Europe, while it was referred to only as an impalpable myth, a phantom terror arrayed before kings,—while it was looked on only as a means without an end, no one suspected its power. When however the virus had become infused into all the veins of the social system, after it had silently undermined all the old monarchies, and exhibited countless heads in every corner of the world, the work of destruction for which it had so carefully toiled, became to be understood, and kings who fancied themselves firmly seated fell from their thrones.

With a carelessness which amounted almost to indifference it received reports from its various agents in all parts of the kingdom in relation to secret societies.

Monte-Leone for a long time enjoyed the benefit of this indifference, and but for a circumstance which will be explained by and by, would not have felt the weight of a capital accusation.

The carriage in which Monte-Leone sat rolled on, now on the ground and again on the road of lava. The difference of sound would have attracted the ears of persons more attentive than the Count, and any other but himself would have marked every characteristic sound of his unknown route.

Grave thoughts animated his mind.

His arrest and probable death would for a long time render the objects for which he toiled, useless. He had anticipated, some day, to see royalty destroyed in Naples, and replaced by one of those brilliant utopias which are so magnificent in theory, but so impossible to be realized.

He yet, however, suffered from secret remorse. Monte-Leone was a sensual man, prodigal and inconstant, having devoted himself almost always to pleasure. When he abjured his past errors he had received a new baptism, and the catechumen experienced as pure a love and as deep a passion as if he had never been attached to any one before.

A charming girl—a violet concealed beneath the charming groves of Sorrento, had produced this sudden change. This girl was the dearly loved sister of Taddeo Rovero, the interesting and intelligent man whom the friendship of Monte-Leone had made one of the adepts of his dangerous opinions.

By thus involving him in ruin, the Count crushed the heart of the mother and sister of Taddeo, who adored him.

D'Harcourt and Von Apsburg were merely associates of Monte-Leone. Rovero was almost his brother.

These ideas, these poignant sorrows, so occupied the attention of Monte-Leone, that he did not observe that the carriage had stopped until the chief of the *Sbirri*, who had galloped close to the door, told him they had reached their destination.

Monte-Leone descended in a narrow courtyard, surrounded by lofty walls, against which the dark forms of his guards were painted in silhouettes by their resinous torches.

"Count," said the chief of the *Sbirri*, "we have a formality to go through, in relation to you. We are ordered to satisfy ourselves that your Excellency has neither arms nor money to seduce and attach your jailors with."

Monte-Leone, without any hesitation, threw

open his ball dress, and suffered the coarse hands of the *Sbirri* to examine him, with the most stoical resignation. Taking out a full purse, he threw it on the pavement of the court, where the sound of gold rang strangely enough, beyond any doubt, to persons, who, like them, were more familiar with iron.

Just then a stern man appeared in the gateway. The *Sbirri* stood aside to suffer him to pass.

This person approached the Count, and said, "If Count Monte-Leone has any claims to make, the governor of the Castle Del Uovo is ready to hear them."

The mention of the Castle Del Uovo filled the Count with a painful sensation. There his unfortunate father had been imprisoned, and had died. Perhaps the feet of the son would press the spot which the father's blood had stained.

Monte-Leone, who was completely master of himself, replied—

"Sir," said he to the Governor, "I have for three months been accused of conspiracy and treason, and having learned by the fearful experience of my family, how blind and passionate justice is in this country, I sought to avoid a hostile persecution, and judges who I knew were my enemies. Now, however, that I am a prisoner, I hope I shall be informed of my crime, that I may know how to defend myself."

"I am not your judge, my Lord," said the Governor. "A court will soon convene, either to condemn or to acquit you. My business is only to secure and to attend to the personal details of your Excellency. I must, however, inform you that you will be kept in the closest seclusion—that you will be permitted to see no one, and that this is the last as well as the first time you will ever see me."

"If those, sir, be your orders, I have nothing more to say."

The Governor bowed again, and left.

"Pietro," said the officer of *Sbirri*, "is all ready?"

"All is ready," said a cavernous voice,—apparently coming from the very bowels of the earth.

Suddenly a hideous head was seen to start from the very pavement, the body being yet below the ground.

"This is the direction," said the *Sbirro*, pointing out to the Count the abyss in which he was to be buried.

Taking a torch, the chief preceded him.

Monte-Leone followed. A stone stair-case apparently cut in the rock, opened before him.

Monte-Leone went down, followed by two *Sbirri*. Two hundred steps were thus passed by the funeral cortege, guided by the human monster called Pietro.

The stairway terminated in a long vaulted stair-case, the air of which was so foul that the torches burned but dimly, and seemed almost ready to go out.

Pietro went to the end of the corridor, and paused there. The Count and his guards followed until they stopped at a wall of rock, no hammer seemed ever to have assaulted.

They had however reached the end of their sad voyage.

Pietro took an immense bundle of keys from his girdle, placed one of them in a lock, which no eye but his could have seen, and pushed back an enormous mass of rock, which rung as it turned on the hinges, exhibited to the Count a narrow cell, with a dirty lamp which half lighted up its area.

The Count entered without any visible emotion, and without exhibiting on his features any sentiment of horror—a shiver of agony however passed through his frame.

The officer of Sbirri felt himself forced to say, "The room is not gay."

Monte-Leone said, "It is very cold."

Those who stood around had attributed his agitation to another cause.

"The Governor has thought of that," said the *Sbirro*; "you will find warmer clothes than those you wear, in the room."

Monte-Leone was in a dungeon, and the garments referred to were the ordinary prison dress.

"The Governor has forgotten nothing," said the *Sbirro*; "you will have the best bed in the house, and a table served by Pietro, who, when he pleases, is not a bad cook. He will visit you twice a day. Your Excellency can, however, for certain reasons held by Pietro, in great respect, have no conversation. Now, I wish your Excellency good night."

As he left, he said to his companions, in a low tone—"I wish to go as soon as possible."

The jailor pushed back the heavy stone. The bolt was turned twice, and the brilliant Count of Monte-Leone was buried alive.

The Count was glad that he was alone, the sight of his guards being offensive to him. He had listened to, without understanding them, for since his arrest his soul had recoiled on itself.

The sudden and unforeseen misfortune which had fallen on him, increased the horror of his mind. The man, who a few hours before loved life, and anticipated a long and happy career, now, with rare self-denial, sacrificed all to the cause he supported.

The Count had as much faith in his ideas as martyrs have in heaven.

Yet but for his devoted love to Taddeo's sister, but for the dangers to which he had subjected his friend, Monte-Leone would probably have wished for death, that his party might thus have a right to avenge themselves.

Monte-Leone was in love, and therefore wished to live.

He therefore undertook a contest between life and death. The latter, however, pressed on him from every side.

Used to all the enjoyments of life, to all the luxuries conferred by fortune and taste, the Sybarite owner of sumptuous palaces was immured in a cell, without air and light, in a

living tomb, two hundred feet below the ground. To suffer thus, some strength of mind was required.

Monte-Leone cast a rapid glance on all that surrounded him. What attracted his attention, however, was so terrible, that he covered his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out some terrible dream.

Nothing of that kind however assailed him. This revolt of an elegant and refined mind against horror and misery, lasted for but a moment. The strong and energetic man soon aroused himself, and calmly and silently he examined the sad cell in which he had been placed.

It had no other outlet than the solid door of rock which Pietro had opened and shut. The walls were covered with a green and icy dew, the fetid odor of which was one of the greatest punishments inflicted on those shut in them.

The best bed in the house, as the *Sbirro* said, was a bad flock, covered with a woolen cloth. A table and a wooden stool completed the furniture.

Over all this the lamp cast an uncertain and quivering light. There was also that deathly silence in which the prisoner heard no sound but that of his own steps. This sound had no echo even, and died away, filling him who caused it, with terror.

Monte-Leone sat on the bed, for which he was indebted to the care of the Governor. His eyes gradually became heavy, and he sank to sleep.

Blessed sleep! A faculty subduing the greatest torment and most terrible apprehensions. The criminal sleeps on the night which precedes his apprehension. The traveler slumbers on the brink of a precipice into which one false step may plunge him. The soldier slumbers amid a rout when the enemy is in pursuit, and a ball any moment may reach him.

The Count had slept about an hour when a strange noise, almost at his very ear, aroused him.

He arose and looked around, but saw nothing. The noise continued. It was a kind of constant and repeated shock, which was monotonous in the extreme, and like nothing else he had ever heard.

His first idea was, that some one imprisoned like himself was seeking to escape. It did not, however, sound like the blows of a hammer, the gnawing of a file, nor the efforts of a chisel to wrest out a stone.

It was rather like the sound of a battering-ram striking against a wall sought to be overturned. This was not however possible, for such an attempt would at once have been discovered and punished.

This idea was soon dismissed from the Count's mind, for the noise now became so violent that the very stones of the dungeon seemed about to separate, to admit the invisible beings the efforts of whom constantly increased.

This lasted about two hours, and then gradually decreased—the silence becoming profound, as it had been before. The only difference was, that the cold became more intense, and Monte-Leone attributing it to the coming of day, put on his woolen surtout.

The morning was far advanced when the key turned in the wards; the heavy door was opened, and Pietro entered.

He entered silently, placed bread and food on the table, filled the lamp with oil, and was preparing to leave. He, however, went to that part of the cell where the Count had heard the mysterious noise, placed his hand on the wall, and suddenly exclaimed "*Corpo di Bacco.* I told them so. This is not safe."

"What is the matter?" said the Count.

Pietro looked anxiously around, as if he feared some secret witness would hear him. He then drew near the Count, and said rapidly,—

"Why tell you? You are so unfortunate, one need not torment you. After all, perhaps it would be your interest." He then, with a cat-like step, hurried into the corridor, and shut the door after him.

These mysterious words greatly terrified the Count.

The firmest mind becomes afraid of an unknown danger. Danger that we can look in the face is less terrible than that we know not whither to seek for. The sharpest sword directed in single combat against your bosom, is less to be dreaded than the dagger of the traitor menacing your life at an unforeseen moment.

What did this man mean? For what fate other than to be awarded by his judges was he reserved?

Monte-Leone fancied that he observed something like pity in the tones of his jailor. This sentiment could only have been created by the imminence of a terrible danger in the mind of one inured as he was to human suffering.

As he reflected thus, the Count strode up and down his cell. Used to an active life he beguiled by this monotonous exercise his system, which was used to motion. Pausing in front of the wall, he fancied he saw a few characters more deeply engraved than the others which were strewn over it.

Violent emotions took possession of him. His name, or rather the name of his father, was traced below a few lines, half effaced by the constantly exuding moisture.

He placed his lamp close to the wall, and read—

"*To-morrow I shall be no more. The prisoner leaves this cell only to go to his death; I bless my son.* . . . . MONTE-LEONE."

The son falling on his knees before this last will of his father, before this final and supreme benediction, shed tears and prayed.

How earnestly he prayed! how his heart of bronze was melted at the words.

This somber dungeon then his father left to die.

The parent's last thought, then, had been of him.

Nothing brings a heart back to God like grief—like that deep distress caused by the loss of those we love.

Nothing arouses slumbering religion like death. From very egotism one then becomes pious, and we have faith in a better world.

Afterward he felt his strength of mind increased. He fancied that his father watched over him, and would not suffer him to become a victim of the ideas he had inherited from him, and which had in some sort been imposed on him.

Had the Count Monte-Leone been able to trace out a few words more, he would perhaps have read an injunction on his son to abandon a cause useless to the happiness of Italy, and which could terminate only in the scaffold.

The prisoner *hoped*.

The beautiful sister of Taddeo appeared in all her dazzling beauty and charms. He saw himself loved by her, and for the first time since its construction, a happy smile lit up the dark walls of the cell.

Monte-Leone approached the provisions Pietro had placed on the table. He broke open the coarse loaf intended for him. He uttered a cry of surprise. A paper fell from the loaf he had broken open. He seized it, and read what follows, with a degree of emotion which it is altogether impossible to describe:—

IV.—VENGEANCE.

Count Monte-Leone read as follows:—

"There are no certain proofs of your plots. Three, however, of the chief inhabitants of *Torre-del-Greco*, the brothers SALVATORI, returning one night from the chase, saw you presiding over a secret VENTA, near the ruins of Pompeii. They said that having been discovered by the brotherhood, they owe their lives only to the rapidity of their flight. If you can convict these men of imposture, you are safe."

"Now," said the prisoner, "thanks to this information, I know my crime. Unfortunately the charge is true. I never left Italy, and did preside over the Venta, at *Torre-del-Greco*. It was my duty as supreme chief, and the fact cannot be contradicted."

The Count leaned his head in his hand, and remained for a long time lost in thought.

At last he roused himself, but his features, which previously had been radiant, assumed an expression of boldness and resolution.

"The means," said he, "are violent and full of obstacles and dangers. The object, however, is success, liberty and love. Ultimately, our great work will be accomplished."

He then began calmly to calculate, with his mind full of resources which never deserted him, the probabilities of the success of his undertaking.

Participating in every danger himself, he augmented them as much as possible, that he might ultimately augment his glory. There was, however, no reason for his appealing to his fertile imagination, for never was there a more dangerous enterprise, the perils of which were more real, terrible, and apparently more invincible, than that he undertook.

He sketched out in his mind the whole scheme of his thoughts. He could not, however, act alone, but needed an accomplice. This accomplice—for he meditated an actual crime—could be no one but the savage Pietro, the brutal and silent jailor, a few words only of whom had filled him with trouble and uneasiness.

How could he make that man listen to and hear him?

That was an almost impossible problem; Monte-Leone, however, undertook to get rid of the difficulties.

If he might judge from the dimness of the lamp, night drew near. Pietro would soon come with oil.

A sudden thought came to the Count's mind. The paper might have been placed in the loaf by Pietro's consent. If so, Pietro was already his.

If, however, the kind hand which wrote to him made use of any other agent; had this humane protector placed it there himself, how could he make use of him, or communicate with him? How could he influence the jailor; by fear? He had no weapon.

He could only succeed by cunning and art. Violence would be fatal.

The Count, however, soon made up his mind. "Let me play," said he, "a great game for salvation or ruin; one throw will decide all. I have always been lucky at games of chance; I never, however, played for such a stake."

Pietro came in, more moody and silent than he had been in the morning. Pietro placed the loaf on the table, and was preparing to leave, when the Count said:—

"Pietro, have you been long jailor at the Castle *Del Uovo?*"

Pietro looked with amazement at Monte-Leone; and, from his vacillating and trembling eye, seemed scarcely to understand the question.

The Count renewed it.

Pietro extended his two great hands, separating the fingers to enable Monte-Leone to count them.

"I understand a portion of what you mean. Have you, however, been ten days, ten months, or ten years here?"

At the last word, the jailor made an affirmative motion. He then turned his back, and began to pour oil in the lamp.

"I asked that question," said the Count, "that I might tell you that you would not be jailor as long as you have been."

The jailor shrugged his shoulders without even deigning to look at his prisoner.

"You will not have it long; for in three days," said Monte-Leone, "you will be hung."

Pietro faced about and looked at the Count, as a wild beast, or a traitor, or a wretch sold to the enemies of his employers, might.

Pietro contracted his lips, as if he were about to speak. Terror, however, seemed to seize him, and hoarse, indistinct sounds seemed to break with difficulty from his chest and throat. After the lapse of a moment or two, during which he seemed to have undergone a contest between terror and amazement at the Count's words, and curiosity, fear was about to predominate, and he was on the point of rushing from the cell, as he had done in the morning. Monte-Leone stood before the door.

"I pity you," said he to Pietro, "and wish to save your life."

"Ah, ha," muttered he, advancing toward the door.

"I pity you, because you pitied me."

"I pity nobody," said the jailor to the Count, in a tone which seemed to be intended for persons out of doors, and which betokened the greatest terror.

Monte-Leone divined that some one listened, and lowered his voice.

"I have found this," said he to the jailor, and at the same time he handed him the mysterious document he found in the loaf.

Pietro saw at once he was lost, if he were suspected of conniving with the Count, and rushed toward the door.

"Call the guard," said he to some one out of sight, "the prisoner wishes to murder me. I will keep him until the guard comes."

Monte-Leone understood all. Fear made him his. The information had not come from him, and when satisfied of this he was able to open a second battery on Pietro.

The characters were changed. The jailor was afraid of his prisoner.

"What paper is that?" asked Pietro eagerly.

"A paper, my fine fellow, sent secretly by a kind friend to me, and which I am about to show to the soldiers you have called."

Pietro drew close to the Count, who, however, was on his guard, and seized the jailor by the throat so firmly that the latter fell pale and livid at his feet.

"Listen;—at first I thought this note came from you. Had it, your fortune would have been made; for you would have saved me. Now you must save me for your own sake; for if you reject my proposition, I swear that I will denounce you to the tribunal which tries me, as my accomplice; then, as I said, you will be hanged.

"If, however, you will serve me, you shall be richer than the governor of the Castle of del Uovo, and you will not, unless you insist on it, remain the honest and incorruptible jailor of king Fernando."

The Count loosed his hold on Pietro's throat to suffer him to reply. Three words only were heard, "We will see."

The soldiers were coming; the Count let the jailor go, and he came to the door.

Two sentinels in the passage are not too many for such a devil.

Before he shut the heavy door, he pushed his head forward and said:—

"I too had pity on you this morning, though now I have none; to-morrow I shall not fear you."

The stone door seemed to sigh as it shut to, and Monte-Leone heard the heavy steps of the jailor as he passed down the corridor.

The last words of this man sounded to Monte-Leone like a knell.

What was the meaning of this somber menace? How did the jailor expect to extricate himself from this position?

A sad presentiment seized Monte-Leone. The idea of the mysterious danger he had gathered in the morning from Pietro's words to be menacing him, returned to his mind, and with a kind of superstitious terror he glanced around the room.

All was silent as the tomb, of which this room was the image.

In this coffin, however, there was a living creature, full of energy and will, who, two-hundred feet below the ground, had never for a moment lost the hope of seeing once more the beautiful sun of Naples, and of warming his limbs in its rays of gold and fire.

The Count felt his forces fail. He drew near the table, and broke the loaf which the jailor again had brought him. One hope yet sustained him,—perhaps he would receive some new information. He was mistaken and ate his bread in silence.

Monte-Leone ate the black bread and drank the poor wine allowed by the prison in silence. He foresaw some contest, and was unwilling to succumb.

A second time he took the lamp and read anxiously and respectfully the will of his father.

His thoughts then took another direction. They passed beyond the walls of his prison, and bore him into a beautiful garden strown with flowers, and perfumed by the jessamine and orange.

There, under a dense foliage, he saw a young and charming girl, with dark and mild eyes, a graceful and elegant form, arms of alabaster, and hair of ebony. He saw her seated, looking moody and pensive toward the ground, like a lily not yet revived by the evening dews from the heat of the ground.

This young girl, the poetry of his heart, the dream of his life, which she had renewed, of the heart which she had changed, purified, and sanctified by her love, was the beautiful Aminta Rovero, the sister of Taddeo, "the white rose of Sorrento," as the inhabitants of that pleasant village called her.

Ah! often since the day when for the first time Monte-Leone saw her, he regretted the stormy life he led. He would gladly have consecrated his life, which had been so full of passion and trouble to him, and which had been deprived of enjoyment by the cause to which he had devoted himself. His con-

victions, however, soon resumed their ascendency, and the soul of *carbonarism* was revived.

The Count Monte-Leone had only known Aminta since he had been proscribed, and since he had laid aside all such plans as she was the object of.

Young Rovero had offered him his mother's house as an asylum.

When in that calm asylum of the gentlest virtues which Rovero's mother had offered to him as to a victim of the vengeance of an unjust king, the noble-minded mother was far from fancying that she concealed a conspirator, the accomplice of whom her son was.

The proscribed man received the tenderest caresses. As Taddeo loved him, his mother also did.

Aminta, though she did justice to the brilliant powers of Monte-Leone, when she saw him, experienced a kind of fear which she could not explain. There are in some rare minds secret antipathies and aversions, which the future proves always to be well founded. Such an instinctive sentiment influenced Aminta.

Monte-Leone observed this; but, overpowered by passion, and blinded by success with women, attributed to timidity and youth this emotion which he could not explain.

Afraid of compromising the mother of her he adored, the Count had remained only a month in the house of Taddeo's mother. This month had, however, enslaved him to the sister of his friend.

Aminta, therefore, in all the pride of her beauty, which perhaps was enhanced by melancholy, was seen by the eyes of the heart of the prisoner of del Uovo. A waking dream had borne him to her side from his cell.

The hours of night rolled rapidly by for Monte-Leone. His ideas of love made him forget his present danger, and the terrible fate reserved for him by his judges.

The Count was aroused from his meditations by the same sounds he had heard on the previous night. It began as it had before.

At first it seemed remote and indistinct, but as it drew near became more violent and furious. One might have fancied that to break down the walls of the dungeon they were being beaten with something heavy and massive.

In about an hour, as on the previous night, things reached their extremity of sound. During this hour of astonishment and anguish to the Count, his mind was amazed in conjectures at the cause of the unknown noise.

After having analyzed, however, all the tones of the great voice which spoke to him, he said, "It is the sea. Agitated by winds, during the stormy nights which precede the equinox, it is beating against my prison-walls."

The same icy chill he had experienced on the previous evening, he now felt again. His cold become every moment more intense.

A thick dampness penetrated and seemed to weigh down the atmosphere. The Count felt a sensation of discomfort seize him. His limbs were frozen.

He placed his hand on the part of the wall the jailor had touched, and withdrew it not damp but dripping.

He saw that a shower of water filtrated through the wall, drop by drop, and that it penetrated the places where the stones were united by cement.

The Count shuddered to think of the constant efforts of the sea to break down the wall, and that some day they would succeed and sweep him away.

A new terror took possession of Monte-Leone. The lamp grew dim, and the Count observed, that either by design or from terror, Pietro had but partially filled it with oil; for the wick had not been fed and was nearly burned out.

Darkness would then make all things more terrible: for in dangerous crises, light is indispensable to a prisoner.

Monte-Leone glanced around the wall, and saw with terror that portions of the cement were becoming loosened, and falling every moment on the wall, and that several streams of water hissed through the interstices thus made.

The Count hurried to the door, and knocked to attract the attention of the sentinels on duty in the corridor. The thickness of the door, however, made all efforts to communicate to them his situation useless.

He sought to cry out, but his voice reached no farther than his blows.

Then he remembered the sinister threat of Pietro, "I felt great pity for you this morning, but will not do so to-night; and shall not fear you to-morrow."

The villain knew what fate awaited his prisoner. He had measured the danger. He had seen in the morning that the rock was so shaken that it must give way. He already anticipated a sure and terrible death.

The crevice in the wall began to increase, and soon the thread of water became a perfect sheet.

Monte-Leone snatched his bed from the bedstead, and placed the miserable mattress against the current which every moment grew larger, and sought thus to oppose some obstacle to its entrance. Just then the lamp went out.

The wretched man uttered a cry of horror and despair.

Darkness seemed a new enemy to him, a terrible foe, which made all his efforts against the elements useless.

The mattress received a violent blow, and the Count was precipitated on the floor of the dungeon.

One of the blocks of stone had been detached, and the waters rushing in, overpowered their victim.

Monte-Leone saw that all was lost. No human power would assist him, and God

seemed to desert, or rather take him to himself.

The water gushed madly into the cell. The Count felt it rising round him and plashing in his face.

Three names came to Monte-Leone's lips—his father's, Aminta's and Taddeo's.

Tears came to his eyes, not because he did not know how to die, but because those names were the expression of three memories, three hopes, and three despairs.

He did not blaspheme, for he expected that his father would welcome him in the other world.

Using all his power to make his way through the water which surrounded him, he dragged himself to the lines he had read on the stone, which had been traced by his father's hand. He kissed them affectionately. It was his last farewell.

The water rose higher. It reached his neck. He sprang forward to the table, and hoped that by standing on it he would be able to postpone his death for a few moments longer. It was in vain, the table had been overturned. He himself also stumbled, and fell over the stool.

He made one more effort, and stood on the tip of his toes to keep his mouth above the level of the water, which, however, was soon above his head.

His sight then was utterly gone. He heard a humming in his ears—the blood rushed to his lungs, and he could breathe only with the greatest difficulty.

He thought over a brief prayer; felt his strength give way, and fell again beneath the water. He could not now rise again.

V.—THE BARGAIN.

At that moment the door of the cell was burst open.

This door, or rather this revolving mass of stone, did not close hermetically, but left a narrow space between it and the door through which the water rushed into the corridor.

The sentinels, though they did not guess the cause of immersion, discovered it at once, and also how rapidly it flowed; they gave the alarm, and Pietro was forced to come to the rescue of his prisoner. When the door was opened the torrent knocked down both jailor and soldiers.

When they had recovered from their surprise, they found the Count almost strangled on the pavement. With much care and skill animation was restored.

When the Count recovered consciousness, he was in a small room with a better bed, and a person sat beside him chafing his hand.

"You are in no danger, Count," said he, "at present, though you were rescued just in time. In but a few seconds more you would have ceased to exist."

"Perhaps it would have been better had I died," said Monte-Leone, in a feeble voice. "I am not sure if I have reason to thank those who preserved me."

"In relation to that I cannot answer," said the stranger. "I am the surgeon of the prison, and my duty requires me to attend to those confined here, not to discuss their fate. I trust, however, no similar accident will ever occur again. Your cell, quarried in the solid rock, beyond all doubt was a wine-cellar of the famous Lucullus, who formerly had his country house at this place, the name of which was Megaris or Megalia. Perhaps it was occupied also by Augustulus, the last Roman Emperor, who was confined here by Odoacer. That is probably the case, as the antiquity of the spot is beyond dispute."

During the historical digression of the Surgeon, the Count had again fallen asleep, a natural consequence of what he had undergone.

The Surgeon gave him a few drops of some spirituous liquid and retired silently. The Count opened his eyes, saw the door close, and heard the bolt turned on the Doctor.

Monte-Leone had changed his cell for one cleaner, dryer, and healthier. The whitewashed walls gave it a gayer look, far different from that of the first. The blessed light of day shed a portion of its rays through a narrow window a few feet from the door.

A ray of sunlight, fine as a thread of gold, fell on the bed of the Count, who threw himself on it with an expression evincing a desire to grasp it.

The soul of Monte-Leone resumed its calmness, the trouble of his mind became dissipated, memory returned, bringing with it the sad sentiment of his trouble and danger. It however brought with it hope, that blessing of God, that elixir of all in anguish, that consoler of the suffering and unfortunate.

"My father," said he, "you were unwilling to permit me to die; you assisted me in danger, and did not do so that I might die afterward. I shall live and be free, for I confide in you."

The secret plan he had conceived a few hours before returned to his mind. He looked anxiously around the room for the apparel he had worn in the cell, and in which he had concealed the scroll which made the jailor his slave.

Still dripping with water they lay on the table near him. He however could not find the scroll. Pietro had beyond doubt taken possession of, and had destroyed the precious paper.

"I am now disarmed," said he, sadly, "and this plan which was so skillfully conceived, and the success of which was certain, must be renounced forever."

He just then heard footsteps, and Pietro appeared. The villain did not seem at all uneasy or troubled. Was it because he thought the prisoner had not guessed his crime, or that he had obtained security elsewhere? That will soon be apparent to the reader.

A strange thing indeed it must have appeared to Monte-Leone, that the jailor, the

neck of whom must yet have borne the impress of his fingers, and who had reason to fear his vengeance for the diabolical plot against his life, so barbarously and coldly sought to be perpetrated, far from trembling at being alone with his victim, carefully shut the door of the cell instead of leaving it half open as he had been used to.

Sitting opposite to the Count he said, in a treacherous and timid voice—

"Let us talk together."

For a moment the Count was terrified by his cold-bloodedness. When the monster was enraged he had been calm. His impudence had terrified him.

"About what can I talk with a bandit like yourself, who, when you placed me in that cell on the day before yesterday, knew it was a tomb, and that the water would subject me to a terrible death!"

"True," said the jailer, "by whose fault was it? Your Excellency wished to hang me. I tried to drown your Excellency. That was right."

"Your vengeance was odious, horrible, and cowardly. Besides I gave you your choice of safety or ruin; you allowed me none."

"Every one acts for himself, or at least does the best he can. Yesterday I was surrounded by spies, and just behind your door were two spies on the alert. What you said was near ruining me. To-day things are otherwise. I am ruined. The Governor is perfectly furious at what he calls my negligence, and has made a report to the minister of justice. In three days I will probably be expelled from the castle, and as jailors are not favorites with the people of Naples, I will die of hunger at the door of some church. You offered me money to save you. Speak out, for I am prepared."

All the blood of Monte-Leone rushed to his heart—a secret joy took possession of him. His plan might yet be accomplished. Chance had opened to him a means of success he had not anticipated.

He was about to regain not only his liberty, of which he might again be deprived, but the right to appear again in the world openly and without danger.

He was about to force his adversaries to confess themselves conquered. He was about to array himself in false innocence, which, however, would be so proved, so public, that it would be an insurmountable barrier behind which he would be able to carry on his projects without difficulty, and for a long time without arousing the suspicion of his adversary.

He would then see Aminta—Aminta, when he ceased to be fugitive and proscribed, might belong to him, Count Monte-Leone, happy and free.

"You think, perhaps," said he to Pietro, who anxiously attempted to read the expression of his eyes, "that I am about to ask you to assist me to escape, to open, for a few handfuls of gold, the gates of my prison, to return to it no more? That is the offer most prisoners would make. You then, convicted of having aided me, would also make your escape, and if not arrested and hung, in some far distant land would subsist on the proceeds of your treachery. Have you forgotten what I said yesterday: 'If you enable me to escape I will make you richer than the Governor *del Uovo*, and you need not remain any longer the incorruptible jailer of this castle: unless you insist on it.'"

"Well," said Pietro, stupefied.

"Well," said the Count, "I am ready to keep the promise I made yesterday."

The eyes of the jailer gleamed with cupidity.

"Where is the gold?"

"At the house of my banker, Antonio Lamberti."

"He is the richest in Naples."

"Do you think the house safe?" said Monte-Leone.

Pietro was about to reply when a voice said—

"Open the door for the Governor."

Pietro became pale, and Monte-Leone fell back amazed. He murmured, "if we are overheard, all is lost."

Pietro timidly opened the door. The Governor entered.

"Count," said he, "my orders in relation to you were unusually severe. I was commanded to place you in solitary confinement. The Governor of a political prison is not however an assassin, and I come to excuse myself for the dangers you incurred last night, and beg you to believe I never would have forgiven my involuntary participation in your death."

"I believe you, sir, but thank God the danger is past, and I will not probably be subjected again to so severe a test. If King Fernando does bury his subjects alive, he will certainly give orders to separate the horrors of a living sepulchre, from drowning."

"The only person guilty, Count, is this man," (he pointed to Pietro,) "it was his duty to inform me how near the dungeon was being broken in upon by the sea. He should have examined it carefully before you were placed in it. I have requested the minister to remove him, but to do you a personal favor I will dismiss him myself, and in an hour will put him outside the gate."

Had a thunderbolt fallen on the Count he could not have been more completely crushed. All his plans were overturned, and all his hopes dissipated. He muttered an excuse for Pietro; the Governor was inflexible, and went out with the jailer.

The unfortunate Monte-Leone saw his edifice of hopes crushed. His anticipations were all vain. With Pietro disappeared all the fortuitous combinations which might have ministered to his safety.

It was not easy to corrupt a jailer. This he had tested, and the one he had succeeded with was about to leave. The new official

would probably be sterner, more savage and rude. Yet unassisted, the prisoner could accomplish nothing.

The Count examined his new room as minutely as he had the first. Lifting himself up by placing a chair on a table, until he was nearly on a level with the window, he discovered that it commanded a view of a spacious platform filled with flowers, and which was probably the court-yard of the castle.

Two men appeared on the platform, and stooping so as not to be seen yet to be able to see them, Monte-Leone listened to their conversation. It had doubtless continued for a long time, for Monte-Leone heard only a few unconnected fragments as they passed beneath his window.

"In a few days," said one, "he will be tried."

"There will then be *besogne** for you."

"What *besogne?*" asked Monte-Leone of himself.

When they repassed he heard one say—

"The witnesses saw him, and if they swear to it, all is over with Count Monte-Leone."

They then spoke of him. The word *besogne* perplexed him, but another phrase chilled his heart when it revealed the profession of one of the speakers.

"I had rather they shot him. My hand is not sure enough to behead a nobleman."

The Count had overheard the conversation of the executioner and one of his aids.

As Pietro said, the people of Naples did not like jailers. They however liked the headsman less, and to protect him from public insult, he had a home in the castle. The platform was the yard of his house. The headsman of Naples cultivated flowers.

"In a few days," said the Count, "they will try me. Two days would suffice for my plans. I cannot accomplish anything without Pietro, who is gone."

A sudden burst of laughter made the Count turn round, and he saw Pietro, who had entered without noise, near him.

"You here! I thought you dismissed."

In his joy he came near clasping the villain's hand.

"Not I. The Governor is, though. He received his dismissal as Governor of *del Uovo* just after he left you. It is said a secret report of what had taken place last night preceded his own. He has lost his place and I have kept mine. All, you see, is over between us, and I am come like an honest man to tell you so."

The jailer went to the door. The Count called him back. He was not uneasy at what Pietro said. He knew he was avaricious and had confidence in money. He was right.

"I offered you," said he, "ten thousand piasters, because in the morning you had nothing to lose. Now that luck is with you, I will give you fifteen."

"But I risk my neck," said Pietro, who seemed afraid of strangulation.

"At all events, the stakes are not equal, for no jailer's neck was ever worth fifteen thousand piasters. Do not be uneasy though, for you will keep both your place and your neck, and be rich also."

"That is all very fine; speak quickly, for I must make my rounds, and have no time to lose."

The Count sat down before Pietro.

"I am about," said he, "to write two checks for seven thousand five hundred piasters each, on Antonio Lamberti, my banker: they will be payable to the bearer, yourself. The first of these checks will be mature at midnight, but a quarter before that hour you must release me from this prison."

"Devil!" said Pietro.

"Wait," said Monte-Leone, "I promise you as a gentleman to return early to-morrow night, and then you shall receive the other check."

"But if you do not return?"

Monte-Leone became flushed with indignation.

"It will be because I shall have been killed. Even then you will have the amount of the other check. If you yet doubt, go to Lamberti and ask if my check is good."

"I will," said Pietro.

He left without speaking a word.

This sudden departure made the Count uneasy. Would Pietro betray him? The strange offer seemed to make him uneasy, and his cupidity might not triumph over his fear.

For several hours hope and fear alternated in Monte-Leone's mind. The day declined, and the prison became dark. His uneasiness increased.

"What I meditate is so guilty in the face of heaven and earth, that God perhaps will refuse me his aid."

The evening was far advanced when his door was again opened. Pietro did not come, but another jailer. The Count trembled.

The jailer placed the basket silently on the table.

"Where is Pietro?" muttered Monte-Leone.

"Pietro may be dead to-morrow."

"Will they kill him?"

"Perhaps so," said the jailer. "Doctors make such mistakes."

The jailer left.

VI.—THE EMERALD.

The castle clock struck eleven, when the Count was aroused from a painful moral stupor into which he had been plunged by the last words of his new jailer, by a sudden light which flashed through the cracks of his worm-eaten door.

The door was opened. A man came rapidly to the side of the Count, and a blind lantern, borne by his visitor, which was turned full in his face, almost blinded him.

"What do you want?" said Monte-Leone, springing from the bed in which he lay.

* *Besogne.* ITALICE. Duty of the Headsman.

"Speak low," said Pietro; "all are not asleep in the castle yet. Any voice, however low it might be, perhaps would attract attention from some watchful ear. Besides," said he, "I have a certain friend there, whom it will not be well to take into confidence."

He pointed to the window through which the Count had heard of the *besogne* that morning. He shuddered, and was so much amazed at the appearance of the jailer that he told him,

"I am afraid you put your life in danger."

"Of course I do, for if the service I do you be discovered, I must have a conversation with the friend of whom I spoke just now. The job then would not be so good a one for him and infinitely worse for me. I pretended to be sick, because invalids need physicians, and I intend to send you, my aid, for him during the night."

Monte-Leone understood the plan. The latter silently took off a kind of cape he wore, and then an extra vest and pair of pantaloons, and told Monte-Leone to put them on.

The Count obeyed.

Pietro took an inkstand, pens and paper from his pocket.

"The banker will pay your checks," said he: "write."

Monte-Leone wrote the checks. As he wrote he thought of a grave difficulty which just then occurred to him. The documents were not to be given to Pietro until Monte-Leone should have passed the gate. As Pietro was thought sick he could not accompany him to the prison gate. He had then to trust Pietro.

When he had finished, the jailer gave the Count his keys and lantern, and placing his mouth close to the prisoner's ear, said:

"Go straight forward. At the end of the passage you will come to a stone stairway. At the two hundred and sixtieth you will turn to the left. Go no farther, for a hundred steps lower down you would reach the place of execution. Turn first to the left, then to the right. You will be at a grate. Tell the porter that you are Crespo, the assistant turnkey, that Pietro is dying, and the grating will be opened.

"You will then come to the main gate, more rarely opened to let any one out than in. The keeper hardly knows Crespo, who lives like a mole always underground in his cells. The keeper is a prudent man, and will look carefully at you. Whimper a little and lament my fate. Tell him you are going to find a priest to confess and a doctor to cure me. This keeper is a member of six brotherhoods, of black, blue, yellow, green, gray, and white penitents, and will hasten to draw the bolts, lest any devils'-souls go, on his account, to the lower regions, to keep company with others like them. You will then be beyond the gate. Go quickly, but be sure to come back."

He extended his hand to receive the paper.

The Count hesitated.

"Very well," said Pietro, contracting his brows; "you are afraid to trust me. You are afraid because I do not go with you. That is the game your Excellency would play. Air for gold. I however trust you," added he insolently, and looking at the Count. "I am willing to think you will come back, though appearances might make me conclude otherwise. Say what you choose, my stake is heavier than yours."

The man was right.

The Count saw this was the case, and gave up the checks.

"No, no," said Pietro, who perhaps was not sorry to attribute to wounded pride the terror of the rope which was ever before him. "Keep the papers,—I will keep the keys, and say no more about it. The only trouble to you is putting on your present disguise. It is however as good as that of *Pulcinelli*."

Monte-Leone did not wish to sue to such a villain, and as time was precious, took a pen and wrote, reading as he did so, above each of the checks, *Good for ten thousand piasters.*

The Count's hesitation had cost him ten thousand piasters.

"*Corpo di Bacco,*" said the jailer, on this occasion taking the checks eagerly. "That is acting like a nobleman."

It struck twelve.

"Go," said the jailer, with a smile, "*I am waiting anxiously for the doctor.* See whether I have confidence in you or not. I will not go for the money until to-morrow. True," said he to himself, "Lamberti told me he made no payments at night."

The Count left.

All passed as Pietro had said, except that at the outer gate the pious keeper made a complete sermon to the fugitive, on the advantage there would be in selecting as Pietro's assistant the chaplain of one of his brotherhoods. The holy man would listen to him better than any one else would, having more unction, and the old jailer's confession must ask a great deal.

Besides, the brotherhood would accompany the body to the Campo-Santo, an excellent example for the prison, and telling well in the city. A little beatification might even be gotten up for Pietro on the occasion of his edifying death. Now, a jailer turned *quasi*-saint, would be a godsend to the calendar.

During this homily the Count suffered the torments of the damned. Any delay, any unforeseen accident, might ruin him, when nothing but a single grating intervened between himself and success.

At last the gate opened.

Monte-Leone had courage to restrain his anxiety, and to walk slowly away when he would rather have used the wings of the swiftest bird escaping from a cage.

One hour after his flight from *del Uovo*, the following scene took place at the Etruscan villa already described in the early part of this book:

An old man knelt at the feet of a young one, moistening them with tears, and kissing them with an expression of fondness. His words were interrupted with sobs.

"At last you are here. Is it yourself? What a dress, too! A Monte-Leone like a beggar at the door of the church of St. Lucia! You live, though: they did not kill you! I hope that now we will be able to fly from this accursed country, stained with your father's blood. More plots! ah, they cost too much! Thank Heaven, we have money enough. Antonio Lamberti has a million belonging to us of the proceeds of our property. Let us take it, my lord, and fly!"

"Some clothes! a cloak, Giacomo," said the Count, in a feverish voice, in reply to the devotion of his old servant.

"Something simple and dark, so as not to attract the attention of your enemies, so that we may unobserved embark for France or Greece."

"Not so: the richest I have—those I wore in Chaia: the very richest!"

"Holy Virgin! my lord, have you lost your senses, to thus advertise yourself? A refugee attracting attention to himself! Have you any new love scrape? any conquest on hand? A pretty time, surely!"

"Giacomo," said the Count, sharply, "do what I order: minutes now are worth hours. If you wish to see me live, to see me free, and the power of the family regained,—if you would see the last of the line rescued from death, obey me instantly."

"I am silent, your Excellency," said the old servant, submissively. "May all your wishes be realized."

The Count dressed himself richly, and put on a traveling cloak.

"Now saddle Vesuvius, the best horse in the stable. His blood is pure English. Nothing has ever kept up with him."

Giacomo went out.

"So far," said the Count, "all has succeeded. But much more is to be done, to which the past is as nothing."

What remained for Monte-Leone was indeed grave and terrible, for his brow became wrinkled and his face pale when he thought of what was to be done in an hour.

"If I was mistaken," said he, "and relied too fully on my coolness and old skill. I have not practiced for a long time, and have forgotten those Neapolitan tricks in which I never failed. If I———"

The words died away on his lips and he sat down, overcome with hesitation and terror.

A distant clock struck three.

"Three!" said the Count. 'Three hours already gone, and I need four to accomplish my plans. Day comes so soon in this country. If the opportunity is lost I shall never have another, and all my hopes will have been vain."

Such combinations made valueless, a plan so carefully arranged, so boldly devised, ruined,—all those men, too, sacrificed, betrayed, ruined by me, when it is in my power to rescue and save them, by preserving their chief and defender.

"No dungeon, no prison,—liberty for my country and myself."

Springing up, he looked around the wall of the Etruscan room, opened the door to be satisfied no one watched, and taking a candelabra filled with lights, stopped before a rack of various arms which was at the extremity of the room. Selecting one of ten poignards he examined the sharp blade curiously, and wiped it with his bare hand. He then approached a casket of steel—opened a spring which closed up a recess known only to himself and to Giacomo.

In the recess was a drawer containing jewels, inherited from his father.

Among them was a ring he often wore on the little finger of his left hand.

This ring was of rare value, being one of the chef-d'œuvres of Benvenuto-Cellini. It contained an emerald an inch long, and six lines broad, on which was engraven the coat-of-arms of the Monte-Leoni.

It had been admired a century before the beginning of this history, when the family was in its greatest power.

Monte-Leone placed the ring on the curved back of the Greek bed, and lifting up his right arm, drove the dagger thrice deeply in the area surrounded by the contour of the ring.

The Count placed the ring on his finger. He always wore it in dangerous conjunctures. It was a family superstition.

Having satisfied himself that the point of the dagger was not bent, he said with a certain mingling of satisfaction and pride—

"I am skillful as ever. I can strike where I please."

VII. TORRE-DEL-GRECO.

A magnificent purple sparkling, and to say all in one word, an Italian dawn had commenced to strew its first light over the environs of Naples.

Every instant the vapors of the night became lighter and more diaphonous as the sun approached the horizon.

Not a cloud was on that sky, well known to be the purest and most splendid in the world,—a dome built by God's own hand, to cover an 'Eden!

Nature, revived by the breezes of night, had gathered strength to resist the heat of day. The village bells were rung to call the peasants to their morning prayer; at the first tinkling of the bell for the Angelus, the more religious were already even on the way to the altar.

No laborer was in the fields.

It was a day of repose—a sabbath. Neapolitan indolence on that day joins with the precepts of religion, in requiring the people to lay aside commerce and labor.

If the fields, however, are deserted, the churches on this day of rest are crowded.

The Neapolitans, in the highest degree devotees and superstitious, think they can strive against the powers of darkness, and obtain pardon for their sins, by an additional taper and an *ex voto*, which would be laughed at here. Every altar is crowded, from that of the lowly hermitage in the forest and mountains to the rich churches of the capital and towns.

Divine service being concluded, the devout Christian becomes an eager dancer; prayer gives place to the mad tarantella, and the devil soon regains all God had wrested from him.

All the neighborhood of Naples prepared itself by prayer, for the dance on this fine morning of February, when the weather is not unlike a French June. Just then a horse covered with perspiration stopped near an inn, remarkable for the masses of lava which have surrounded it since the irruption of 1794.

This inn was the stopping place of all the travelers who visited *Torre-del-Greco*, a beautiful town, and the largest in the vicinity of the city of Naples.

When the person who rode the horse dismounted, his heart beat violently, less from the speed at which he had come, than from some great emotion.

Having allowed his horse a few moments repose, this person sprang lightly into the saddle, and the generous courser bore him rapidly to the principal square of the town.

It was deserted!

The whole population of the place was collected at the church—an old monument—the square bell-tower of which had been thrown down at the eruption, and now formed an impregnable balustrade around him.

The church door was open, and the curious observer might have seen some rare paintings of Giordano; chefs'-d'œuvres, like those of most Italian churches of genius and faith.

Good church pictures are now rare. Painters draw angels like mortals, and virgins who are merely young girls.

Raphael, Carraccio, Dominicano Giordano, the sublime ecstatic artists, saw in heaven the beings they reproduced on earth. Raphael, in his transfiguration, made a real revelation.

One single person at *Torre-del-Greco* was not at church.

He stood at the door of his house on the square.

His name was Stenio Salvatori.

He was the eldest of three brothers, the richest cultivators of the *Torre-del-Greco*.

These men had all the same fate. Forced into service under Murat, they had left home to be soldiers.

The Monte-Leoni had large estates at Torre-del-Greco, which, on the old Count's condemnation, were divided among the people of the town.

The Salvatori received a large portion of them.

Murat forced them to restore it to the young Count.

They therefore hated the young Count as much as they did the fallen monarch. All three, therefore, informed of the landing at Pizzo, of Murat.

All three, therefore, informed the government that Monte-Leone had presided at the secret *venta* of Pompeii.

Stenio Salvatori was not religious, and consequently never went to church. This his brothers often reproached him with, and on that very day when they went to mass, Raphael, the youngest, said to his elder brother:

"You never pray to God, brother; we have much to ask his pardon for, and he only watches over those who love him."

"I do not love him, because he has never done anything but evil for me."

He stoically folded his arms on the threshold of his door, looking at the blue sky and basking in the sunshine.

The mass was then being said at *Torre-del-Greco*, when the horse we heard galloping toward the town appeared in the square; a slight motion of his hand arrested the horse, which was covered from foam.

He sprang to the ground, and passing his arm through the bridle, made a few steps toward the church, when he saw Stenio Salvatori. He uttered a cry, and throwing the bridle on his docile charger's neck, turned to him.

"Count Monte-Leone!" said Salvatori amazed.

"Himself, come to have a reckoning with your brothers and yourself."

"I rather should have a reckoning with you, the possessor of all our father's property, which we made fruitful for ourselves and not for you," said Stenio Salvatori brutally.

"That property belonged to my family, and you and yours were base enough to accept and enjoy it unscrupulously for ten years."

"The king, the true king of Naples gave them to us," said Salvatori. "We received and kept them because they were better in the hands of faithful subjects than of traitors and conspirators."

Monte-Leone made a threatening gesture, and Stenio suddenly attempted to return to the house. The Count had, however, anticipated his intention, and rushing on Stenio, crossed the door-sill just as he did.

"You prefer the shadow to the shade," said Monte-Leone; "so be it. We will be able to talk better here. When, however, I wish to see your features I will drag you into daylight."

"So be it," said Stenio; "what do you want with it? What account do you ask here? Fernando IV. allowed you to keep the estates which Joachumo the usurper restored you. You are not the person robbed, but my brothers and myself. We are then more than quits, and you have nothing to ask of me."

"You are wrong, Signore," said Monte-

Leone, casting a look on Stenio which made the latter tremble. "I am come to ask you for something more valuable than gold, more valuable than all my property. I am come to ask you why you dared to attempt my life by surrendering me to the vengeance of Fernando IV. ?"

Stenio fancied that his cowardly report was unknown to the Count. He was amazed when he felt himself discovered.

The fact was, that in Naples the authors of similar revelations are never known to their victims, and therefore the friend of the Count who had sent him the note in a loaf while he was a prisoner, had attempted to serve him in a strange manner.

"Listen to me," said the Count; "you and your brothers surrendered Murat to the balls of the soldiers of Fernando II.: you and your brothers attempted to surrender me to the executioner of Naples.

"I, however, wish to save my head, and to do so, I must kill you. It matters not where I strike you. Pick out the place of your vile body to be penetrated by my dagger. Any place will do but your heart and throat. . . . I do not wish to kill you. . . . . I wish you to live. . . . . *You must live.* You must live; for by Christ's blood I swear that my poniard shall not go an inch beyond the place you shall point out."

Stenio for a few minutes stood almost overcome as he heard those strange and terrible words.

"Are you then, Count, the public executioner?" said he; "am I sentenced to die by your hand?"

"I am the executioner of my own sentence," said Monte-Leone. "Nothing can save you."

"Nothing, perhaps, but this," said Stenio; and he drew a stiletto he had concealed, from his bosom, and made a violent lunge against the Count.

The Count wore a coat of fine mail, which would have defied even a Hulan's lance.

"Now," said the Count, "it is my turn." He seized the disarmed hand of Stenio, and said, "blow for blow is justice. Mine will however be surer than yours. I told you I would not strike your heart."

Stenio fell on his knees.

The Count, with his powerful hand, pulled him up.

"Now," said he, "look on the light just now you sought to avoid. Darkness is no fit place for conversation. Deeds must have air and light. Since you will not tell me where to strike, I will myself select the place."

Stenio sank at the feet of Monte-Leone, and his cries filled the whole square.

Just then an immense crowd rushed from the square, and the people of *Torre-del-Greco* saw Monte-Leone dragging the informer to the door-sill.

The cries of Stenio increased, and the Count thrust his dagger up to the very guard in his arm.

Stenio uttered a cry of agony, and fell.

His brothers rushed to him.

"The Count Monte-Leone has murdered me," said Stenio, pointing to the Count.

"It is Count Monte-Leone," echoed the two brothers.

"It is the Count Monte-Leone," repeated all the people of the town.

The Count, who was already on horseback, threw aside his cloak, that none might fail to recognize him.

He struck the spurs into the horse's flanks —rode over all who stood in his way, and left like an arrow amid the shouts of his adversaries, which yet more excited the speed of his horse. . . .

On the evening of that day, Pietro, who seemed to have been almost miraculously cured, returned to the castle *del Uovo*, from which he had been absent for a few hours.

His heavy step might have been attributed to his recent sickness; it served, however, to hide the weight of an enormous burden of gold he bore beneath his vest.

"See how valuable man's soul is," said the pious gate-keeper, as he shut the gate on the jailer. "Just because the scamp last night did not come back with the chaplain, Pietro was allowed time to repent."

END OF BOOK FIRST.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

CATCHING A LION.

BY A NEW YORKER.

WHEN Henry Benson had been married about four years, the Honorable Edward Ashburner came to see him. They had known each other at Heidelberg, where Benson once spent six months,—long enough to get some kind of a degree and pick up a good deal of German, whether he learned any Latin and Greek or not. Ashburner had just taken a first-class at Cambridge, and was touring with an older Cantab who knew Carl Benson; hence the acquaintance. It was not a very long one: the young men were together for part of two days; but in that time they grew very jolly and comfortable over sundry bottles of Assmanshausen, and Harry gave the Englishman an unlimited and pressing invitation to stop with him if he ever crossed the Atlantic. Then they went their respective ways, and at this time Benson had a very dim recollection of who Ashburner was.

The first intimation he had of his arrival was in this wise. After passing nearly the whole day on Long Island to eat terrapin soup and spring chickens at Snedekor's, Harry, as he returned *via* the city to his place in Westchester, on a fine June evening, stopped at his town-house in Twenty-eighth street. There, among a little heap of notes, and circulars, and business communications,—"Sir, Your note for $2500 at the National Bank will become due on the 10th inst.;" and "Dear sir, Your interest will be ready on the 8th, if you will call for it at my counting-room" ("Confound the fellow," muttered

Benson, "why can't he fix a time and call here, instead of making me tramp down into the Swamp among his skins?"*); and "Sir, You are requested to attend a meeting of the Central Conservative Whig Young Men's Association next Monday;" and so forth—he found a small card with "Mr. Ashburner" inscribed thereon. He showed it to Mrs. B. that evening.

"English?" asked Clara, looking not over-satisfied.

"Rather," said Harry, betraying no particular emotion either way.

"Well, I'm sure I don't want to see any more Englishmen this way for a long while. There was the scientific gentleman on his travels, who used to come to dinner in a flannel shirt and use our house as if it was an inn. And there was that precious young ensign on a furlough from Canada, who did you out of a thousand dollars, and his father wouldn't pay a cent of it. And there was—"

"But this is a good fellow," said Harry, cutting short the list of disreputable guests. Let me see; which of the Ashburners can it be? I knew three or four of them. There was Captain Ashburner at Oldport, summer before last, you remember; and his brother the Oxford man; and Lord Ashburner's son I knew at Heidelberg. I shouldn't wonder if this was Lord Ashburner's son. But they are all very fair men."

Whatever doubts Benson may have had on the matter were dissipated next morning by the appearance of Ashburner himself. Our young tourist, having collected his letters of introduction, and spent nearly a day in tramping through the "above Bleecker" part of the city, was gratified by finding that everybody was out of town (except one old gentleman who had died recently;) and learning that Benson, whose place fronted the thirteenth milestone from City Hall, was the most comeatable of his acquaintances *in esse* or *posse*, resolved to hunt him up the next day. Eleven miles of the expedition he performed without difficulty on a tolerably well-appointed, but not particularly fast railroad. For the remaining two he was obliged to foot it, fortunately in the morning of a not too warm day. The heats of May in this part of America are usually succeeded by a week or fortnight of comparatively cool weather in the beginning of June, before the sultry summer fairly sets in. So the guest reached his host's abode rather dusty, but otherwise in good trim.

As Edward Ashburner will figure considerably in some of our sketches, it may not be amiss here to say a few words about him. He was nearly three years younger than Harry Benson, an eldest son, fond of classics, politics, and traveling, and had attained to that complete state of bodily and mental training combined which most young Englishmen, who make a proper use of the advantages afforded them by their universities, are sure to arrive at. He stood nearly six feet in his stockings, could read twelve hours or walk twelve hours out of the twenty-four, according as he was called on to do either, eat anything, drink any amount, sleep anywhere. That he was awkward and shy in mixed society, and especially in ladies' society; that he had a clumsy way of doing civil things; that he dressed badly, danced badly, and spoke French badly, though fluently: all this follows of course from his being a young Englishman.

Benson's house at Devilshoof (which unromantic name the Benson place had inherited from old Dutch times) was a wide, deep, wooden, two story dwelling, of a sunshiny yellow color, with a spacious piazza running all around it, and three rooms on a floor upon each side of a large hall. Into this hall Ashburner was admitted, and found Benson in full enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*. With cigarette in mouth and one foot in the air, the master of the house reclined in a lumbering Chinese cane-chair, nearly as big as an omnibus. He wore a magnificent shawl-pattern dressing-gown, orange cashmere without and rose silk within, confined at the waist by a tasseled cord that looked like a very superior style of bell-pull; very wide light blue trowsers, slippers of the same color embroidered in gold, a blue and white silk cravat, and a red smoking-cap, more for show than use, jauntily pitched on one side of his head. From his whole attire emanated a combined odor of French *sachets*, German cologne, and Turkish tobacco. A beautiful child was sporting around him, playing bo-peep behind the stupendous chair, and crying out "Bah, papa!" As the visitor entered he leaped up, scattering the ashes and tobacco of his loosely rolled cigarette over himself, and Ashburner, and the matting of the hall floor.

"How are you, old fellow? I'm *so* glad you've found your way here. Holla, baby! don't run away!" and catching the hope of the Bensons by both shoulders in the act of toddling off, he swung up the astonished urchin close to the nose of the equally astonished Englishman. "Here's the first curiosity of the place, my boy! He's just three years old rising, can drive a horse on a straight road, fears no manner of bug,* eats everything he can get, and drinks every liquid in the house except ink. Look at him! Isn't he a beauty? Isn't he a whole team and one horse extra?"

Ashburner duly praised young America, and at that moment Clara appeared, in a dressing-gown also; but hers was a tricolor pattern, lined with blue silk. He thought he had never seen a handsomer couple, nor one whose taste in dress was more gorgeous, not to say theatrical.

Benson, with a rapid alternation of style and manner, and a vast elaboration of polite-

* The Swamp is a part of the city principally inhabited by curriers and tanners.

* Bug is the popular American designation of all insects except butterflies.

ness, introduced his wife and guest. Ashburner fidgeted a little, and looked as if he did not exactly know what to do with his arms and legs. Mrs. Benson was as completely at her ease as if she had known him all her life, and, by way of putting him at his ease too, began to abuse England and the English to him, and retail the old grievance of her husband's plunder by Ensign Lawless, and the ungentlemanly behavior of Lawless *père* on the occasion, and the voluminous correspondence that took place between him and Harry, which the *Blunder and Bluster* afterward published in full, under the heading "American Hospitality and English Repudiation" in extra caps; and so she went on to the intense mystification of Ashburner, who couldn't precisely make out whether she was in jest or earnest, till Benson came to the rescue.

"When did your arrive, Ashburner?"

"Yesterday morning."

"The first question an American generally asks an Englishman is, 'How do you like our country?' and the second, 'What'll you take to drink?' I won't put the first to you, for you have hardly been long enough here to answer it, but the second is always appropriate."

"I have heard a great deal about sherry-cobbler, but did not order one at the hotel for fear I might not obtain it there in perfection."

"You won't enjoy it anywhere in perfection just now. To be properly appreciated it requires a hot day, of which we shall have some in a week or two. Will you put yourself into my hands, and let me recommend for this weather some plain sherry? There is some all ready in the refrigerator; I will fetch it myself."

And straightway Benson bustled off to the pantry, and speedily returned with a decanter of very pale wine and three glasses, which he placed on a diminutive stand.

"This is Manzanilla, our favorite sherry," and he poured out a bumper to Ashburner, who made a doubtful face on tasting it, for with the bitter flavor of Amontillado was combined in it a distinct taste of ether.

"You don't like it, I see. No one does at first. When I came back in '44 this wine was just becoming fashionable. The first time I tasted it, it seemed like medicine; the second, I thought the flavor peculiar, but not unpleasant; the third time I became exceedingly fond of it. So it will be with you. And as you will very often have Manzanilla put before you, I thought it well to initiate you into the mystery of it at once. It is not a strong wine—all the better for that here. Our dry climate does not allow the same fiery and heavy drinks as your moist one. You must give up your ale and port, and brandied sherries. The very necessity of 'liquoring' so often in our warm weather obliges us to weaken our liquor. You can't ice this sherry too much. We dine at four or half past, and you see this has been in ice already. What time is it? Eleven. That reminds me. How long is your stay in America to be?"

"I do not intend to return till the end of the year, or perhaps till next spring."

"Then of course you will do Niagara, and Canada, and the watering-places, this summer, come back to New York for the season (our season begins in November,) and go on to Washington in mid-winter. You had better, then, put off all your lionization of the city (there is not a great deal of it to do) until you return. And now let me drive you down to your hotel; bring back your carpet-bag, and pass a few days with us till the warm weather sets in. Then we can go to my brother's place higher up the river, and after that shape our plans at leisure. Excuse me for three minutes while I put on my boots."

Benson rushed to the back-door, shouted out some rapid orders to his stable, which, though partially concealed by trees, was within hailing distance of the house, and then scampered up stairs, where his three minutes turned out to be twenty or twenty-five: during which time Mrs. Benson and her husband's guest did not interchange much conversation, and Ashburner, in default of other amusement, applied himself again to the Manzanilla, which he certainly found to improve on acquaintance; so much so, that, after finishing his first glass, he dispatched a second, and was dubitating on the propriety of a third when Benson reappeared. He had exchanged his dressing-gown for a dark brown cutaway, and his slippers for prunella boots of feminine aspect, tipped with varnished leather at the toe.

"Now, *mon ami*, I hear the wagon coming round; come out on the stoop."

Ashburner remained stationary, not exactly understanding the invitation.

"Oh, you don't know what *stoop* means. It is one of the Dutch words we Gothamites have retained. Well, then, come out on the front piazza."

So they went out, and Ashburner saw before the door two compact little dark brown horses, with white faces and white hind-feet. They had on the very lightest harness imaginable—slender collars, cobweb-like traces and hip straps, no winkers or check-reins; and behind them was such a vehicle as he had never seen before, even in dreams. At first he could discern nothing but four tall slender wheels of a bright vermilion picked out in red, with a groom sitting among them; but a closer inspection enabled him to perceive a scanty seat for two persons, with no appreciable back. The box of the seat was varnished leather, except a dark green wooden rim that rose about three inches from the gaily carpeted floor.

"There's my wagon," said Benson; "it's not a regular trotting wagon—weighs three hundred or more—but light enough for a team. Get in."

"But *how* do you get in?" asked the other, looking very dubiously at the mysterious carriage, the front and hind wheels of which on the same side all but touched each other.

"So!" quoth Harry, who had meantime crowned himself with a very long-napped white beaver, and fitted on his white driving-gloves, "just this way!"

And running behind, he leaped in over the back, or where the back might have been, and took the white-webbed reins from the groom, who, on his part, tumbled out half over half between the wheels by an extraordinary gymnastic evolution.

"Ah, *that's* the way is it?" and Ashburner was preparing to follow suit.

"No, this is the way. Hold on."*

Benson hauled in his off-horse, slanting his front axle and locking his off fore-wheel, by which means he left on the nigh side a considerable space between the hind-wheel and the front, and Ashburner first became aware of the existence of a practicable iron step, by which he ascended without any great difficulty.

"Hold fast, old fellow," said Benson, and he drew up the reins which had been lying loose in his hand.

Immediately the horses started off at a pace that nearly sent Ashburner backward out of the wagon. Out at the gate they flew, up the lane that led to the turnpike, through another gate, and along the main road at their authenticated speed of three minutes and twenty seconds, Benson settling himself further back in his seat and tightening his pull, and the trotters going faster as he pulled more. Ashburner could hear nothing for the clattering of the pole-chains and the patter of those eight hoofs as they swept the ground in their tearing trot, nor see anything for the clouds of dirt and gravel which their fore-feet threw back over the low dashboard. He held on with both hands, and trusted to Providence.

"Wo-o!" ejaculated Benson at last, after proceeding for about two minutes at this headlong rate; and as he spoke he slackened his reins gradually. The horses fell into a steady gait of about twelve miles an hour.

"We must take them easy most of the way," says Harry, "for the roads are heavy."

"Do you call *this* going easy?" replied his friend, with a glance at the rapidly receding objects on each side the road. "We must be making sixteen miles an hour."

"Not thirteen. You always seem to be going faster with a team than you are, because they make more noise."

"Well, I don't pretend to judge of pace just now, for my eyes are full of gravel. Why don't you build your dashboards higher?"

"Because it is necessary to see the horses' feet. Before a well-trained trotter breaks, he usually gives warning by a skip or two. With a low dashboard you can note this instantly, and hold him up in time; otherwise your horse might be carried off his feet before you knew it."

So they rolled along merrily some five miles to Harlem Bridge, over which the team walked, not because they were tired, but because it was illegal to cross at a faster gait,—an ordinance rendered necessary by the frail structure of most American bridges; and then as they passed through the village of Harlem, where taverns and stables, and fast trotters abound, Benson gave his horses another brush by way of astonishing the natives.

"He-e-eh!" shouted a blacksmith, looking up from his work as the vermilion wheels rattled by.

The nigh horse made a skip, and his driver just caught him in time.

"He-e-eh! G'lang!" shouted back Harry over his shoulder, in triumphant defiance, as much as to say, "You don't break up my team so easy, my boy!" And then, growing excited by the pace, he continued to scream at his horses and lift them, until he had succeeded in aggravating the trotters to such an extent, that when he wanted to pull up at the next milestone they could not be made to stop, though it was on the ascent of a pretty steep hill, until he had thrown one leg over the lines.

"Your animals are not easily tired," his friend remarked, as, for the first time, they proceeded at an easy trot. "Are these *very* fancy horses, or is it common to have such a pair?"

"There are several teams on the island that can beat me five or ten seconds in the mile, but few so well matched in looks or driving together so nicely. I have had them a year, and they are pretty well used to my hand,—and to my wife's, for that matter."

"And what does such a pair cost?"

"I got these a bargain for $800 from a friend, who was just married and going abroad. Probably, a jockey would have charged me four figures* for them. That was a year ago last month. I had twenty-six hundred then to spend in luxuries, and invested it in three nearly equal portions. It may amuse you to know how. These horses I bought for myself, as I said, for $800; a grand Pleyel for Mrs. Benson for $900; and a man for himself for the same sum."

"*A man?*"

"Yes, a coachman. You look mystified. Come, now, candidly, is New York a slave state? Do you know, or what do you think?"

"I had supposed it was not."

"You supposed right, and know more about it than all your countrymen take the trouble to know. Nevertheless, it is literally true that I bought this man for the other $900; and it happened in this wise. One fine morning there was a great hue and cry in Washington. Nearly a hundred slaves, of different ages, sexes, and colors, most of them

* Hold on is American for hold hard.

* *i. e.* A thousand dollars or more.

house-servants in the best families, had made a *stampede*, as the Western men say. They had procured a sloop through the aid of some white men, and sailed off up the Potomac, —not a very brilliant proceeding on their part. The poor devils were all taken, and sentence of transportation passed upon them —for it amounts to that: they were condemned (by their masters) to be sold into the south-western States. Some of the cases were peculiarly distressing—among others, a quadroon man, who had been coachman to one of our government secretaries. He had a wife and five children, all free, in Washington; but two of his sisters were in bondage with him,—very pretty and intelligent girls, report said. The three were sold to a slave-trader, who kept them some time on speculation. The circumstance attracted a good deal of attention in New York; some of the papers were full of it. I saw the account one morning, and happening to have this $900 on hand, I wrote straight off to one of our Abolition members at Washington (I never saw him in my life, but one doesn't stand on ceremony in such matters, and the whole thing was done on the spur of the moment), saying that if either of the girls could be bought for that sum I would give it. The gentleman who had the honor of my correspondence put upon him wrote to another gentleman—standing counsel, I believe, for the Washington Abolitionists—and he wrote to the slave-trader, one Bruin (devilish good name, that, for his business!) who sent back a glorious answer, which I keep among my epistolary curiosities. 'The girls are very fine ones,' said this precious specimen; 'I have been offered $1000 for one of them by a Louisiana gentleman. They cannot be sold at a lower price than $1200 and $1300 respectively. If I could be sure that your friend's motives were those of unmixed philanthropy, I would make a considerable reduction. The man, who is a very deserving person, and whom I should be glad to see at liberty, can be had for $900; but I suppose your correspondent takes less interest in him.' The infernal scamp thought I wanted a mistress, and his virtuous mind revolted at the thought of parting with one of the girls for such a purpose—except for an extra consideration."*

"It must have been a wet blanket upon your philanthropic intentions."

"Really I hardly knew whether to be most angry or amused at the turn things had taken. As to Clara, she thought it a glorious joke, and did nothing for the next month but quiz me about the quadroon girls, and ask me when she might expect them. However, I thought, with the Ethiopian in the ballad, that 'it would never do to give it up so,' and accordingly wrote back to Washington that I should be very glad, indeed, to buy the man. Unfortunately, the man was half-way to Mississippi by that time —— Now we are well up that hill, and can take a good brush down to the next. G'l-lang, ponies! He-eh! Wake up, Fire-fly!"

"And then?"

"Oh, how he got off, after all! It was a special interference of Providence. (G'lang, Star!) The Hon. Secretary felt some compunctions about the fate of his coachman, and hearing that the money was all ready to pay for him, actually paid himself the additional $50 required to bring him back to Washington; so he lives there now a free man with his family,—at least, for all I know to the contrary, for I never heard any more about him since."

"And what became of the girls?"

"There was a subscription raised for them here. My brother Carl gave something toward it,—not that he cared particularly for the young ladies, but because he had a strong desire to sell the gentleman from Louisiana. They were ransomed, and brought here, and put to school somewhere, and a vast fuss made about them,—quite enough to spoil them, I'm afraid. And so ends that story. What a joke to think of a man being worth just as much as a grand piano, and a little more than a pair of ponies!"

Ashburner thought that Benson treated the whole affair too much as a joke.

"Tell me," said he, "if these people came to New-York, or you met them traveling, would you associate with them on familiar terms?"

"Not with Mr. Bruin, certainly," replied Harry. "To give the devil his due, such a man is considered to follow an infamous vocation, even in his part of the country."

"But the Honorable Secretary and the other gentlemen, who sell their men to work on the cotton plantations, and their women for something worse?"

"Hem! ah! Did you ever meet a Russian?—in your own country, I mean."

"Yes, I met one at dinner once. I won't pretend to pronounce his name."

"Did you go out of the way to be uncivil to him because he owned serfs?"

"No, but I didn't go out of my way to be particularly genial with him."

"Exactly: the cases are precisely parallel. The Southerners are our Russians. They come up to the North to be civilized; they send their boys here to be educated; they spend a good deal of money here. We are civil to them, but not over genial,—some of us, at least, are not."

By this time the fast-stepping trotters had passed through Yorkville, and reached the outskirts of the city. As soon as their feet touched the pavement they fell into a walk.

"You see it is impossible to drive fast over these terrible stones in a light carriage, so we shall go easy for this last mile to your hotel," said Benson. "We can afford it, for there wasn't much time lost on the road. See here (pulling out his watch), twelve miles in forty-nine minutes, including a stoppage for toll! I call that pretty good."

* All the above incidents are literally true, and the extracts from Bruin's letter almost *verbatim* copies.

And now Ashburner became sensible of a change in the temperature. They had been making their own breeze previously by the rapidity of their motion, but now there was scarcely a breath of air, and as the wagon was undefended by any sort of top or head, he began to feel the heat of the sun more than was altogether pleasant.

"Surely it is hot enough *now* for a sherry cobbler," he remarked, after a pause.

"Hardly, to enjoy one in perfection, but it will do. When we get to your hotel I'll brew you a first-rate one." And the horses being stimulated to a gentle trot, they soon arrived at Ashburner's temporary head-quarters, which were, fortunately, "above Bleecker."

"Now pack your bag," said Benson, "and the cobbler will be ready by that time."

"But what do you do with your horses?" asked the other, who saw no groom or other person to whom they might be intrusted.

"Tie them, to be sure," was the reply; and handing the lines to Ashburner, as he stopped his team, Benson leaped out, pulled a hitching-strap from under the seat, and fastened his off-horse very neatly to a lamp-post. Then, after Ashburner had descended, he tied his white hand-pieces to an opening made for the purpose on one side of the dash-board, and finally diving under the seat once more he produced two sheets, with the names of his horses, *Starlight* and *Firefly*, showily worked thereon in red letters, and spread them carefully over his team. Then, taking his whip with him for fear of casual appropriators, he accompanied his friend into the hotel.

When Ashburner returned to his sitting-room, after arranging his bag, he found Benson in all his glory, surrounded by the sutorial requisites. Four large tumblers, two wine-glasses, a couple of lemons, ditto of knives, a decanter of sherry (not Manzanilla, but dark in color and high in flavor), a saucer of powdered sugar, and another of finely-pounded ice, were paraded on the table, and among them sat Benson, on the table also, examining a bundle of fresh straws.

"Now," said he, "take a knife and a lemon, and do as you see me do. Don't mind soiling your fingers. First, you rub the lemon with the back of the knife—that brings out the essential oil better; then you pare off the rind very carefully, taking only the yellow, and not cutting into the white at all. Very well. Imbed your lemon-peel in as much sugar as you would use if making a similarly-sized glass of punch. Sometimes you will see *slices* of lemon put into a cobbler—nothing can be more destructive; avoid everything but the yellow peel. If you *will* have something more, put in a slice of orange or pine-apple, or a few strawberries. I think this may be done to good effect in a bowl, but not in a single glass. Now fill your tumbler half-way with pounded ice. Good. And now pour in two wine-glasses of sherry. You see we use dark sherry for this, both for the strength and the color. It makes the mixture of a beautiful golden hue; with Ammontillado or Manzanilla it would look too weak. Don't be impatient; we have to mix yet." He took up one of the spare glasses, covered with it the mouth of the tumbler which contained the magic compound, and shook the cobbler back and forward from one glass to the other a dozen times without spilling a drop.

"There, now choose a perfect straw, and then try it! I'll change glasses with you, as yours is not yet mixed, and you might not be handy at tossing it the first time."

Ashburner took a long draught of the cool liquid through the straw, and confessed that he experienced a new sensation.

"Now don't drink it too fast. You should take a quarter of an hour to each glass. Three glasses a-piece will be enough, and we have an hour before us."

The decanter terminated with the hour. In the pauses of the cobbler, Benson having caught Ashburner's flunkey as he looked in at the door, read him a lecture on the best way of employing his time during his master's absence, by making himself acquainted with the city, &c.; laying down the law so rapidly, that the man, who was about of the average English flunkey intelligence, was completely mystified, and Ashburner himself as much astonished as an Englishman ever permits himself to be, to hear his servant tutored by another man.

"I must be permitted to doubt your wisdom," said Benson, as the servant retired, "in bringing your man with you. On the Continent one must have a courier,—it really saves money as well as trouble, for the fellow cheats you a little and prevents your being cheated a great deal; but a man-servant, who does not understand both the customs and the language of the country (the former is quite as important a point as the latter), is only in the way. To be sure, he is of some service as a valet when you are at a city hotel, and he *may* learn enough of the streets in a few days to go your errands for you (though I should doubt that unless he is sharper than most English servants have been); but when you get into the country, especially in the West, you will find this man sitting at the same table with you, riding in the same vehicle, paying the same fare,—in all respects treated as your equal; and since you have your wits about you more than he has, you will, in fact, be obliged to take care of him, instead of his being of any service to you. And now, as the sherry is all gone, we will go too, especially as we have but eighty minutes to get home and dress for dinner."

Benson's advice was very correct and proper in itself, but there was also a little personal motive mixed with it. He had no intention of including Ashburner's attendant in the invitation to stop a few days, lest the English body-servant should quarrel with his own black cook and Irish grooms, whom he found it hard enough to manage already.

When Ashburner and he descended to their vehicle, the former observed several idlers gazing at it, and remarked that the turn-out, which would have attracted a crowd in London, was something to look at even in New York.

"That's on account of my red wheels," explained Benson. "They *are* rather rowdy, I must own; not exactly the thing for a gentleman. But the use of them is this. I go to a trot on Long Island: there are some hundred wagons there, all fastened close together to fences or under sheds. My wheels are so conspicuous that I can pick them out at once in a great crowd, and it saves much time and trouble in starting for home. Now I shall drive round the corner to a livery-stable and sponge out the ponies' mouths, and then hey for Devilshoof!"

Back to Devilshoof they went, even faster than they had come; and before the clock struck four Ashburner had full time to dress and rid himself of some pounds of the Third Avenue and Westchester turnpike, which had been thrown into his ears and eyes, down his cravat, into his trowsers' pockets even, by the forefeet of Starlight and Firefly.

Dinner was served at four precisely. The table-service was of the plainest description, not a vestige of plate except the silver forks; and the viands, of no very *recherché* kind,—home-raised chickens and a Virginia ham constituting the staple of the meal; but everything, from the okra-soup to the orange-fritters, was first-rate of its kind; the indispensable Manzanilla was supported by excellent champagne, decanted and iced to the freezing-point (a test of good wine, for no inferior quality will bear it); and when, at last, Benson commended to his guest a prime bottle of Latour, and a swelling, slender-necked decanter of the old Vanderlyn Madeira, Ashburner felt thoroughly comfortable and content, as a man should, who is drinking well after having dined well. He was a pretty fair hand at the bottle, as most Englishmen are; indeed, he crowded his host very hard, who was a fastidious but not a profuse drinker, and liked to sip his Bordeaux leisurely. Before their united efforts the jug of claret and the decanter of Madeira speedily vanished; and then came some sublime coffee, during the discussion of which Benson extemporized a dissertation on the method of preparing that beverage, "which it is singular your countrymen never understand how to make;" finally, a *chasse* of white Curaçoa assisted the guest to swallow his host's lecture.

Mrs. Benson had joined freely in their conversation during the repast; indeed she may be said to have taken the largest share of it to herself. At first she was barely within the bounds of civility; slighted or ridiculed everything about the English unmercifully; and more than once puzzled Ashburner both as to how he was to take her remarks, and how to reply to them. Gradually this sauciness, and almost rudeness, refined itself down to a piquant raillery, with occasional gracefully compensating compliments, till he found her discourse as agreeable as it had at first been embarrassing. Still there was always in it an air of half-defiance and half-carelessness, that strangely affected the young Honorable, who had always been petted and toadied at home, and was not used to meet an untitled person who thought, and showed that she thought herself, at least, as good as himself.

After dinner, Benson carried off his guest to the stable, and had the stud paraded before him.

"That black is my blood-colt Daredevil. Mrs. Benson and her sister are the only two men on the island that can ride him, Hibernically speaking. He threw me, the other day. If you want to show your horsemanship, he will give you a good opportunity of doing so, whenever you please. And this is my pet saddle-horse Charlie: he used to be a fast trotter in harness, till I broke him over again for riding; and this my wife's gray mare; and these my carriage-horses. Aren't they beauties, though I say it myself?"

"Very handsome, and very well matched; but rather small, I think, according to our standard. They are not sixteen hands, surely?"

"Just fifteen three; and, do you know, my only fault with them is, that they are rather large. We prefer middle-sized horses; we think that large ones generally have less speed, and always knock themselves up sooner. On the first point there may be a doubt, but on the second there is none, at least in this country. I gave five hundred dollars for this team, and I could have bought more than one pair nearly three inches taller, and as well matched, for less money. There are my ponies, whose capacity you are acquainted with."

"How comes it that you call horses of that size ponies, when your average height is below ours?—at least I judge it to be so, for I have seen nothing about your city like our large dray-horses."

"I believe that any horse under carriage size is familiarly denominated a pony, especially if he happens to be a trotter. I have heard Charlie called a pony often, and he is nearly as big as my coach-horses."

Then they strolled round the place, which did not involve a very long walk, as Benson's grounds were comprised within the limits of fourteen acres; accordingly he extended their perambulation by diverging into the neighbors' premises on both sides. The places had one general character. There was no attempt anywhere at lawns, which indeed could not be kept up in perfection under the hot American sun, by any amount of care and labor; the open grass between the houses and the river was suffered to grow long, and occasionally broken by natural banks or terraces. The river views were

beautiful; white sails specked the clear blue water, and white clouds the clear blue sky, except where long lines of scarlet and gold marked the downward progress of the setting sun. The gardens were formal, more resembling Dutch than English; the hot-houses small, there being less necessity for them, as grapes and melons flourish here in the open air. The mansions were invariably built of wood, large and roomy. There were no hedges, and few fences, except at the boundaries; what there were seemed, almost purposely, to be allowed to fall into decay.

Fatigued with his day's experiences, Ashburner was not sorry to take an early opportunity of retiring. Benson himself played chamberlain, and showed him to his room.

"I believe your countrymen are addicted to feather-beds and curtains," he said; but we really have not either in the house. We use nothing but French bedsteads and hair mattresses."

Ashburner assured him he was not so effeminate as to require anything softer.

"And we have not the Croton water-works here; but there is a portable shower-bath," pointing to a sort of tent in one corner of the apartment, "which you will find convenient in the morning. *Buenas noches!*"

Ashburner spent nearly a week at Devilshoof, as much pleased, perhaps, certainly as much amused, as he had ever been at a country mansion in his own land, though he was differently entertained, and had, in some respects, a very different sort of host. The American was full of dash and *à plomb*, and good-humored braggadocio. *Stiff, shy, reserved, silent, modest*, were words that might have had no existence in the (English or American) language, so far as he was concerned with them. Ashburner could not help wondering at the matter-of-course tone in which a young man, little older than himself, and considerably under thirty, spoke of "What I said to Daniel Webster," and "When I was trustee of the Historical," and "The petition that we are getting up to the Common Council to open the Tenth Avenue," and "When I was seeing about Mary's settlements," and "Once, when I knew more about stocks than I do now, and used to write the money articles for the *Blunder and Bluster*;" in short, he talked like a man who had already been for years a well-established and important member of the community. Whatever his establishment did not possess, he made no attempt to conceal the deficiency of; whatever he had was usually pretty good of its kind, and he made no secret of that either. When Ashburner came to know him better, he found the secret of this, which was twofold.

Henry Benson was an orphan, as the reader may or may not remember. Since his wedding he had lost his father-in-law and grandfather; married off his sister to a rich Philadelphian; quarreled with most of his cousins; and so, with the exception of his brother Carl (and him he met, perhaps six times in the course of a year), he had no one to depend upon, look up to, or consult, and was entirely left to his own energies and discretion. The death of his relatives had increased his independence as well as his isolation, by doubling his income. During his childhood he had seen a good deal of rough life in country boarding-schools—places where instances have been known of boys being compelled to clean their masters' horse or boots, precisely *à la Dotheboys Hall*. His quick apprehension and retentive memory made him a fit subject for the superficial and miscellaneous, but very practical education, common in his country. His foreign travel added to this a fair speaking acquaintance with three or four modern languages, and a knowledge of the dishes, and dresses, and other obvious external peculiarities of the principal nations in Europe. He made a first-rate match, almost without an effort on his part. All these things put him in a position nearly answering to the Greek idea of the man *αὐταρκὴς*, or self-sufficient. He knew no subject very deeply or accurately, but something about almost every subject in the schedule of human knowledge; and whatever he did know was always at his command and ready to be made the most of. He could write newspaper and magazine articles, critical, political, or financial, with vast facility, being restrained by no modest doubts or scruples; and could stand up and harangue any number of people about any topic, without notice (a faculty, it may be here remarked, which comes by nature to all Americans, educated or uneducated). He did his own marketing, and collected his own rents and interests. He could show his cook how to prepare a new dish, and draw patterns of carriages for his coach-maker. Half the time he cleaned his gloves and varnished his dress-boots himself, being fully persuaded that he could do them better than his man. He drove about the country in his wagon without a servant; and if he had occasion to stop at any place where the stable-boy was out of the way or occupied, unharnessed his own trotter with little difficulty, and less scruple. He was always well up in the prices of stocks and real estate. When he chose to play Sybarite, he surrounded his friends with all the comforts that wealth could procure, while he was still independent of all the ministers of luxury, and could have roughed it at any moment, with the most enterprising traveler, though in the daily enjoyment of silken ease at home. Such a man's consciousness of independence is apt, nay sure, to make him a little conceited; and those young men, of whom Benson is a marked and favorable type, are conceited, it must be owned, and talk in a way beyond their years, to judge by the customs of any other country: but then, in no other country are young men similarly circumstanced, educated, and developed.

But the showy and flourishing style of Young America was, moreover, increased in

this particular instance by Benson's position as host. The Englishman is by nature rather charitable than hospitable. Generous to the foreigner if he comes before him in *formâ pauperis*, he is otherwise not over desirous of his company, or solicitous of his good opinion. Perfectly satisfied with himself and his country, he relies for any future possible improvement on the progressive idealization of his own character, not on the adoption of any hints from abroad. When he travels, he generally contrives to carry a little England of his own about with him; and, therefore, seldom requiring the assistance of others in a foreign land, he cannot fully appreciate the difficulties of a foreigner in his. The American is naturally hospitable. The mere name of 'stranger' makes a man to him an object, not of suspicion, but of sympathy—and this, too, though he has suffered from foreign impostors quite as much in proportion as honest John Bull. Feeling that his country is a new one, and yet making its position in the world; knowing, too, that everything connected with it is apt to be misconceived and misrepresented in Europe, he is painfully anxious to put his best foot foremost in the presence of strangers, and to prove to them, not by words alone, but by deeds, that his countrymen are neither illiterate nor uncivilized. His ambition extends further still; he delights to startle his visitor with fast trotters and elegantly-built carriages, miraculously cut coats, sumptuous furniture, old Madeira, canvass-backs, beautiful women, and other vanities of the world, in the highest perfection.

Thus it happened, that whatever Benson said or did was said or done with a view to showing off before Ashburner. He dressed half-a-dozen times a-day, in fancy cutaways, wonderful checked trowsers, with cross-bars of different but harmoniously blended colors, and an infinite variety of cravats and waistcoats; and regularly put himself into a dress-coat and black continuations, diamond studs and varnished boots, for their four o'clock dinner, at which he plied his guest with choice vintages, the names of which were as puzzling to him as the flavors were delicious. Then, again, to show that he was not a mere fine gentleman, he would put on the seediest of summer paletôts and moleskin trowsers, with an old straw hat or oilskin cap, and in that trim drive Ashburner to see the High Bridge or other lions within five or six miles, or ramble about the country with him before breakfast. Though very fast for a short brush, he was evidently unused to long walks, and terribly pounded by them; but having discovered that Ashburner liked this kind of exercise, he accompanied him heroically for hours, at an almost professional pace, consoling his fatigue afterward as best he might by vast potations of cobbler. He labored hard, and not unsuccessfully, to beat Ashburner at his own game of billiards.* He always managed to have his magazine articles laid about on tables where his friend would be pretty sure to read them; while, on the other hand, he was careful to keep out of his way any less favorable specimens of the periodical literature of the country: and Ashburner once detected him, at a neighbor's house, in the act of hiding a particularly scandalous number of *The Sewer*, lest it might fall under the stranger's observation. Conscious that his Latin and Greek was not on a par with the Englishman's, he branched out largely, whenever occasion offered, into German, French, and Spanish literature; particularly the last, where he had it all his own way; still he did not abstain from bringing in a little classical allusion when an obvious opportunity afforded itself. And generally he was sedulous to say smart things, and tell good stories. In all which matters, except the pedestrianism, his wife imitated, or, it would be more correct to say, surpassed him; for she had more art of concealing her art, and her efforts were less obvious. The couple were never at a loss, never dull, never uninteresting, and, withal, showed such good nature and sincere desire to make their guest at home, that in three days Ashburner felt as if he had known them all his life.

The knowledge that Harry Benson had a friend from abroad stopping with him, was the signal for letting loose all the hospitality of the neighborhood—not a very large neighborhood so far as it concerned Benson, though his country acquaintance was somewhat less select than his town set. Small as it was, Ashburner received invitations enough in that week to have lasted him two months, and some of them without the formality of a previous introduction. He dined and supped in all directions; but all his entertainers, though equally hospitable, did not make so favorable an impression on him as his original host had done. The younger men were mostly merchants, who came up daily from the city by a late train; the older, retired bankers, who still amused themselves by little speculations. Their talk was of wines and the stock-market, with an occasional cross of trotting-horse. It was at one of their tables that Ashburner learned (what Harry himself had with difficulty refrained from telling him) that Benson once, as a great favor, let a rich Southerner have some half-dozen bottles of the Vanderlyn Sercial at twenty-five dollars per bottle. The women pleased him more; most of the daughters were pretty, and some of the mothers retained beauty enough to convince him that *all* American women do not grow old at thirty. Both mothers and daughters were always ready to keep up the conversation, evidently considering it their duty to try to amuse the stranger. When Ashburner next wrote to his respected governor, he did not deem it unpatriotic, or beneath his dignity, to admit that he had passed one of the pleasantest weeks in his life under the roof of his old Heidelberg acquaintance, Henry Benson.

* The Americans usually play four-ball games, scoring the losing hazards *against* the party making them.

[From the Leader.]

CHAUNTS OF THE ANGELS.

LIVING *to-day*
With God's Book before thee,
What book of yesterday
Shall have rule o'er thee?
Let the soul's voice be heard;
This is the LIVING WORD;
This is the Holy Ghost whom men blaspheme;
This was the prophets' guide—
Tried, tempted, crucified;
This was Christ's glory, his stay, and his theme.

Seeing *to-day*
Fresh advents of Beauty,
What man of yesterday
Knoweth thy duty!
Let the soul's voice be heard:
This is the LIVING WORD;
This is the Holy Ghost, whom men blaspheme;
This was the prophets' guide—
Tried, tempted, crucified;
This was Christ's glory, his stay, and his theme.

Waiting *to-day*
A new Revelation,
What creed of yesterday
Brings thee salvation;
Let the soul's voice be heard:
This is the LIVING WORD;
This is the Holy Ghost whom men blaspheme;
This was the prophets' guide—
Tried, tempted, crucified;
This was Christ's glory, his stay, and his theme.

K. B.

[From Household Words.]

OLD BRANK, THE FORGER.

IT took a quarter of a century to bring the art of forging Bank notes to perfection. In 1779, this was nearly attained by an ingenious gentleman named Mathison, a watchmaker, from the matrimonial village of Gretna Green. Having learnt the arts of engraving and of simulating signatures, he tried his hand at the notes of the Darlington Bank; but, with the confidence of skill, was not cautious in passing them, was suspected, and absconded to Edinburgh. Scorning to let his talent be wasted, he favored the Scottish public with many spurious Royal Bank of Scotland notes, and regularly forged his way by their aid to London. At the end of February he took handsome lodgings in the Strand, opposite Arundel street. His industry was remarkable; for, by the 12th of March, he had planed and polished rough pieces of copper, engraved them, forged the water-mark, printed and negotiated several impressions. His plan was to travel and to purchase articles in shops. He bought a pair of shoe-buckles at Coventry with a forged note, which was eventually detected at the Bank of England. He had got so bold that he paid such frequent visits in Threadneedle street that the Bank clerks became familiar with his person. He was continually changing notes of one, for another denomination. These were his originals, which he procured to make spurious copies of. One day seven thousand pounds came in from the Stamp Office. There was a dispute about one of the notes. Mathison, who was present, though at some distance, declared, oracularly, that the note was a good one. How could he know so well? A dawn of suspicion arose in the minds of the clerks; one trail led into another, and Mathison was finally apprehended. So well were his notes forged that, on the trial, an experienced Bank clerk declared he could not tell whether the note handed him to examine was forged or not. Mathison offered to reveal his secret of forging the water-mark, if mercy were shown to him; this was refused, and he suffered the penalty of his crime.

Mathison was a genius in his criminal way, but a greater than he appeared in 1786. In that year perfection seemed to have been reached. So considerable was the circulation of spurious paper-money that it appeared as if some unknown power had set up a bank of its own. Notes were issued from it, and readily passed current, in hundreds and thousands. They were not to be distinguished from the genuine paper of Threadneedle street. Indeed, when one was presented there, in due course, so complete were all its parts; so masterly the engraving; so correct the signatures; so skillful the water-mark, that it was promptly paid; and only discovered to be a forgery when it reached a particular department. From that period forged paper continued to be presented, especially at the time of lottery drawing. Consultations were held with the police. Plans were laid to help detection. Every effort was made to trace the forger. Clarke, the best detective of his day, went, like a sluth-hound, on the track; for in those days the expressive word "blood-money" was known. Up to a certain point there was little difficulty; but beyond that, consummate art defied the ingenuity of the officer. In whatever way the notes came, the train of discovery always paused at the lottery-offices. Advertisements offering large rewards were circulated; but the unknown forger baffled detection.

While this base paper was in full currency, there appeared an advertisement in the Daily Advertiser, for a servant. The successful applicant was a young man, in the employment of a musical-instrument maker; who, some time after, was called upon by a coachman, and informed that the advertiser was waiting in a coach to see him. The young man was desired to enter the conveyance, where he beheld a person with something of the appearance of a foreigner, sixty or seventy years old, apparently troubled with the gout. A can- let surtout was buttoned round his mouth; a large patch was placed over his left eye; a- nearly every part of his face was conceal- He affected much infirmity. He had a fa- hectic cough; and invariably presented the patched side to the view of the serv- nt. After some conversation—in the course of which he represented himself as guardia- n to a young nobleman of great fortune—the interview concluded with the engagemen- of the applicant; and the new servant was directed to call on Mr. Brank, at 29, Titchfield street, Oxford street. At this interview Brank inveighed against his whimsical ward for his love of speculating in lottery tickets; and told the servant that his principal duty

would be to purchase them. After one or two meetings, at each of which Brank kept his face muffled, he handed a forty and twenty pound Bank note; told the servant to be very careful not to lose them; and directed him to buy lottery tickets at separate offices. The young man fulfilled his instructions, and at the moment he was returning, was suddenly called by his employer from the other side of the street, congratulated on his rapidity, and then told to go to various other offices in the neighborhood of the Royal Exchange, and to purchase more shares. Four hundred pounds in Bank of England notes were handed him, and the wishes of the mysterious Mr. Brank were satisfactorily effected. These scenes were continually enacted. Notes to a large amount were thus circulated; lottery-tickets purchased; and Mr. Brank—always in a coach, with his face studiously concealed—was ever ready on the spot to receive them. The surprise of the servant was somewhat excited; but had he known that from the period he left his master to purchase the tickets, one female figure accompanied all his movements; that when he entered the offices, it waited at the door, peered cautiously in at the window, hovered around him like a second shadow, watched him carefully, and never left him until once more he was in the company of his employer—that surprise would have been greatly increased.* Again and again were these extraordinary scenes rehearsed. At last the Bank obtained a clew, and the servant was taken into custody. The directors imagined that they had secured the actor of so many parts; that the flood of forged notes which had inundated that establishment would at length be dammed up at its source. Their hopes proved fallacious, and it was found that "Old Patch," (as the mysterious forger was, from the servant's description, nick-named) had been sufficiently clever to baffle the Bank directors. The house in Titchfield street was searched; but Mr. Brank had deserted it, and not a trace of a single implement of forgery was to be seen.

All that could be obtained was some little knowledge of "Old Patch's" proceedings. It appeared that he carried on his paper coining entirely by himself. His only confidant was his mistress. He was his own engraver. He even made his own ink. He manufactured his own paper. With a private press he worked his own notes; and counterfeited the signatures of the cashiers completely. But these discoveries had no effect; for it became evident that Mr. Patch had set up a press elsewhere. Although his secret continued as impenetrable, his notes became as plentiful as ever. Five years of unbounded prosperity ought to have satisfied him; but it did not. Success seemed to pall him. His genius was of that insatiable order which demands new excitements, and a constant succession of new flights. The following paragraph from a newspaper of 1786 relates to the same individual:—

"On the 17th of December, ten pounds was paid into the Bank, for which the clerk, as usual, gave a ticket to receive a Bank note of equal value. This ticket ought to have been carried immediately to the cashier, instead of which the bearer took it home, and curiously added an 0 to the original sum, and returning, presented it so altered to the cashier, for which he received a note of one hundred pounds. In the evening, the clerks found a deficiency in the accounts; and on examining the tickets of the day, not only that but two others were discovered to have been altered in the same manner. In the one, the figure 1 was altered to 4, and in another to 5, by which the artist received, upon the whole, nearly one thousand pounds."

To that princely felony, Old Patch, as will be seen in the sequel, added smaller misdemeanors which one would think were far beneath his notice; except to convince himself and his mistress of the unbounded facility of his genius for fraud.

At that period the affluent public were saddled with a tax on plate; and many experiments were made to evade it. Among others, one was invented by a Mr. Charles Price, a stock-jobber and lottery-office keeper, which, for a time, puzzled the tax-gatherer. Mr. Charles Price lived in great style, gave splendid dinners, and did everything on the grandest scale. Yet Mr. Charles Price had no plate! The authorities could not find so much as a silver tooth-pick on his magnificent premises. In truth, what he was too cunning to possess, he borrowed. For one of his sumptuous entertainments, he hired the plate of a silversmith in Cornhill, and left the value in bank-notes as security for its safe return. One of these notes having proved a forgery, was traced to Mr. Charles Price; and Mr. Charles Price was not to be found at that particular juncture. Although this excited no surprise—for he was often an absentee from his office for short periods—yet in due course, and as a formal matter of business, an officer was set to find him, and to ask his explanation regarding the false note. After tracing a man who he had a strong notion was Mr. Charles Price through countless lodgings and innumerable disguises, the officer (to use his own expression) "nabbed" Mr. Charles Price. But, as Mr. Clarke observed, his prisoner and his prisoner's lady were even then "too many" for him; for although he lost not a moment in trying to secure the forging implements, after he had discovered that Mr. Charles Price, and Mr. Brank, and Old Patch, were all concentrated in the person of his prisoner, he found the lady had destroyed every trace of evidence. Not a vestige of the forging factory was left. Not the point of a graver, nor a single spot of ink, nor a shred of silver paper, nor a scrap of anybody's handwriting, was to be met with. Despite, however, this paucity of evi-

* Francis's History of the Bank of England.

dence to convict him, Mr. Charles Price had not the courage to face a jury, and eventually he saved the judicature and the Tyburn executive much trouble and expense, by hanging himself in Bridewell.

The success of Mr. Charles Price has never been surpassed; and even after the darkest era in the history of Bank forgeries—which dates from the suspension of cash payments, in February, 1797, and which will be treated of in a succeeding paper—"Old Patch" was still remembered as the Cæsar of Forgers.

MORE OF PRAED.

FROM a new edition of the works of this cleverest magazinist in his department who ever wrote in England, we copy the following pieces, hitherto unpublished in this country:—

CASSANDRA.

I.

"THEY hurried to the feast.
The warrior and the priest,
And the gay maiden with her jeweled brow;
The minstrel's harp and voice
Said 'Triumph and rejoice!'
One only mourned!—many are mourning now!

II.

"'Peace! startle not the light
With the wild dreams of night;'—
So spake the Princes in their pride and joy,
When I in their dull ears
Shrieked forth my tale of tears,
'Woe to the gorgeous city, woe to Troy!'—

III.

"Ye watch the dun smoke rise
Up to the lurid skies;
Ye see the red light flickering on the stream;
Ye listen to the fall
Of gate, and tower, and wall;
Sisters, the time is come!—alas, it is no dream!

IV.

"Through hall, and court, and porch,
Glides on the pitiless torch;
The swift avengers faint not in their toil:
Vain now the matron's sighs;
Vain now the infant's cries;—
Look, sisters, look, who leads them to the spoil?

V.

"Not Pyrrhus, though his hand
Is on his father's brand;
Not the fell framer of the accursed Steed;
Not Nestor's hoary head;
Nor Teucer's rapid tread;
Nor the fierce wrath of impious Diomede.

VI.

"Visions of deeper fear
To-night are warring here;—
I know them, sisters, the mysterious Three;
Minerva's lightning frown,
And Juno's golden crown,
And him, the mighty ruler of the sounding sea.

VII.

"Through wailing and through woe,
Silent and stern they go;—
So have I ever seen them in my trance!—
Exultingly they guide
Destruction's fiery tide,
And lift the dazzling shield, and poise the deadly lance.

VIII.

"Lo! where the old man stands,
Folding his palsied hands,
And muttering, with white lips, his querulous prayer:
'Where is my noble son,
My best, my bravest one,—
Troy's hope and Priam's,—where is Hector, where?'

IX.

"Why is thy falchion grasped?
Why is thy helmet clasped?
Fitter the fillet for such brow as thine!—
The altar reeks with gore;—
Oh sisters, look no more!
It is our father's blood upon the shrine!

X.

"And ye, alas! must roam
Far from your desolate home,
Far from lost Ilium, o'er the joyless wave;
Ye may not from those bowers
Gather the trampled flowers,
To wreathe sad garlands for your brethren's grave.

XI.

"Away, away! the gale
Stirs the white-bosomed sail;
Hence!—look not back to freedom or to fame;
Labor must be your doom,
Night-watchings, days of gloom,
The bitter bread of tears, the bridal couch of shame

XII.

"Even now some Grecian dame
Beholds the signal flame,
And waits expectant the returning fleet;
'Why lingers yet my lord?
Hath he not sheathed his sword—
Will he not bring my handmaid to my feet?'

XIII.

"Me too the dark Fates call;
Their sway is over all,
Captor and captive, prison-house and throne;—
I tell of others' lot;
They hear me, heed me not!
Hide, angry Phœbus, hide from me mine own."

MY LITTLE COUSINS.

E voi ridete?—Certo ridiamo
Così fan tutte.

I.

LAUGH on, fair Cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair,
And every month is May;
You've not been introduced to Care,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

II.

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice, whose every word is song,
Will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers,—hopes and fears
Will chase their rest away;
To-morrow, you'll be shedding tears,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

III.

Oh yes; if any truth is found
In the dull schoolman's theme,—
If friendship is an empty sound,
And love an idle dream,—
If mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigu
Too soon on life's long way,
At least he'll run with you a league,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

IV.

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
As childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight,
And dearer to the heart;
You may be sinless still, and see
This earth still green and gay;
But what you are you will not be,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

V.

O'er me have many winters crept,
With less of grief than joy;
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept,—
I am no more a boy!
I've never had the gout, 't is true,
My hair is hardly gray;
But now I cannot laugh like you;
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

VI.

I used to have as glad a face,
As shadowless a brow:
I once could run as blithe a race
As you are running now;
But never mind how I behave,
Don't interrupt your play,
And though I look so very grave,
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day.

[From Sharpe's Magazine.]

EGYPT AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEVANTINE FAMILY."

THE present political condition of Egypt is interesting to study in itself, and may hereafter prove a subject practically important to this country. A very complete change has lately taken place in the depositaries of authority, but time has scarcely been allowed for deciding how this change will manifest itself in the condition of the people at large. The speculations indulged in toward the close of the life of Mohammed Ali must, in some respects, be at fault; for the expected ordeal of military government under Ibrahim Pasha has been mercifully averted from the valley of the Nile.

Let us, however, for the better comprehension of our subject, transport ourselves back to the time when the sway of the celebrated viceroy had produced its ultimate results—when Egypt panted under the stationary atmosphere of a consolidated despotism: for we shall thus have an idea of its present state, except that the guiding power is less firm, no new impulse having as yet been imparted. In a few words, we shall endeavor to sketch not the apparent but the real position of Egypt at that epoch. This distinction is important; because those persons who have usually undertaken to give Europe the requisite information have almost purposely confined themselves to descriptions of institutions which certainly exist in name, but which have little more effect on the condition of the country than the Armenian college at Paris has upon the prosperity of Auvergne: positively not so much as the India House exerts on the manners of London. The only writers we know who have avoided this method are M. Schœlcher, and at a more remote period, Mr. J. A. St. John. The latter traveler, it is true, enlarges on the European improvements of the Pasha; but at that time they were in the full vigor of youth. In fifteen years, despite the constant renewal of the material aids, they died away by inches, and when we reached the country, resembled the dried up stalks of exotic plants, carelessly thrown down by an ignorant gardener, in a soil and beneath a climate totally unfitted for them.

Setting all these things aside, as soon as their vanity appeared, we determined to ascertain what was the real action of the government. We looked first at the appearance of the people, and found, that as a rule, whilst enjoying the equivocal health and strength vouchsafed to most southern races, they were ill-clad, and for the most part evidently ill-fed. The exceptions occurred only in those cases where contact with Europeans afforded a sufficient explanation. Their huts were even more miserable than of yore; and wretched mud villages were every day swallowing up the populations of the brick-built towns. Alexandria alone was increasing in size and population—the only sign of an increasing commerce, which, in a healthy country, would have been accompanied by the increasing well-being of every Fellah, even to the very southern frontier.

In a moral point of view it was equally evident that no improvement had taken place; for we do not call improvement the extinction of the persecuting spirit, the absence of active bigotry. Travelers, of course, find this very convenient. They are charmed with their intercourse with a people whom they may order about as they please, and if the spirit move them, insult and ill-treat without danger; but they do not know, or choose to overlook, the fact, that this humility is the result of the crushing despotism which Mohammed Ali organized in the country. Education, properly speaking, is perfectly unknown. As of yore, a good many Arabs learn to read; but their erudition is confined to some chapters of the Koran. A newspaper, partly in Turkish and partly in Arabic, is published at Cairo; but its circulation is entirely a forced one among the officers in the Pasha's service, from whose pay the price is deducted. The best proof that the Egyptian mind remains stationary is, perhaps, that all the public offices almost are filled, as before, by lazy Turks, wily Armenians, and sneaking Copts.

These remarks, as the form in which they are made will imply, are as applicable now as they were during the period to which we more particularly refer—the latter years of Mohammed Ali's government. At that time we took especial care to observe in what way public business was carried on; and the result was curious enough. Wherever indifferent matters were concerned, or it was desired to throw dust into the eyes of European visitors, all manner of forms were resorted to; and it positively appeared at times that civilization had penetrated into the country. But, after all, the only really important occasions upon which an Egyptian comes in contact with power are in the administration of justice and the levying of taxes. A few words on each of these subjects may be both amusing and instructive.

There exists, properly speaking, no law in Egypt. Every case is decided by what may be called ecclesiastical rules—that is to say, according to the Koran;—or by the arbitrary pleasure of the judge. I remember a curious circumstance, which will illustrate the danger of allowing English subjects to depend for protection on the laws of the country in which they may reside. A man was murdered on the Marina in Alexandria. The watch found him lying in the middle of the street; and on examining the neighborhood, fell in with six sailors, landed to spend the evening from some Liverpool vessel. According to the laudable custom of our countrymen, they were all half-seas over; and being able to give no account of themselves, were taken, with much ill-treatment, to the house of the head of the police, and locked

up, being accused of having stabbed the poor Arab whose body had been found. Next day, our consulate claimed them, and they were transferred to the British prison—a miserable hole, it is true, but a paradise to the poor fellows in comparison with an Arab lock-up. Here they amused themselves by a variety of attempts at escaping—whilst a careful investigation was set on foot. It was clear as noonday that they had nothing to do with the crime that had been committed; but when a judicial decision to this effect had been given, the native government—indignant at the inefficient action of European justice—applied for the six men to be given up, in order that they might be *nabooked*—that is, tortured with the stick into a confession.

Another case is equally characteristic. Some produce was stolen from a boat belonging to a Frank; and a complaint being lodged, the crew of an Arab kanjia was suspected of the delinquency. An inquisition, however, discovered not the slightest proof of guilt, which fact was announced to the consul of the complaining party in a letter from the *Ministre des Affaires Etrangères*—commonly called by the wags, the *Ministre des Etrange Affaires*—Artim Bey. "The *innocence* of the accused parties being *manifest*," concluded this document, of which we obtained a copy, "it may seem hard to punish these poor wretches. However, in order that the desire of his Highness the Viceroy to act according to the laws of justice may shine with refulgence, the reis shall receive condign punishment." The usual compliments followed; and the minister signed in full—no doubt perfectly persuaded that he had acted so as to secure respect and admiration. In spite of an answer to the effect that under the circumstances nothing was expected to be done, the poor *reis* (captain) fell a victim to an obstinate fit of love of justice, and was sentenced to the galleys for life!

A Trieste merchant forwarded to Egypt some cases of the best steel for sale. They were placed in the hands of a Muslim, who kept them for a long time without giving any account. At length, in answer to a strenuous remonstrance, he said he had been unable to sell, and sent back cases of bad iron cut of the same size. The fraud, being complained of, was denied. The Kadi was appealed to, and without any serious examination of the affair, ordered the man to be beaten for thirty-nine minutes, so that he never properly recovered. No other redress could be obtained; but a representation was made to the viceroy on the barbarity of the punishment inflicted—which was so great that Europeans would be generally deterred from seeking redress for the future. The answer was, that as a reparation to the injured feelings of humanity, the judge should be awarded the same punishment! Complaint of one barbarity, therefore, only led to another.

This is the way in which justice is administered, even when Europeans are mixed up, in all cases where the influence of government is supposed to be compromised. When mere natives are concerned, there is no limit to the cruelties committed. The stick governs Egypt as well as China. Every other man seems to have been nabooked at least once; and wonderful is the apathy with which the awful infliction is borne. Death rarely ensues unless the blows are purposely calculated to produce that effect. The best known instance is that of a Coptic clerk, beaten to death *by order* for a supposed error in his accounts, in presence of the Pasha and two European consuls; happily, not of first-rate standing. They represented Greece and Belgium.

When the government is not directly interested, a rough kind of justice is administered occasionally, but the system of bribes is carried to a very great extent. A man once murdered his wife, by throwing her down a well. Her parents seized the guilty husband and dragged him before the governor of Cairo. The case was so flagrant, the evidence so irresistible, that every one expected a capital condemnation. But no! if report be not a liar, the accused contrived to forward a promise of a large sum of money to the upright judge, and a loophole was instantly formed for his escape. "The Koran saith," quoth the upright judge, "that revenge for murder shall be sought by the nearest relation of the deceased. Doth the nearest relation demand blood?" "Yes," cried the father of the poor woman. "I demand blood. I am the nearest relation." "Not so," replied the upright judge. "The nearest relative is the child of the woman, now two years old. When he cometh to man's estate, he may demand justice. Until then I dismiss the case."

These facts, which might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, explain the astonishment and suppressed ridicule with which were received in Egypt the pedantic propositions of the French government, who demanded before 1840, that Mohammed Ali should grant "a *charte*, a national representation, trial by jury, and all modern institutions." At this price, it is said, they were ready to guarantee his absolute independence. After 1840, the agents of Louis Philippe, we are sorry to say, became as easy as they had before been puritanical; and we have seen a letter in which the French consul-general refused to interfere for the redress of an injury, because, on the eve of his departure for France, he did not wish to create an ill-feeling against himself in the Pasha's mind.

A very few words will explain the fiscal arrangement of the Egyptian government. The principle in the collection of the revenue, is to take from the people as much as possibly can be taken, no matter by what means. An able politician, long resident in the country, calculated that the fellahs pay ninety-five per cent. of the produce of their labor. This

will easily be imagined, when we know, that from a population of less than two millions and a half, a sum exceeding four million pounds is annually got into the treasury. The taxes are levied by the governors of the provinces and their subordinates, who are all guilty of enormous robbery. No appeal is possible; and the result is that about three half-pence per day is the average amount upon which the inhabitants of this rich country are reduced to live. The principle of *mutual responsibility*, invented for the Pasha, to their disgrace, by his French advisers, is rigidly applied. Neighbor pays for neighbor, village for village, district for district; so that the man or set of men whose backs and feet are well hardened, can shift off payment upon those who are more delicately constituted.

It may easily be imagined, that under such a system, much difficulty is experienced in keeping the population stationary, in spite of the proverbial love of the Arab for his village. Great blame has been thrown upon the English government for depriving Syria of the benefits of Mohammed Ali's enlightened rule; but facts are stubborn things. The eastern provinces of Lower Egypt are absolutely depopulated by emigration to Syria; and if a slight relaxation of rigor had not taken place in them, they would soon have been converted into a desert. The province of Shargieh was once under the government of a certain Abderrahman Bey, who, finding difficulty in getting in the tribute, absolutely sawed many fellahs in two between planks, as an example to the other tardy taxpayers. Fifty thousand people are said to have left Egypt and fled across the desert to escape from this awful rule; and it was thought prudent to sentence the Bey to the galleys for three years, especially as an opportunity was thus afforded for the confiscation of the wealth he had amassed. When his period had elapsed, the services of so good a collector were again put in requisition in the same place; and whilst we were in Egypt, he left his chains at Abukir, and returned to the Shargieh with instructions to be a little less zealous for the future.

There is scarcely a fellah—that is, agricultural laborer—who would not, if he were able, leave the country to take refuge in the cities of Alexandria and Cairo, where the mere agglomeration of men constitutes some protection from despotism. To put a stop to this process, very severe measures have been adopted. The peasant who escapes is flogged and sent back to his village, whilst the punishment of death is sometimes inflicted on the person who receives him. I remember an instance in which the presumed concealer of that contraband article, a peasant, was hanged before his own door. The representative of a European power, I believe of France, made a strong remonstrance, but too late. The justice of Mohammed Ali was expeditious. It turned out afterward that an innocent person had been punished by mistake for the guilty one; whereupon the regenerator of Egypt mercifully remarked that one life was enough for one offense, and the real culprit got off scot-free.

The great viceroy's intellect began to decline some years before he was admitted to be totally incapable of holding the reins of government; and some very curious anecdotes might be related of his doings. But some of them are too Eastern, and others are tolerably well known. Toward the end of 1847, very unequivocal signs of madness manifested themselves, and in the month of June, 1848, it became necessary to put him under some restraint, and substitute a piece of pasteboard for the blade of his sword, which he sometimes wished to use against his own relatives. Great was the excitement among the political circles of Egypt. Two very well defined parties existed,—one advocating the arranged succession of Ibrahim Pasha, the other predicting, and consequently desiring, that Abbas Pasha, upon the death of his grandfather, would make a bold stroke for the viceroyalty. Ibrahim, the seraskier, or generalissimo, as is well known, was supposed to stand in the same relation to Mohammed Ali that Eugène Beauharnais did to Napoleon. The genuine descendant, therefore, was persuaded that he had a better right. The claims of both were equivocal, so far as the interest of the country was concerned. Ibrahim, who had public opinion in Europe in his favor, had little else to recommend him. His qualities as a general, by no means of the first order, were not likely to stand him in much stead in the government of a country. On the contrary, his ambition was all military, and he showed a marked propensity to play at soldiers. It was true, he had exhibited some taste for agriculture, and possessed magnificent gardens and rich farms; but he could not be said to encourage industry of any kind. His character even exhibited itself in a worse light from this point of view than from any other. His lands, flourishing and verdant as they were, were always abodes of the profoundest misery. This arose partly from his having been also a manufacturer, paying his agricultural laborers in sugar and tarbooshes at an arbitrary value! He ruined a whole town by seizing on the inhabitants, and compelling them to enter his works. He was a hard master, and punished the slightest offenses most unmercifully. Many respectable Turks might be seen at his palace at Koobbeh, near Cairo, working in chains. This private jurisdiction of the great people of Egyyt reminds one of the middle ages. Ibrahim and other folks high in rank had prisons of their own in Alexandria and Cairo; and hopeless, indeed, was the lot of whoever was thrust into them. To proceed—the seraskier was universally acknowledged to be sanguinary. We do not give examples, because the most characteristic are unrepeatable. It will be sufficient to say, that the women pronounced his name with a shudder, and invariably added the

epithet, *Zalem*, "tyrant." This was a dreadful judgment in a country where Mohammed Ali was described by the people as, after all, "not a very bad man." Ibrahim affected European politeness, shaking hands, wearing tight breeches, and doing many things in a Frankish style, quite disgusting to the Moslems; but he was only a cruel and debauched Turk, a little Frenchified in externals.

Abbas Pasha "enjoyed" also a very bad character for debauchery, but, had he tried, could not have surpassed his uncle. He was said not to be cruel, and has since not given any proof that this good opinion was unfounded. He delighted chiefly in horses, and his challenge to the Jockey Club is well known. Ram-fighting, also, he considered a great amusement; and he would shake his enormous paunch and roar with pleasure at every exploit of the horned combatants. Some people, wiser than their neighbors, maintained that all this was deep policy, and that, whilst leading apparently a frivolous life, Abbas was organizing a deep conspiracy among the bigoted part of the Turks to oust Ibrahim in case of the viceroy's death. When we were in Cairo we heard much talk of these doings, and plausible enough were the reasons brought forward in favor of the project. In the first place, it was said with some truth, the celebrated arrangement concluded after the Syrian war, by which the succession was to pass down through Ibrahim, had not in reality been guaranteed by England. All depended on the mere promise of the Sultan; and this promise might be set aside for political reasons. The seraskier was known to be profoundly hated by the people, and was suspected, moreover, of wishing to make some arrangement with the French (perhaps the cession of Alexandria or some fort commanding it,) in order to procure the recognition of his independence. On these and other grounds it was thought probable that if the Sultan refused the investiture to the supposed son of Mohammed Ali, and bestowed it on his real grandson, there would be but a nominal violation of faith.

For our part, although we preferred a government on pure Turkish principles, such as was expected from Abbas Pasha, to a bad imitation of French centralization, we looked with indifference upon all those intrigues, being perfectly convinced that ever since the word *amelioration* was first sounded in Egypt, the cart had been systematically put before the horse, and that all the schemes of improvement that had been constructed, owed their origin to speculators who did not know or did not care where the shoe pinched. Every man believed that there was nothing like leather. The engineer proposed the introduction of machinery and the construction of such works as the Barrage; the soldier recommended a regular army; some insisted on the utility of manufactures, others on the introduction of cotton; canals were the great panacea of one man, railroads of another. All these things were very good—most excellent in a special point of view, except the military establishment. The great mistake was, that they could not be introduced under the barbarous auspices of Mohammed Ali, without absolutely crushing the stable industry of the country—agriculture. Every innovation threw whole districts out of cultivation, and whilst public works multiplied on all sides, the population visibly diminished. Had any solid results been obtained, we might perhaps have justified in some respects all these fine doings. But the machinery when once imported is generally allowed to rust and go to pieces; the army is transformed into a huge gang of half-paid forced laborers; the Barrage, three times commenced, is abandoned: and so on. The country is covered with fields that ask for laborers, and are gradually disappearing under the encroaching desert. The diminished population cannot even now glean a sufficient subsistence from the fertile plains that remain, but wander, like Australian savages, amidst the richest crops in the world.

The remedy for all this misery is easy enough, but no reasonable plans are attended to in Egypt. Perhaps this is why they are so rarely made. Mohammed Ali listened only to the anachronisms which filled the conversation of his French friends. They proposed to destroy the cataracts in order to facilitate the navigation of the Nile, to deepen the bed of the river, (which shifts every year,) to enlarge the ports and harbors, and to introduce a vast system of canalization, to establish model farms, schools of design, colleges, universities, and what not. All these grand projects were to be carried out by means of additional taxation. Nobody ever condescended to reflect whether the country could bear the slightest increase of its burdens without absolutely perishing; much less did it occur to any one that all these improvements should begin with the fellahs themselves. They should be not forced, but encouraged to develop the resources of the land. Instead of being weighed down by taxes, they should be assisted in a manner proportioned to their knowledge and their intellects. Instead of being oppressed and dazzled by the prodigious superiority of Europeans, they should be incited to trust in themselves, to improve by slow degrees, to perfect gradually their own agricultural implements and modes of cultivation. A vast amount of labor is thrown away in Egypt by the miserable means employed to raise water; a few steam engines here and there would have done incalculable service, as would indeed an improved water-wheel, the present one wasting at least one-third of the quantity raised each turn. All attempts to graft European civilization on Egypt have hitherto failed. Could not an Egyptian civilization be developed? "Reduced taxation" would be our great panacea; spend less in costly importations of carriages, jewels, and machinery

doomed to rust; burn the fleet, dismiss the army, entice new settlers instead of driving away the old; abolish especially the capitation tax. Above all, let no magistrate or governor have anything to do with levying money; establish a revenue department, send all the copts to the plow, and if you employ Europeans on anything, employ them in this branch. Have English collectors, with Arabs under them, if you raise direct taxes at all—if the revenues of the port of Alexandria do not suffice to defray all legitimate expenses. An honest governor, with a firm character, acting on these principles, would soon raise Egypt to a state of unexampled prosperity, a state from which she would not look back with regret to the most brilliant period of the Pharaohs.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

THE SOUNDING STATUE OF MEMNON.

WHO has not heard of the sounding statue of Memnon of old, which, shrinking during the long and silent hours of night, sent its moaning voice forth when the rays of the rising sun lighted upon its granite front? Mankind are fond of paradox; contradictions act with a strange charm upon human nature. Generation after generation passes away, regretting the dreamy days of infancy, and craving for other sunset stories, and other fairy-tales, to think and dream of amidst the contentions of manhood and the diseases of old age. The unlikely thought is the most probable; and things impossible are for that reason eagerly believed. In the heart of mankind there is a leaning to untruth. A lie finds ready believers, where a truth looks vainly for credit. Mohammed died as king; Christ as malefactor. The most zealous votaries are those of error, and minds which have fallen a prey to a really unreasonable prejudice are not to be won over. While we smile at the tenacity with which people in former times clung to false notions and untrue ideas, we should, perhaps, be more tenacious of them if they were handed down to us. There are few of us who would not have sent Galileo to the stake; and very few of us who would like to lose that beautiful tale of Memnon of Egypt, and of his sounding statue.

History, as it is taught in our schools, is an odd mixture of anecdotes and fables, which the pupil gets by rote, as the master got them, and which, according to individual disposition, are in after-life remembered or forgotten. Some only adhere to the mind; a few anecdotes, a few fables, seem destined for universal remembrance: they cling to the memory; they haunt our dreams; if the torrent of events roll over them, they will rise from the waters after many days; they will be as clear and bright before the mind as in the hour when the pleasing tale first fell on the wondering ear of childhood.

Egypt is the land of mysteries; it is the land of the dead, where vast cities are built for them beneath the surface of the earth; where they have dwelt some thousands of years in uninterrupted silence and in darkness. All its grandeur and splendor are devoted to the mystery of the grave. Its mighty temples, its rock-built palaces, its stupendous fanes; the pyramids that rear their labyrinthine structures heavenward; their obelisks, gigantic monuments of men that had lived—are all but different kinds of graves. They are the habitations of the dead, who, like the silk-worm, had passed their lives in preparing a home after death. But Thebes, beyond any other, is the city of the dead. War, devastation, time, have destroyed her monuments; her temples have crumbled to dust. The City of a Hundred Gates, the oldest among the cities of the earth, which, even in the time of Herodotus was decaying, is now but the City of Ruins.

There is no sound of life among her crumbling fanes, among her broken columns. Beasts of prey walk her streets with noiseless tread; the vulture of the desert swims above in the blue air, but the hoarse tones of his voice die in the distance before they can waken the echoes of a thousand tombs. The wandering Turkoman shrinks from the approach of the city; ghost-like creatures destructive of human life—ghouls, which feed on the flesh and drink the blood of human beings, are said to live within its precincts: the hoofs of his horse tread noiselessly on the yellow sand, while his head is turned toward the desert. Thus had centuries passed in silence over the City of Ruins and of the Dead, were it not for one voice. On the plain of Thebes, close to her crumbled walls, there towers a gigantic human form to the skies. It is a colossal statue of granite; it represents a man in a sitting posture, with his hands resting on his thighs. The guardian spirit of that vast city is frozen into bleak black stone in viewing its desolation, and thus it sits, an eternal witness of eternal ruin. Years—many years—have come and gone; the sun of the evening still sets upon that dark and motionless form. The morning sun throws his first rays of light and warmth upon it, and the silence which reigns in the City of the Dead is broken. The cold stone, waking into life, utters a human voice of woe; a deep moaning sound streams on the wings of the morning wind far into the Libyan desert.

This moaning, how is it to be explained? Is it an expression of sorrow at the desolation upon which a new day shines? Is it a sound of joy when the light of morning dispels the frore shades of night? To the Greeks it was the last. Memnon—thus they held—a son of Aurora, sacrificed his life at the siege of Troy, where he sided with Priam against the Greeks. This statue in the plain of Thebes was dead and silent; but when the rays of Aurora fell upon the cold stone, it sounded a harmonious welcome to the goddess-mother of Memnon.

Thus in the midst of Egypt, and dating from a time when that mysterious country

had no connection whatever with neighboring nations, we find the statue of a Grecian hero, the monument of the son of a Grecian goddess. Thanks to the imaginative powers of their poets, and even of their historians, the Greeks were never embarrassed by the origin of geographical denominations. They had always a store of heroes and heroines, whose names were derived from the names which they wanted to explain. These imaginary persons and genealogies are of frequent recurrence in their works, and raise no doubt as to the most fabulous origins,—such as Canopus the founder of Canope, who was said to be pilot to Menelaus; and Pharus, who is said to have made or discovered the isle of Pharos. Pelusium is thus ascribed to Peleus, and Abydos to Abydus.

The Greeks, so well prepared to derive heroes from the names of places, found in Egypt and Ethiopia many vast buildings, which, in the language of the country, were styled Memnonia. They found a town of the name of Anteopolis, which was at once put down as founded by Anteus, the antagonist of Hercules, who was, in order to strengthen the probability, attached to the service of Osiris. The Memnonia were ascribed to Memnon, one of the persons in Homer's epics.

Memnon is twice mentioned in the *Odyssey;* once as a son of Aurora, by whose hands Antilochus fell; and the second time as the most beautiful of warriors, and as a son of Titho, brother to Priam. Beyond this in Homer's poems Memnon is solely mentioned as a member of the family of Priam, who came from a neighboring Oriental country to the rescue of Troy.

Almost all the poetic persons of the Greeks have in a similar manner their first origin in Homer. Later poets have but enlarged upon their characters and history. Hesiod quotes the son of Aurora as the King of the Ethiopians; the confusion of the two ideas of the Orient and of Ethiopia being perpetual among the ancients. Later poets have based large epopees on the few lines of the great poet. They sing the birth and exploits of Memnon, son of Aurora, killed by the ruthless hand of Achilles under the walls of Troy. Simonides, Pindar, and others, exalt the beautiful Memnon, who proceeded to Troy with an army of Ethiopians. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Theodectes, composed dramas in his honor, the titles of which have alone come down to us. But according to another tradition Memnon's father, Titho, was a Persian chief, who sent his son with 100,000 Ethiopians, as many Susians, and 100,000 battle-cars, to the assistance of Priam, his tributary.

So great a hero must have left monuments on record, and, indeed, a highway in Assyria bore his name. He is also said to have built the walls of Babylon; and according to some authors, it was he who founded Susa. It was there, they report, that he erected a range of magnificent buildings, which have, however, never existed except in the imaginations of poets; and Ctesias, who had vainly inquired for them, tells the travelers they need not trouble themselves with vain researches, these beautiful palaces having been destroyed before the reign of Cyrus. They have, indeed, disappeared like the far-famed tomb of Osymandyas, of which no trace remained in the days of Alexander; or that of Porsenna, which in Varro's time existed only in the fabulous traditions of Etruria. But whether the Memnonian palaces of Susa once really existed, or whether they were mere creations of poetic fancy, certain it is that Memnon, or some other person whose deeds were ascribed to him, was so famous that the road from Susa to Troy bore traces of his march. In the days of Pausanias they showed in Phrygia the camp where he had rested with his army. The priests of Esculapius at Nicomedia exhibited his sword. His tomb was in many places; at Troades, on the banks of the Escpus, where a town bore his name; at Paphos in Cypria, and at Susa. Aurora brought his corpse to the last-named city.

After Alexander's time, Memnon passed over into that country which is properly called Ethiopia. Diodorus says, the Ethiopians of Egypt (those of the south) contest this eastern origin of Memnon. 'They pretend that this man was born among them; and they show ancient palaces, which to this day they call Memnonia.' Demetrius, an obscure author, tells us that Titho sent another army of Ethiopians to the succor of his son. This army had proceeded as far as Abydos in Upper Egypt when the news of the hero's death reached them. They immediately stopped on their march, and all the soldiers hung their crowns on the acacias, which decorated the temenos of the temples. This myth is doubtlessly founded on the fact that Abydos, celebrated for her acacia woods and her temple of Osiris, contained buildings which bore the name of Memnonia, and for that reason were ascribed to Memnon.

Another myth dates from this epoch. Poets celebrate certain birds called Memnonides, which sprung from the ashes of Memnon. Among others they are mentioned by Ovid, *Metam.* xvii. 601, *sq.*:—

> Ab illo
> Memnonides dictæ, cum Soi duodena peregit
> Signa, parentali perituræ, Marte rebellant.

These birds were said to come at certain seasons of the year to clean the monument of Memnon with great care, and to moisten it with the waters of the Esepus, by dipping their wings into the stream. In Pliny's time it was a current report that the Memnonic birds arrived each year in the middle of Ethiopia to honor the hero. This is said of the Asiatic Memnon; for as to the Ethiopian hero of the same name, whose existence can scarcely be doubted, and of whom Damis affirms that he never had been at Troy, we must at once understand him to be a different person from the hero of Grecian song. The

Asiatic Memnon, whom the Grecian poets celebrate, may be a creature of imagination, but the builder or builders of the Memnonia, of those vast buildings of that name which formerly were found in almost all towns of Middle and Upper Egypt, has more substantial evidence for his existence. No Grecian traditions, before their acquaintance with Egypt, tell us of Memnon's exploits in Ethiopia Proper; but when the Greeks met with the Memnonia they were at once sure that these buildings were erected by the hero of their songs, and, forgetting the purely Asiatic scene of action which their traditions had hitherto assigned to Memnon, they exulted in finding their own hero, the son of one of their goddesses, known and respected among a barbarian nation. Understanding that there were Memnonia at Thebes, they resigned their own Memnon for a mightier one. The Thebans, however, were not so easily convinced. They knew that their Memnonia were but imitations of those Ethiopian buildings which we may safely ascribe to the race of the Pharaohs. Besides, the names of Rameses and Amenophis on the walls of the building were sufficient evidence for *them*. But it flattered their vanity to think that strangers had retained the memory of the great conquests of their ancient kings, and that the names of the works of art on which they prided themselves should correspond with the name of a foreign demi-god and invader. The circumstances of the Greeks transferring their Memnon into Ethiopia Proper, and thus making him a native of Africa, has induced later poets to represent him as black; while the Memnon of the earlier Grecian poets is white, according to his Asiatic origin.

We have allowed the smooth run of Grecian fable to carry us away from the famous sounding Colossus. Memnon has been silent since many hundred years. The voice of the desert is hushed, and travelers listen in vain for the harmony which salutes the break of day. But though it be gone, this sound, this voice of the stone, has occasioned many surmises; many hypotheses have been built upon it. The question, What occasioned this extraordinary sound? has long been mooted, and long unanswered. Letronne, the French antiquarian, has, indeed, thrown a new light upon a subject which, up to his time, had been laid in 'the double night of ages, and of Night's daughter, Ignorance.' On this, as on similar subjects, Speculation has done her best or her worst, and it was time that light should be thrown upon a matter which was obscured by the poetic fancies of many nations and ages. Metaphors will impress on the mind what it already knows; parables will illustrate, but can never explain a fact. An over-abundance of them, and on a subject which must be considered with the reflective eye of criticism, instead of bringing the matter home to the mind, makes us giddy and confused. And though we may regret the day-dreams of youth, when vail after vail falls before us, and the Memnon which existed in our fancy passes away to yield the place to the real Memnon, our regrets will not be lasting. The gain of rational knowledge will make up for the loss in fancy; the loss of poesy will be indemnified by the gains of history. And in history—in the true account of the men and things of former times—lies a deep and solemn poesy. The infancy of nations flies from it; their youth despised it; but verily the stone which the workmen cast aside, that stone has been made the cornerstone upon which the manhood of nations built a shrine of the true Goddess of Poesy.

It is scarcely possible to put any kind of faith in the strange connection which many persons, not poets, but men of study and of science, have thought proper to establish between the statue of Memnon and the *Symbolic* of the Orient. Symbolic as a science is, indeed, one of those pompous expressions in which our own time delights; and this term dispenses people, as they think, from exactly knowing what they say, and under the safeguard of it they attempt to explain to others what they themselves are far from comprehending. Thus Creuzer, a German antiquary of no small reputation, expresses his opinion that the sounding statue of Memnon was meant as a symbol of the limits of day and night; as the annual cycle of Psalms; as the matin-watch or the cycle of the Hores; as the sounding harmony of the Spheres; as an incorporate token of the light eternal; as a dial, indicative of the incarnations of the sun. These and many other interpretations are too beautiful to be true. We may ask, by what means our author arrives at results both so surprising and unprecedented? we are justified in the inquiry from what texts, on vellum or on stone, or from what documents, he collects his knowledge? from what trees he culls such fair fruits? A question of this kind would, perhaps, do more than startle—it would dismay. Forbearing, therefore, to trespass upon the acuteness of the feelings of so poetical a mind, we prefer advancing at once the incontrovertible proposition,—that whatever Creuzer and the Symbolists of his kind affect to know about the statue of Memnon, and its connection with the philosophy of Greece and India, must be derived either from the inscriptions on the statue itself, or from the writings of authors who witnessed the miracle of the sounding stone, who knew the opinions of men concerning it, and who, if any hidden meaning were expressed by the statue or its sound, must have been happy to explain the symbolic mystery. Knowledge is not intuitive; it does not enter the mind on the summer winds; it does not fall upon us as the rains of autumn; it must be striven for and gathered from certain fixed matter-of-fact sources. To prove the symbolic signification of the sounding statue, documents ought to have been produced, quotations to have been made, which supported the state-

ment of Memnon's being meant to indicate the cycle of Psalms, the matin-watch of the Hores, and similar fanciful things. An accidental similarity of sound does not constitute an identity of names, and the critical observer will be cautious how to allow a fortuitous coincidence of trivial facts to vitiate the final result of his investigations. We will now say a few words about the construction of the statue, its position, and its history.

And here we must teach our curiosity to resign the gratification of beholding the first formation of the state, of the laws, of the institutions of Egypt. To expect this would be to expect the impossible. It is not so with other nations. Though obscured by tradition, though falsified by poetic fables, yet we see how a poor and needy tribe of freebooters and robbers congregate on the Latian hills; we witness their first rude attempts at religion, at public safety and government. We behold their faculties gradually developing; we see their fates assuming a greater importance; we follow each step in their career, and when the powers of the world fall into the dust before the almost omnipotent will of the "Senatus Populusque Romanus," we glory in the result, as though it had been brought about by our own agency. The fabric of their political greatness has been constructed under our own eyes; the broad light of historic day has shone upon it. Of other nations History has been silent, until they forced themselves into her pages. The tribes of Huns and Tartars who from time to time have overrun and ransacked the *historical* nations, obtained commemoration during the time only that they did so.

Their fates had been unrecorded before they trod upon historic ground, and remained unrecorded from the moment they left it. But the case of Egypt is anomalous in the extreme. She had become civilized before she reasoned on her civilization; she performed actions, and immediately lost the consciousness of them. The long and inaccurate lists of her earlier kings, which the priests drew up for Herodotus, do not make a history; royal names by themselves are mere sounds. They have no power to explain, to elucidate, to record. The history of Egypt dates from the time that the first Grecian pirates landed on her coasts. It is from that time that her fates are recorded, but also that her decline is dated. Thus in Egypt we see a nation entering upon the historical stage not to form itself, but to lose in substance; not to consolidate, but to decay. The curtain rising from before them displays a firmly organized nation, whose customs, whose laws, whose religion, solid and fixed as they are, seem to have thus existed since the beginning of Time; for there is no trace to indicate *how* they were formed, and from what they grew. A country is thrust forward upon the scene, with towns already built; with idols that would appear never to have lacked a temple; with royal palaces already crumbling with age; and with tombs of marvelous magnitude, filled with a host of time-dried corpses. And Thebes, *then* no longer the capital of that mysterious country, was beginning to fall into ruins. Among the giant monuments of that extraordinary town, there were *two* colossal statues found on the plain outside the walls; two towering figures, which the traveler's curious eye may to this day behold, and be awed by the thought of this seeming eternity in stone. These two colosses bear at first sight a striking resemblance to each other; they have the same position, the same height and the same substance. But on closer examination an essential difference becomes apparent. The one, standing to southward, consists from the head to the feet of one single block of stone. The colossus of the north is, on the contrary, composed of two distinct parts: the first, reaching from the feet up to the middle of the thighs, is one entire piece of granite; the second, comprising the whole upper part, is composed of thirteen blocks in five layers. These blocks are not of the same substance as the monolithic part; they consist of that kind of sandstone of which the palace and temples of Thebes are built. Even if we had no historical evidence to direct us, we could not but see in this the restoration of some later period. Every Egyptian colossus, whatever its size, was uniformly of one entire block of stone; and there can be no doubt that this divided colossus was originally, like the other, formed of one single piece of granite, and that the upper part, being broken by some accident, was at a later period rebuilt with such materials as were nearest hand.

This is proved not only by the texts of Strabo and Pausanias, but also by some inscriptions on the statue itself. Strabo, (who traveled in Egypt between the years of nineteen and seven before Christ,) says—"Of the two monolithic colosses one is entire; one is broken in the middle, and the upper half is fallen—they say, in consequence of an earthquake." Pausanias, speaking of this statue, says likewise,—"The upper part, from the head to the loins, is fallen down, but the rest is upright." The journey of Pausanias to Egypt falls into the reign of Hadrian, and between the years 130 and 138. At another place, speaking of a sounding stone, he says, "This appeared marvelous unto me; but what astonished me more was the Egyptian Colossus, which one sees at Thebes in Egypt, after having passed the Nile, on the road to the royal tombs. I have, indeed, there beheld a *sounding statue*, which is commonly hight Memnon; but the Thebans pretend that this statue represents not Memnon, but Pamenophus, a native of that country. There are also people who believe that this statue, which they say was mutilated by Cambyses, is that of Sesostris." Juvenal, too, gives a faithful and poetical picture of this state of the statue:—

Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ;

but he abstains from mentioning the *cause* of the fracture; concerning which there were two different reports,—an earthquake, and the violence of Cambyses. Both were traditional when Hadrian traveled in Egypt; but the later tradition has been adopted by Julius Africanus in his *Chronicles*, by Eusebius and Syncellus, and by other compilers of more modern date. Consequently it is to this day the general opinion. Nevertheless we have many reasons to doubt the correctness of the statement, and prefer the report which Strabo quotes. It is to be considered, that neither Strabo nor Pausanias give their own opinion: they merely record the information which they received on the spot. If, then, the report, according to which Cambyses was said to have broken the statue, were authentic, the colossus must have been broken above five hundred years when Strabo visited it. But when Strabo was at Thebes he was assured that Cambyses, whom the Egyptians even then held in great detestation, had broken *almost all* the public monuments and statues, excepting always this colossus, which it was distinctly stated owed its mutilation to an earthquake. Cambyses was the eternal scapegoat of the Thebans: the ruins of time and negligence were ascribed to him; and the real cause of the mutilation of the statue must, in Strabo's time, have been well known, to induce them to state any other cause than the atrocious barbarity of the ruthless spoiler. If there had been any doubt whatever as to the reason why the statue was broken, they would gladly have charged Cambyses with it; as indeed they failed not to do, when a hundred and fifty years later under Hadrian, the natural and real cause had sunk into oblivion.

Now it happens, that but a few years before the journey of Strabo, Thebes had been devastated by a terrific earthquake. Eusebius, speaking of it, places it in the 188th Olympiad, or the sixteenth year of the reign of Augustus, or twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ. "Thebæ Egypti," such are his words, "usque ad solum dirutæ sunt,"*—an expression which is evidently exaggerated. The time between this earthquake and Strabo's journey was from fifteen to twenty years. The earthquake had been recent and terrific—sufficient reasons to be remembered. That so large and heavy a colossus should have been broken, when the other statue, and even the town of Thebes, remained undestroyed, might admit of a doubt were it not for the observations which Mr. Rozières has made on the action of the climate on the granite in that country, where the violent and sudden changes of the temperature will enlarge the fissures of granite-blocks.

The fact, then, that the northward statue on the plain of Thebes has at one time been broken, is established beyond a doubt. Yet we see the statue restored, and the question naturally arises, By whom, and when, was it done? There is in reality *no* ancient text which fixes the time of the restoration of the statue. Heeren* conjectures that it took place under Septimius Severus, and by his order. The extent and the difficulty of the operation made it very expensive. It was nevertheless so well executed that the Egyptians, in the most devoted times of their history, and fired by all the fervor of pious zeal, could not have done it better. They could not have restored the column otherwise than it was done in the Roman period, by means of layers of blocks of stone, which were subsequently shaped by the hammer and chisel, in imitation of the neighboring colossus, or rather of the ancient broken part, which in the time of Pausanias lay still on the ground. The size of these blocks is very considerable; the smallest of them, forming the head and neck, is ten feet high and nine feet thick; and they had to raise it about fifty feet from the ground. Skill and precision were, moreover, required to fix these blocks on the sloping surface of the fracture.

But so confused have been the notions, so contradictory the statements, respecting this celebrated statue, that pompous superficiality has even dared to construct a whole fabric of hypotheses on some passage in the ancient authors, even when their object was less to instruct than to amuse. Thus the restoration of the statue of Memnon has been doubted on the ground of its having never been broken. And upon what testimony has this doubt been raised? On the evidence of a fanciful personage of Lucian, whom the author himself most unequivocally introduces as "*Encrates, the friend of lies.*" This humorous character is made to say,—"In my youth, while I was in Egypt, I went to hear Memnon's voice at the rising of the sun. I did hear it; but not as usual, an inarticulate sound, such as he is wont to utter to the common herd. No, Memnon, opening his *mouth*, pronounced an oracle in seven verses, which I would repeat to you if it were not forbidden." We should be wrong to conclude from this assertion of Memnon having opened his mouth, that he really was in possession of his head. Lucian, who knew Egypt, placed this passage expressly in the mouth of a notorious liar. Nevertheless a kind of men, of whom Locke observes that they "know a little, presume a great deal, and thence rush to a conclusion," have accepted the statement, *bona fide;* and they have most mystically speculated upon it. Mr. Creuzer is fortunate enough to find here seven sounds in answer to seven vowels pronounced by the Egyptian priests. There is no ancient text, there is no inscription, which informs us that the Egyptian priests were in the habit of pronouncing seven vowels to the statue of Amenophis. Besides, the liar does not mention *seven sounds*, but *seven verses*.

The mutilation of the statue of Memnon,

* Euseb. *Chron. ad S. Hieron.* r. p. 154.

* Heeren, *Ideen über die Politik*, ii. 1. f. r. s. 232.

and its subsequent restoration, being established, it may be found interesting to consider that which has drawn the general attention of all ages upon this colossus, viz. its far-famed voice. The questions as to how the sound was produced, and why it has ceased, present themselves; nor have answers been wanting. It has been thought that it was produced by some trick of the priests, who employed the oracle for their own interests, and that it consequently ceased with the downfall of paganism. But though Memnon might be a Grecian godhead, he was by no means an Egyptian one. The interest which he excited, the reverence paid to him, was exclusively on the side of the Greeks and Romans. That native records should not mention the sound is not astonishing, since they mention nothing beyond the names of kings. But the vulgar report, that the statue of Memnon had sounded since time immemorial, that the sound was indeed a part of its construction, must be sadly shaken by the reflection that none of the more ancient authors mention this phenomenon, which nevertheless was very fit to attract their attention. Strabo is, indeed, the first author who speaks of the sounding statue, for an allegation that Manetho, in a list of kings mentions "Quem quidam Memnonem, putant, lapidem loquentem," has been proved to be the "addition of later times, which, nevertheless, successfully imposed upon those who took Manetho's text from Josephus." It is true that silence does not always disprove a fact, but there are facts which by their very nature are disqualified for the silence of authors. The phenomenon of Memnon belongs to this class. Once discovered, it was the universal theme of the old authors, and Diodorus the Periegetian quotes of Thebes only her hundred gates, and Memnon saluting his mother. If the phenomenon had existed before the Roman time, and indeed before Strabo, how then shall we explain that Herodotus and Diodorus of Sicily, both of whom visited Thebes, should have passed without mention that which afterward was considered the principal wonder of Egypt?

How are we to explain this obstinate silence of the Greek and Roman poets? Ovid, who says so much of the death of Memnon, of the sorrow of Aurora, of the tears she sheds every morning, and of the metamorphosis of her son's ashes into birds (*Metam.* xiii. 576), does not say one single word about the statue and its voice. Could he have refrained from mentioning the plaintive salute which Memnon breathes to his mother, when her first rays touch the black stone of which his statue is formed? When he says in his song,—

Luctibus est Aurora suis intenta, plasque
Nunc quoque dat lachrymas et toto rorat in orbe,

could he have refrained from adding a feature to his picture which would have so materially heightened its pathos? And, on the other hand, from Strabo's time to the reign of Septimius Severus, there is scarcely an author or poet who does not expatiate on the miracle of the sounding stone. Strabo's account in itself is sufficient to prove that the phenomenon he witnessed was not known to him by fame; he is far from considering it with that enthusiasm which the reports and inscriptions of later travelers display. He says:—

"There are two monolithic colosses, one entire, and the other broken in the middle, as they say, by an earthquake. It is also thought that once a-day a noise, similar to that of a slight blow, proceeds from the part which is left on the pedestal. As for me, having proceeded to those parts with Aelius Gellius, I heard indeed this noise about the first hour. Did it proceed from the pedestal, or from the colossus, or from one of those who surrounded the statue?"

Thus, then, the two colosses had in Strabo's eyes almost the same importance; they both stood in the Libyan part of Thebes. The statue which they said to be sounding was not even distinguished by a particular name. So far was Strabo from connecting any religious ideas of his own with the sound he heard, that he rather believed the bystanders were practicing upon his credulity. The inscriptions on the legs and the pedestal of the sounding statue, strengthen this view of the case. From the dates we have reason to believe that the first were made in the times of Nero. Dion Chrysostom, speaking of some statues of the gods which bear *no* inscriptions, asserts,—"And this is said to be the case with the Colossus of Memnon." There is, indeed, only one inscription previous to his time, and this is dated from the ninth year of Nero's reign. But whatever inscriptions were afterward made, the names are invariably either Greek or Roman. The Egyptians, therefore, took no interest in the voice of Memnon, which was celebrated by the Greeks and Romans alone. This fact is important. It tends to prove that the vocal phenomenon did not excite attention till *after* the Roman conquest, since no inscription belonging to an earlier period can be found; that the phenomenon must have ceased in the time of Septimius Severus, as the most recent inscription, engraved on the legs, dates from this epoch, and as the pedestal, which offered so commodious a place for a number of inscriptions, contains only two, of which one belongs to the reign of Antoninus. And it proves further, that the Greeks alone made an object of adoration of the phenomenon, since they alone expressed their feelings of devotion to the divine author of the miracle. From this results the inevitable conclusion that the miracle was not produced by a pious fraud, for if such a fraud had been practiced by the Egyptian priests (and they alone could have had the power to do it, and interest in doing it) the natives of Egypt would certainly have been more open to the imposition than strangers, and we should find their homage joining that of the Greeks. The Greek and Roman priests were even less likely to have practiced this fraud. It requires, indeed, the gift of credulity to an extraordinary degree to be-

lieve that they, on a foreign soil, near an Egyptian temple, could have practiced so gross and so dangerous an imposition; that during two centuries they could have imposed upon emperors, governors, generals, philosophers,—in fact, on all influential persons of Greek and Roman extraction in Egypt. From all this we must draw the conclusion, that the miracle was based upon a cause which had no connection whatever with the will of either natives or foreigners, and that it was equally incomprehensible to both.

If we compare the time when the phenomenon of the sounding statue excited the attention of the world with that of its mutilation, we are struck with their exact correspondence. The first Grecian travelers found the Memnonia and ascribed them to Memnon, of whom their poets had sung so much; they must likewise have seen the two colosses on the plain of Thebes, but in the country of colosses they found nothing extraordinary in them. At Strabo's time, when the phenomenon and the mutilation were both comparatively recent, no name was given to the broken statue; but henceforward it acquired a great fame for its sound, foreign travelers came to see it, and the Greeks connecting the time in which the statue sounded the first hour of morning, with the slain son of the Goddess of Morning, declared this sounding statue to be that of Memnon, and amused themselves with the fancy that he saluted his mother. But strange to say, in the same manner that the reports about the sounding of the stone begin with the mutilation, so do they end with the restoration of the statue. The inscriptions are crowded within two centuries. They begin on a sudden; they cease in a similar manner. The miracle was gone, and the interest went with it. The charm was broken. Memnon had lost his voice. How, and when, did he lose it?

It must have been at the time when Christianity began to triumph over the persecutions of Paganism. Persecution and torture were unavailing against the new creed. The Pagans resolved to oppose miracles to miracles. A host of wonders arose from this competition: miraculous healings, resurrections, and a vast number of predictions, with which the writings of the later Pagans abound, and which we find refuted in those of the Fathers, were ushered into the world, and clamorously commented upon. New oracles were established, and others repaired and again brought to honor.

How precious would the voice of Memnon have been to this tribe of miracle-mongers! This daily manifestation of a Grecian deity, this miracle which admitted of the presence of so many witnesses, would in itself have proved of greater value than all those wondrous doings which even the Pagans were at pains to believe, and the celebrity of the Colossus of Memnon would have increased with the violence of the controversies for which it would have furnished the matter. But no, it is at this juncture that all homage ceases. The name of Memnon would seem to have passed away from the memories of men. It is to be found neither in the writings of the heathens, nor in those of the Fathers.

If we descend to the last efforts by which Julian vainly strove to raise agonizing Paganism, we behold this emperor repairing the altars of Daphne, and striving to infuse new life into the Egyptian worship by encouraging the discovery of a new Apis; but there are no endeavors to bring Memnon again to public notice. His voice had, doubtless, too long been silent: there was no hope of its revival. Only Hymerius the rhetor remembers it; a man who, never having been in Egypt, makes his senseless declamations, a medley of all he had found in books. But to appreciate the authority of such quotations, in which the mania of erudition common to all rhetors is glaringly displayed, it suffices to say that Hymerius makes Memnon recite *lyrical verses*.

Ammianus Marcellinus, a contemporary of Hymerius, gives a detailed account of Egypt. He scrupulously mentions the principal objects of curiosity in that country; he praises the Pyramids and the royal tombs of Thebes: but he makes no mention of Memnon.

Heliodorus, another contemporary of Hymerius, is profuse on the subject of the royal tombs and the Pyramids; but he speaks neither of Memnon nor of his voice.

St. Jerome, at the same time, held that Memnon had ceased to sound when Jesus Christ was born:—'Quippe cujus statua usque ad adventum Christi, sole oriente, vocem dare dicebatur. . . . Hoc autem significat, quod post adventum Christi omnia idola contionerunt.'* This opinion originates in the idea held by the principal Fathers of the Church, such as Origen, Tatian, Eusebius, S. Athanasius, S. Cyril, Theodoret, that the oracles of the idols, being the treacherous exhalations of the devil, were struck mute when the Savior of mankind came into the world.

We quoted the Emperor Septimius Severus as the presumptive restorer of the statue; it is in his reign that the reports of authors, and the inscriptions on the statue itself, ceased. We admitted in a former page that there is in reality *no* ancient author who mentions the restoration of the statue, and that the proposition that the statue was repaired under Septimius Severus must rest solely upon the presumptive evidence of facts. We have seen the statue overlooked and disregarded while it remained entire; we have seen it commanding the attention of all, and the worship of some foreign nations, from the time it was broken. Of its reparation nothing is said. No inscription commemorates so important an event. The exclamations of joy, of astonishment, of veneration, at the voice proceeding from the mute stone, are suddenly and unexpectedly silent; we look for the cause, and we find the statue repaired but voiceless. Thus there is a connection between its integrity

* St. Hieron. in cap. xiii. Esaiæ.

and its silence, between its mutilation and its sounding. This connection may also serve to explain why the reconstructor of Memnon did not think proper to immortalize his name by an inscription at the foot of the colossus, commemorative of the year of its restoration, as it has always been the custom of the Romans to do when they repaired a building or a statue. All the other visitors of rank, who witnessed the miracle, inscribed their names as a lasting record: Septimius Severus alone, the last emperor who visited Memnon, has left no trace indicative of his presence; and we should really be justified in doubting the authenticity of the fact, if Spartianus, his biographer, did not expressly state it,—"Et Memphim et *Memnonem*, et Pyramides et labyrinthum diligenter inspexit."* The reign of Septimius Severus fell into the time when Paganism, unable to exterminate Christianity by persecution, endeavored to conquer her in devotion; when the old temples were rebuilt, and new oracles cried into celebrity. Severus himself was a zealous Pagan, who reestablished the worship of Serapis, which had once spread over all Egypt, and which had particularly flourished at Memphis and Thebes. It was to inspect the progress of this worship, Spartianus informs us, that the emperor traveled in Egypt,—"Jucundam sibi peregrinationem hanc propter religionem Serapidis. . . . Severus ipse postea semper ostendit."† The war of extermination between the two creeds was at its height, and it was impossible to be a zealous Pagan without being at the same time a declared enemy to Christianity. Severus did his best to suppress the Christian religion by an edict issued in 202, when on the point of commencing his travels in Egypt. This edict forbids, under the most heavy penalties, to embrace the Jewish or Christian religion. Nor did his zeal slacken after he had once entered Egypt. The progress of Christianity in that country irritated him; he violently persecuted the Egyptian Christians; and this persecution extended even into the Thebais. We are informed that Severus did not hear the oracle, and although this was a not unfrequent occurrence, it is not difficult to imagine what impression the silence of what he considered a divine voice must have made upon the emperor. Enthusiastic for his creed, he had just witnessed the startling progress of a new and hostile religion, which he saw striking its roots into the very soil over which he traveled to find Serapis and to adore Memnon. And this Memnon, whom to see he had undertaken so long and wearisome a journey, did not utter his wonted salutation in the imperial pilgrim's presence. The god was certainly angry, and his anger was to be appeased. But how? The heresy which threatened his reign and arrogated his rights to itself, had, perhaps, excited his wrath. But then the emperor had persecuted the Christians,—he persecuted them at the very moment. The statue of the god had been broken; it had been sacrilegiously mutilated (such was then the popular tradition) by the hands of the great defiler of sacred spots—by Cambyses the Persian. With its upper half the statue had, perhaps, lost the best part of its voice; to repair it would improve the oracle. Filled with gratitude, the god would send forth a more melodious voice; perhaps he would utter real oracles. This was the train of reasoning most natural to the character and the circumstances of the man; nor is the hypothesis too bold that he acted upon it and rebuilt the statue. It will be found to rest upon a chain of substantial evidence proceeding from the facts, and even the silence observed concerning the restoration of the statue, must serve to strengthen it. For it is to be presumed, that after the work was completed the promoter of it had reason to repent his zeal. When the massive blocks had been hauled up and fixed upon the broken part—when they had been shaped and chiseled—when Memnon was restored to that integrity which was to make him really the wonder of the universe and the glory of the reign of Severus—his voice was silent. No sound saluted the rising of the morning sun. The oracle was spoiled. This explains the absence of an inscription. Severus could not wish to announce to future ages that the famous oracle of Memnon had been destroyed by *his* agency.

The question as to the real cause of the sounds presents itself again. The opinion that they commenced with its origin, and were connected with some religious symbol, involved the proposition that the first makers of the statue had constructed in its interior an apparatus by which these sounds were produced. There have, indeed, been learned and grave men who have amused their fancies by the reconstruction of this imaginary mechanism. But whatever idea they may have formed in their minds, they could not evade the presumption of the colossus having been hollowed out in order to communicate with its mouth. This operation would have been attended with prodigious difficulties, and its impossibility must be clear to whoever considers the size and the material of the colossus. But if it be admitted that Memnon did not sound before the time of the Romans, the advocates of the common prejudice would be obliged to shift their ground, and to maintain that the vocal apparatus had been introduced into the massive stone about fifteen or twenty centuries after its original erection: this would be really absurd.

If, on the other hand, the sound had been produced by some exterior agency, the fraud must infallibly have been detected by the number of persons witnessing the phenomenon. The quality of Memnon's audience during the two hundred years of his sounding ought not to be forgotten. Imperial officers, prefects, and emperors—people above the prejudices and superstitions of the crowd,

* Spart. in *Severo*, s. 17.
† *Ibid.*

listened to the voice, and unanimously admitted their ignorance of the cause by ascribing it to a god. There were certainly some skeptics among them, and it is known how dangerous these men are to the workers of miracles.

Let us admit for one moment that all these people might have been deceived, and that the secret was strictly kept; it must, then, be granted, that there were some individuals who had an interest in practicing the deception. But who were these? Not the Egyptian priests of Amenophis, for Strabo informs us that in his time no religious idea whatever was connected with the monument. Were they foreigners? But what interest could they have had? And why should they have preferred the broken statue to the reestablished colossus?

A certain class of people, if they had produced the sound, would have done it with regularity, at a fixed time; nor would they have forgotten to do it daily. But the inscriptions on the statue, which, being commemorative of the feelings and thoughts of the witnesses, are a most important evidence, tell us of different times in the first and second hour. It would certainly have been the interest of religious jugglers to produce the sound exactly at the rising of the sun. People might also sometimes fancy they heard a sound, when the statue was, in fact, silent. Thus Libanius, speaking of a statue of Apollo near Antiochium, observes,—"And somebody, they say, has heard him play the cithara in the noon of the day." A mistake about the sound which proceeded from the miraculous statue was the easier, since this sound was not, as has been imagined, loud, but rather low and indistinct. Speaking of the colossus, Pliny says,—"Contactum radiis *crepare* dicunt;"—In the rays of the sun it is said to *creak*. We must not be misled by the appellation of *lapis loquens*, which many of the Latin authors give to Memnon; nor should we be justified in translating it with "speaking stone." Virgil, in eclogue viii. 22, does certainly not mean to say that the trees had *spoken*. Strabo's description, too, is far from attributing anything like speech or articulate sounds to the stone. "The noise," says he, "is similar to a slight blow." It is not even a sound with him, but merely a noise. Pausanias likens it to the chords of a lute when they break; and in one of the inscriptions the sound is compared to the knocking on a copper vase. Those passages of ancient authors on which we may rely mention, as we have seen, nothing but a kind of harmonious *creaking;* and this, it is well known, is not confined to the single block of granite on the plain of Thebes. It is no secret to naturalists, and it has been proved by a plurality of scientific observations, that some kinds of granite will sound about the rising of the sun, but particularly so when they are reft. This sound is owing to the sudden change from cold to heat, which puts their component parts into peculiar vibrations. The fracture in the statue of Memnon was, therefore, conditional to the phenomenon of the sound. It began and ceased with this fracture. It is certainly incomprehensible that the members of the Egyptian Commission, during Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, who often heard in the morning at sunrise a sonorous creaking proceeding from the granite blocks of Karnak, and who ascribed it to the same cause, should not have thought of making the application of this phenomenon to that which they knew was recorded of Memnon. Herschel, who ascribes the mysterious sounds to the contraction of the different heterogeneous matters of which the statue consists, remarks, that similar sounds are produced when heat acts suddenly on plates of metal, and that this phenomenon may frequently and familiarly be observed in the creakings of a gridiron. We may likewise quote the organ sounds which the rocks of granite on the banks of the Orinoko emit in the morning, and which have caused these rocks to be denominated *laxas de musica*, or musical stones. Humboldt, convinced of their reality, considers these sounds the effect of temperature between the subterraneous and the outer air. Mr. de Rozière and others have often heard in the morning a sonorous creaking in the granite quarries of Syene,—a phenomenon which, it appears, has escaped the attention of the ancients, though they knew of another sounding-stone of Kalapthe in Nubia, of which Rifaut has given a description. The same phenomenon is produced in the vicinity of the Maladetta, and the shepherds of the valleys call it *les matines de la maudite*.

[From the Leader.]

IS LOVE BLIND?

THERE is nothing so clearsighted. It exalts our natures to their highest capability, enabling us to decipher truths which are illegible to the normal sense. It has given moments of subtle wisdom to the dullest; moments of impassioned eloquence to the coldest. We are strongest when we love, because Love is not only the most energetic but the most elevating of passions. We see most clearly then, because our perceptions are all intensified by the intensity of the feeling. We are affected as in mesmerism, and Love is the clairvoyance of the heart.

But there is always a meaning in old adages, and in that of "Love is blind" there is a truth. The blindness spoken of is blindness to all consequence, disregard of all collaterals, reckless oblivion or contempt of whatever is foreign to it. The intensity of the shadow is proportioned to the intensity of the light. Everything which comes within the rays of Love is wondrously vivid; the rest is darkness. Love sees all it cares to see. It is not blind; but it will only look straightforward. A horse is not blind when blinkers are put on to prevent his seeing whatever goes on at his side. All energetic passions act as blinkers.

Spirit of the Annuals for 1851.

THE old style of Annuals has given place very generally to literary miscellanies of a higher grade, or to illustrated editions of favorite authors. The most splendid volume of the season is *Our Savior, with the Prophet and Apostles*, edited by Dr. Wainwright, and published by the Appletons. The same house has *The Book of the Passions*, by G. P. R. James, and *The Queens of England*, richly illustrated. In Philadelphia, Mr. Baird has *Gray's Works*, one of the daintiest specimens of American typography, and Griswold's *Female Poets of America*, with other beautiful works; and Mr. Hart has very fine editions of the *Poems of Bryant, Mrs. Osgood*, &c., and Griswold's *Poets and Poetry* and *Prose Writers of America*. G. P. Putnam has a large list, among which are Mr. Young's translation of Beranger, Irving's various works, Miss Cooper's *Rural Hours*, and *The Memorial*, the most interesting and attractive souvenir of the year—written by friends of the late Mrs. Osgood, with the design to erect with the profits a monument to that lamented poetess in the cemetery of Mount Auburn. There has never before appeared in this country a volume with so many eminent contributors. By Mr. Putnam's permission, we quote from it, in advance, this beautiful tale by the author of *The Scarlet Letter*:—

THE SNOW-IMAGE.*

A CHILDISH MIRACLE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ONE afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow. The eldest child was a little girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to be very beautiful, her parents, and other people that were familiar with her, used to call Violet. But her brother was known by the style and title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers. The father of these two children, a certain Mr. Lindsey, it is important to say, was an excellent, but exceedingly matter-of-fact sort of man, a dealer in hardware, and was sturdily accustomed to take what is called the common-sense view of all matters that came under his consideration. With a heart about as tender as other peoples', he had a head as hard and impenetrable, and therefore, perhaps, as empty, as one of the iron pots which it was a part of his business to sell. The mother's character, on the other hand, had a strain of poetry in it, a trait of unworldly beauty, a delicate and dewy flower, as it were, that had survived out of her imaginative youth, and still kept itself alive amid the dusty realities of matrimony and motherhood.

So, Violet and Peony, as I began with saying, besought their mother to let them run out and play in the new snow; for, though it had looked so dreary and dismal, drifting downward out of the gray sky, it had a very cheerful aspect, now that the sun was shining on it. The children dwelt in a city, and had no wider play-place than a little garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear-tree and two or three plum-trees overshadowing it, and some rose-bushes just in front of the parlor-windows. The trees and shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were enveloped in the light snow, which thus made a kind of wintry foliage, with here and there a pendant icicle for the fruit.

"Yes, Violet—yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother; "you may go out and play in the new snow."

Accordingly, the good lady bundled up her darlings in woolen jackets and wadded sacks, and put comforters round their necks, and a pair of striped gaiters on each little pair of legs, and worsted mittens on their hands, and gave them a kiss a-piece, by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost. Forth sallied the two children with a hop-skip-and-jump, that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snow-drift, whence Violet emerged like a snow-bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time had they! To look at them, frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snow-birds were, to take delight only in the tempest, and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow—an image of a little girl—and it shall be our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet; "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about—while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow. And to say the truth, if miracles are ever to be wrought, it will be by putting our hands to the work, in precisely such a simple and undoubting frame of

* Entered according to Act of Congress.

mind as that in which Violet and Peony now undertook to perform one, without so much as knowing that it was a miracle. So thought the mother; and thought, likewise, that the new snow, just fallen from heaven, would be excellent material to make new beings of, if it were not so very cold. She gazed at the children a moment longer, delighting to watch their little figures—the girl, tall for her age, graceful and agile, and so delicately colored, that she looked like a cheerful thought, more than a physical reality—while Peony expanded in breadth rather than height, and rolled along on his short and sturdy legs, as substantial as an elephant, though not quite so big. Then the mother resumed her work; what it was I forget; but she was either trimming a silken bonnet for Violet, or darning a pair of stockings for little Peony's short legs. Again, however, and again, and yet other agains, she could not help turning her head to the window, to see how the children got on with their snow-image.

Indeed, it was an exceedingly pleasant sight, those bright little souls at their tasks! Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how knowingly and skillfully they managed the matter. Violet assumed the chief direction, and told Peony what to do, while, with her own delicate fingers, she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow-figure. It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children, as to grow up under their hands, while they were playing and prattling about it. Their mother was quite surprised at this; and the longer she looked, the more and more surprised she grew.

"What remarkable children mine are!" thought she, smiling with a mother's pride; and smiling at herself, too, for being so proud of them. "What other children could have made anything so like a little girl's figure out of snow, at the first trial? Well;—but now I must finish Peony's new frock; for his grandfather is coming to-morrow, and I want the little fellow to look handsome."

So she took up the frock, and was soon as busily at work again with her needle, as the two children with their snow-image. But still, as the needle traveled hither and thither through the seams of the dress, the mother made her toil light and happy by listening to the airy voices of Violet and Peony. They kept talking to one another all the time—their tongues being quite as active as their feet and hands. Except at intervals, she could not distinctly hear what was said, but had merely a sweet impression that they were in a most loving mood, and were enjoying themselves highly, and that the business of making the snow-image went prosperously on. Now and then, however, when Violet and Peony happened to raise their voices, the words were as audible as if they had been spoken in the very parlor, where the mother sat. Oh, how delightfully those words echoed in her heart, even though they meant nothing so very wise or wonderful, after all!

But you must know, a mother listens with her heart, much more than with her ears; and thus she is often delighted with the trills of celestial music, when other people can hear nothing of the kind.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet to her brother, who had gone to another part of the garden; "bring me some of that fresh snow, Peony, from the very farthest corner, where we have not been trampling. I want it to shape our little snow-sister's bosom with. You know that part must be quite pure—just as it came out of the sky!"

"Here it is, Violet!" answered Peony, in his bluff tone—but a very sweet tone, too—as he came floundering through the half-trodden drifts. "Here is the snow for her little bosom. Oh, Violet, how beau-ti-ful she begins to look!"

"Yes," said Violet, thoughtfully and quietly; "our snow-sister does look very lovely. I did not quite know, Peony, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this."

The mother, as she listened, thought how fit and delightful an incident it would be, if fairies, or, still better, if angel-children were to come from paradise, and play invisibly with her own darlings, and help them to make their snow-image—giving it the features of celestial babyhood! Violet and Peony would not be aware of their immortal playmates—only they would see that the image grew very beautiful, while they worked at it, and would think that they themselves had done it all.

"My little girl and boy deserve such playmates, if mortal children ever did!" said the mother to herself; and then she smiled again at her own motherly pride.

Nevertheless, the idea seized upon her imagination; and, ever and anon, she took a glimpse out of the window, half-dreaming that she might see the golden-haired children of paradise, sporting with her own golden-haired Violet and bright-cheeked Peony.

Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest, but indistinct hum of the two children's voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit: while Peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter, too!

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet; for her brother was again at the other side of the garden. "Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear-tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister's head!"

"Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"

"Does she not look sweetly?" said Violet, with a very satisfied tone; "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice to make

the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense!—come in out of the cold!'"

"Let us call mamma to look out," said Peony; and then he shouted lustily, "Mamma! mamma!! mamma!!! Look out, and see what a nice 'ittle girl we are making!"

The mother put down her work, for an instant, and looked out of the window. But it so happened that the sun—for this was one of the shortest days of the whole year—had sunken so nearly to the edge of the world, that his setting shine came obliquely into the lady's eyes. So she was dazzled, you must understand, and could not very distinctly observe what was in the garden. Still, however, through all that bright, blinding dazzle of the sun and the new snow, she beheld a small white figure in the garden, that seemed to have a wonderful deal of human likeness about it. And she saw Violet and Peony—indeed, she looked more at them than at the image—she saw the two children still at work; Peony bringing fresh snow, and Violet applying it to the figure, as scientifically as a sculptor adds clay to his model. Indistinctly as she discerned the snow-child, the mother thought to herself that never before was there a snow-figure so cunningly made, nor ever such a dear little girl and boy to make it.

"They do everything better than other children," said she, very complacently. "No wonder they make better snow-images!"

She sat down again to her work, and made as much haste with it as possible; because twilight would soon come, and Peony's frock was not yet finished, and grandfather was expected, by railroad, pretty early in the morning. Faster and faster, therefore, went her flying fingers. The children, likewise, kept busily at work in the garden, and still the mother listened, whenever she could catch a word. She was amused to observe how their little imaginations had got mixed up with what they were doing, and were carried away by it. They seemed positively to think that the snow-child would run about and play with them.

"What a nice playmate she will be for us, all winter long!" said Violet. "I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold! Shan't you love her dearly, Peony?"

"O, yes!" cried Peony. "And I will hug her, and she shall sit down close by me, and drink some of my warm milk!"

"Oh no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink!"

There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully:—

"Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud!—and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

"Yes; it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. "Oh, Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!"

"Oh, certainly," said Violet, with tranquillity, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds, that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red—redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red, if we both kiss them!"

Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

"Come, 'ittle snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There! she has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

Just then, there came a breeze of the pure west wind, sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor-windows. It sounded so wintry cold, that the mother was about to tap on the window-pane with her thimbled finger, to summon the two children in; when they both cried out to her with one voice. The tone was not a tone of surprise, although they were evidently a good deal excited; it appeared rather as if they were very much rejoiced at some event that had now happened, but which they had been looking for, and had reckoned upon all along.

"Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us!"

"What imaginative little beings my children are!" thought the mother, putting the last few stitches into Peony's frock. "And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are! I can hardly help believing, now, that the snow-image has really come to life!"

"Dear mamma!" cried Violet, "pray look out, and see what a sweet playmate we have!"

The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The sun was now gone out of the sky, leaving, however, a rich inheritance of his brightness among those purple and golden clouds which make the sunsets of winter so magnificent. But there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle, either on the window or on the snow; so that the good lady could look all over the garden, and see everything and everybody in it. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but

whom or what did she besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children. A stranger though she was, the child seemed to be on as familiar terms with Violet and Peony, and they with her, as if all the three had been playmates during the whole of their little lives. The mother thought to herself, that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite the little runaway into her comfortable parlor; for, now that the sunshine was withdrawn, the atmosphere, out of doors, was already growing very cold.

But, after opening the house-door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child, after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west-wind. There was certainly something very singular in the aspect of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood, the lady could remember no such face, with its pure white, and delicate rose-color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks. And as for her dress, which was entirely of white, and fluttering in the breeze, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl, when sending her out to play, in the depth of winter. It made this kind and careful mother shiver only to look at those small feet, with nothing in the world on them, except a very thin pair of white slippers. Nevertheless, airily as she was clad, the child seemed to feel not the slightest inconvenience from the cold, but danced so lightly over the snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface; while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

Once, in the course of their play, the strange child placed herself between Violet and Peony, and taking a hand of each, skipped merrily forward, and they along with her. Almost immediately, however, Peony pulled away his little fist, and began to rub it as if the fingers were tingling with cold; while Violet also released herself, though with less abruptness, gravely remarking that it was better not to take hold of hands. The white-robed damsel said not a word, but danced about, just as merrily as before. If Violet and Peony did not choose to play with her, she could make just as good a playmate of the brisk and cold west-wind, which kept blowing her all about the garden, and took such liberties with her, that they seemed to have been friends for a long time. All this while, the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snow-drift, or how a snow-drift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet, and whispered to her.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-sister, whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother, and looking up simply into her face. "This is our snow-image! Is it not a nice 'ittle child?"

At this instant a flock of snow-birds came flitting through the air. As was very natural, they avoided Violet and Peony. But—and this looked strange—they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered eagerly about her head, alighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her as an old acquaintance. She, on her part, was evidently as glad to see these little birds, old Winter's grandchildren, as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding out both her hands. Hereupon, they each and all tried to alight on her two palms and ten small fingers and thumbs, crowding one another off, with an immense fluttering of their tiny wings. One dear little bird nestled tenderly in her bosom: another put its bill to her lips. They were as joyous, all the while, and seemed as much in their element, as you may have seen them when sporting with a snow-storm.

Violet and Peony stood laughing at this pretty sight; for they enjoyed the merry time which their new playmate was having with these small-winged visitants, almost as much as if they themselves took part in it.

"Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image, which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so as well as I."

"Yes, mamma," asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz; "this is 'ittle snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!"

While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street-gate was thrown open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur-cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands. Mr. Lindsey was a middle-aged man, with a weary, and yet a happy look in his wind-flushed and frost-pinched face, as if he had been busy all day long, and was glad to get back to his quiet home. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, al-

though he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise, at finding the whole family in the open air, on so bleak a day, and after sunset too. He soon perceived the little white stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden, like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snow-birds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy, to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown, and those thin slippers!"

"My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony," she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow-image, which they have been busy about in the garden, almost all the afternoon."

As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes toward the spot where the children's snow-image had been made. What was her surprise, on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor!—no image at all!—no piled-up heap of snow!—nothing whatever, save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space.

"This is very strange!" said she.

"What is strange, dear mother?" asked Violet. "Dear father, do not you see how it is? This is our snow-image, which Peony and I have made, because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

"Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be our 'ittle snow-sister. Is she not beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

"Poh, nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father, who, as we have already intimated, had an exceedingly common-sensible way of looking at matters. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come, wife; this little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can. Meanwhile, I will inquire among the neighbors; or, if necessary, send the city-crier about the streets, to give notice of a lost child."

So saying, this honest and very kind-hearted man was going toward the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.

"Dear father," cried Violet, putting herself before him, "it is true what I have been telling you! This is our little snow-girl, and she cannot live any longer than while she breathes the cold west-wind. Do not make her come into the hot room!"

"Yes, father," shouted Peony, stamping his little foot, so mightily was he in earnest, —"this be nothing but our 'ittle snow-child! She will not love the hot fire!"

"Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half-vexed, half-laughing at what he considered their foolish obstinacy. "Run into the house, this moment! It is too late to play any longer, now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will catch her death-a-cold!"

"Husband!—dear husband!" said his wife, in a low voice; for she had been looking narrowly at the snow-child, and was more perplexed than ever,—"There is something very singular in all this. You will think me foolish—but—but—may it not be that some invisible angel has been attracted by the simplicity and good-faith with which our children set about their undertaking? May he not have spent an hour of his immortality in playing with those dear little souls?—and so the result is what we call a miracle. No, no! Do not laugh at me, I see what a foolish thought it is!"

"My dear wife," replied the husband, laughing heartily, "you are as much a child as Violet and Peony."

And, in one sense, so she was; for, all through life, she had kept her heart full of child-like simplicity and faith, which was as pure and clear as crystal; and, looking at all matters through this transparent medium, she sometimes saw truths, so profound, that other people laughed at them as nonsense and absurdity.

But now kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him, beseeching him to let the snow-child stay and enjoy herself in the cold west-wind. As he approached, the snow-birds took to flight. The little white damsel, also, fled backward, shaking her head as if to say —"Pray do not touch me!"—and roguishly, as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow. Once, the good man stumbled, and floundered down upon his face; so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough pilot-cloth sack, he looked as white and wintry as a snow-image of the largest size. Some of the neighbors, meanwhile, seeing him from their windows, wondered what could possess poor Mr. Lindsey to be running about his garden in pursuit of a snow-drift, which the west-wind was driving hither and thither! At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him. His wife had been looking on, and, it being nearly twilight, was wonder-struck to observe how the snow-child gleamed and sparkled, and how she seemed to shed a glow all round about her, and when driven into the corner, she positively glistened like a star! It was a frosty kind of brightness, too, like that of an icicle in the moonlight. The wife thought it strange that good Mr. Lindsey should see nothing remarkable in the snow child's appearance.

"Come, you odd little thing!" cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand. "I

have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We will put a nice warm pair of worsted stockings on your frozen little feet; and you shall have a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten. But we will make it all right. Come along in!"

And so, with a most benevolent smile on his sagacious visage, all purple as it was with the cold, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her toward the house. She followed him, droopingly and reluctant; for all the glow and sparkle was gone out of her figure; and, whereas, just before, she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw. As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps of the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face—their eyes full of tears which froze before they could run down their cheeks—and again entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

"Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why you are crazy, my little Violet!—quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold, already, that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest, almost awe-stricken gaze at the little white stranger. She hardly knew whether it was a dream or no; but she could not help fancying that she saw the delicate print of Violet's fingers on the child's neck. It looked just as if, while Violet was shaping out the image, she had given it a gentle pat with her hand, and had neglected to smooth the impression quite away.

"After all, husband," said the mother, recurring to her idea, that the angels would be as much delighted to play with Violet and Peony as she herself was, "after all she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west-wind blew against the snow-child; and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half-frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

Without further talk, and always with the same best intentions, this highly benevolent and common-sensible individual led the little white damsel—drooping, drooping, drooping, more and more—out of the frosty air, and into his comfortable parlor. A Heidenberg stove, filled to the brim with intensely burning anthracite, was sending a bright gleam through the isinglass of its iron door, and causing the vase of water on its top to fume and bubble with excitement. A warm, sultry smell was diffused throughout the room. A thermometer, on the wall farthest from the stove, stood at eighty degrees. The parlor was hung with red curtains, and covered with a red carpet, and looked just as warm as it felt. The difference betwixt the atmosphere here, and the cold, wintry twilight, out of doors, was like stepping at once from Nova Zembla to the hottest part of India, or from the North-pole into an oven. Oh, this was a fine place for the little white stranger!

The common-sensible man placed the snow-child on the hearth-rug, right in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. "Make yourself at home, my child!"

Sad, sad, and drooping looked the little white maiden, as she stood on the hearth-rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence. Once, she threw a glance wistfully toward the windows, and caught a glimpse through its red curtains, of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window-panes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove!

But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woolen shawl or blanket directly; and tell Dora to give her some warm supper as soon as the milk boils. You, Violet and Peony, amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors, and find out where she belongs."

The mother, meanwhile, has gone in search of the shawl and stockings; for her own view of the matter, however subtle and delicate, had given away, as it always did, to the stubborn materialism of her husband. Without heeding the remonstrances of her two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor-door carefully behind him. Turning up the collar of his sack over his ears, he emerged from the house, and had barely reached the street-gate, when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony, and the rapping of a thimbled finger against the parlor-window.

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her horror-stricken face through the window-panes. "There is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, father!" screamed Violet and Peony, as he reentered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor—dear—beau-ti-ful little snow-sister is thawed!"

And their own sweet little faces were

already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this every-day world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation of his wife. She could only reply, that being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth-rug.

"And there you see all that is left of it!" added she, pointing to a pool of water, in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him, through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister!"

"Naughty father!" cried Peony, stamping his foot, and—I shudder to say—shaking his little fist at the common-sensible man. "We told you how it would be! What for did you bring her in?"

And the Heidenberg stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey, like a red-eyed demon, triumphing in the mischief which it had done!

This, you will observe, was one of those rare cases, which yet will occasionally happen, where common-sense finds itself at fault. The remarkable story of the snow-image, though, to that sagacious class of people to whom good Mr. Lindsey belongs, it may seem but a childish affair, is, nevertheless, capable of being moralized in various methods, greatly for their edification. One of its lessons, for instance, might be, that it behooves men, and especially men of benevolence, to consider well what they are about, and, before acting on their philanthropic purposes, to be quite sure that they comprehend the nature and all the relations of the business in hand. What has been established as an element of good to one being, may prove absolute mischief to another; even as the warmth of the parlor was proper enough for children of flesh and blood, like Violet and Peony—though by no means very wholesome, even for them—but involved nothing short of annihilation to the unfortunate snow-image.

But, after all, there is no teaching anything to wise men of good Mr. Lindsey's stamp. They know everything—Oh, to be sure!—everything that has been, and everything that is, and everything that, by any future possibility, can be. And, should some phenomenon of nature or providence transcend their system, they will not recognize it, even if it come to pass under their very noses.

"Wife," said Mr. Lindsey, after a fit of silence, "see what a quantity of snow the children have brought in on their feet! It has made quite a puddle here before the stove. Pray tell Dora to bring some towels and sop it up!"

The *National Temperance Offering** is a very large, beautifully-printed and profusely-embellished octavo, edited by General Samuel F. Carey, of Ohio; and among its contributors are George B. Cheever, John Pierpont, E. N. Kirk, Horace Greeley, E. C. Delavan, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Ellet, Alice and Phebe Carey, and several others, well known either as authors or "reformers." We copy a beautiful ballad by Alice Carey.

THE CONVICT.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

The first of the September eves
Sunk its red basement in the sea,
And like swart reapers, bearing sheaves,
Dim shadows thronged immensity.

Then from his ancient kingdom, Night
Wooing the tender Twilight, came,
And from her tent, of soft blue light,
Bore her away—a bride of flame.

Pushing aside her golden hair,
And listening to the Autumn's tread,
Along the hill-tops, bleak and bare,
Went Summer, burying her dead.

The frolic winds, out-laughing loud,
Played with the thistle's silver beard,
And drifting seaward like a cloud,
Slowly the wild-birds disappeared.

Upon a hill with mosses brown,
Beneath the blue roof of the sky,
As the dim day went sadly down,
Stood all the friend I had, and I,—

Watching the sea-mist of the strand
Wave to and fro in Evening's breath,
Like the pale gleaming of the hand
That beckons from the shore of Death,

Talking of days of goodness flown,
Of Sorrow's great o'erwhelming waves,
Of friends loved well as they were known,
Now sleeping in their voiceless graves.

And as our thoughts o'erswept the past,
Like stars that through the darkness move,
Our hearts grew softer, and at last
We talked of friendship, talked of love.

Then, as the long and level reach
Back to our homestead slow we trod,
We pledged each would be true to each,
True to our fellows, true to God.

Forth to life's conflict and its care,
Doomed wert thou, O my friend, to go,
Leaving me only hope and prayer
To shelter my poor heart from wo.

"A little year, and we shall meet!"
Still at my heart that whisper thrills—
The spring-shower is not half so sweet,
Covering with violets all the hills.

Dimly the days sped, one by one,
Slowly the weeks and months went round,
Until again September's sun
Lighted the hill with moss embrowned.

That night we met—my friend and I—
Not as the last year saw us part:
He as a convict doomed to die,
I with a bleeding, breaking heart.

Not in our homestead, low and old
Nor under Evening's roof of stars,
But where the earth was damp and cold,
And the light struggled through the bars.

Others might mock him, or disown
With lying tongue; my place was there,
And as I bore him to the throne
Upon the pleading arms of prayer,

He told me how Temptation's hand
Prest the red wine-cup to his lips,
Leaving him powerless to withstand
As the storm leaves the sinking ship;

And how all blind to evil then,
Down from the way of life he trod,
Sinning against his fellow-men—
Reviling the dear name of God.

* New York, published by R. Van Dien

At morn he met a traitor's doom—
I living on, from hope apart,
To plant the flowers about his tomb
That cannot blossom in my heart.

From *The Christmas Tribute** we have room only for an article by the graceful, witty, and learned Charles G. Leland.

WINDOW LOVE.

"I sat over against a window, and had my eyes fixed thereon, when of a sudden it opened, and a young lady appeared, whose beauty struck me." Arabian Nights

"*Lecteur mon amy!*" Reader, my friend! didst thou ever fall in love with a fair face which appeared from time to time at an opposite window? Didst thou never, gazing, wonder whether this apposition or coincidence of residence, was not a special admonition, mystically heralding an ultimate union of hearts? Didst thou never feel that daily increased thrill, or smart,

"Which was felt about the heart,"

as gazing ripened into acquaintanceship, and acquaintanceship into love? The first bold "how do you do, good morning nod," and its ultimate return—the deaf and dumb alphabet—(if you knew it)—and the intense *queerity* usually attendant upon your first conversation, whether held in street or *salon*. If not, thou hast (*crede experto Roberto*) never experienced the most piquant method of beginning or managing a love chase—a method, I may venture to assert, which, in point of true romance, as far surpasseth all masked ball and Carnival adventures, "as lovelie Mayis morrowe doth mydnighte."

The beauty of "Windowe Love" has, of course, not escaped the notice of the race of rhymers. Every bard of true feeling has experienced it, from the New Orleans Minstrel

Who saw her at the window,
With all her fixings on,
As lovely and as tender
As a lily bud in June—

to the exquisite Uhland, who thus briefly chronicles his own experiences:

I quit my narrow room but rarely,
Yet even here is labor sore;
My books are open late and early,
Still o'er the self same page I pore.
For, ah, that flute so softly pealing,
First leads my willing soul astray,
And now one glance I must be stealing,
At my fair neighbor o'er the way!

It is needless to mention, that from the occult and mysterious nature of Window Love, it has been most assiduously cultivated and sung in Germany, though Italy be the true country of its birth, and most peculiar home—on the same principle, we presume, that Art and Music, though originally Italian, are generally admitted to be better understood, or at least more energetically expounded, in the Teutonic Father Land. Rückert's sweetest and most popular poem sings the praises of "*die schœne Nachbarinnn*," or his own Window Love with a fair neighbor, while a well known ballad declares that

The brightest gem on earth below,
The fairest maiden earth can show;
The beauty most admired by me
Dwells, from my window, vis-a-vis!

* Published by E. H. Butler, Philadelphia.

Schiller, the lofty and ideal, has employed Window Love, as being naturally the highest and purest form with which "*love Platonicall*" could be invested. Witness his "Ritter Toggenburg:"

Gazing on that window staid he:
Hours he there would hang,
Till the lattice of his ladye
Oped with welcome clang;
Till her lovely looks entrancing
All his sense the while,
Calm adown the dale were glancing,
Sweet as angel's smile.
Till her lovely looks entrancing
All his sense the while,
Calm adown the vale were glancing,
Sweet as angel's smile.
And so sat he there, one morning,
Lifeless—without fail,
To that lattice loved still turning
His cold face so pale.

This, reader, it must be admitted—as the French lady remarked—when she embroidered the fingers of her gloves, and the tips of her slippers with darts and Cupids—was "*Love—in extremis!*"

And this *last* illustration from Schiller, oh! reader, suggests yet another in the "*Come to thy lattice, love,*" school of poetry, which is nothing more nor less than some rhymes of mine own, written while under the influence of a heart-rending attack of Window Love; and which I here subjoin, as in a degree expressing its power:

Methought I lay, beside the dark blue Rhine,
In that old tower where once Sir Roland dwelt;
Methought his gentle lady-love was mine;
And mine the cares and pain that once he felt.
Dim, cloudy centuries had rolled away—
E'en to that minstrel age, the olden time,
When Roland's lady bid him woo no more,
And he, aweary, sought the Eastern clime.

Methought that I, like him, had wandered long
In those strange lands of which old legends tell;
Then home I turned to my old glancing Rhine,
And found my lady in a convent cell;
And I, like him, had watched long years away,
And dwelt, unseen, hard by her convent's bound,
In that old tower, which yet stands pitying
The cloister-isle, inclosed by water round.

I long had watched—for in the early morn,
To ope her lattice came that lady oft;
And earnestly I gazed—yet naught I saw
Save one small hand and arm—white, fair, and soft.
And when, at eve, the long, dark shadows fell
O'er rock and valley, vineyard, town, and tower,
Again she came—again that small, white hand
Would close her lattice for the vesper hour.

I lingered still—e'en when the silent night
Had cast its sable mantle o'er the shrine,
To see her lonely taper's softened light
Gleam, far reflected, o'er the quiet Rhine;
But most I loved to see her form, at times,
Obscure those beams—for then her shade would fall,
And I beheld it—evenly portrayed,
A living profile, on that window small.

And thus I lived in love—though not in hope,
And thus I watched that maiden many a year,
When, lo! I saw, one morn, a funeral train—
Alas! they bore my lady to her bier!
And she was dead—yet grieved I not therefore,
For now in Heaven she knew the love I felt.
Death cannot kill affection—nor destroy
The holy peace wherein I long had dwelt.

Oh, gentle lady! this was but a dream!
And in a dream I bore all this for thee.
If thus, *in sleep*, love's pangs assail my soul,
Think, lady, *what my waking hours must be.*
The golden age of chivalry hath fled;
Its glory gone—its splendor passed away.
Well, be it so! Romance expires with Youth;
But Love—true Spirit Love—can ne'er decay!

Who has not read the beautiful legend of

"Musæus on Dumb Love;" wherein a young gallant loses his heart, after the most approved fashion, to the lovely *vis-a-vis* of a neighboring window. Sooth to say, the matter is more readily arranged in South Germany than with us; since, in that country, every curious matron and fair maiden hath, attached to the outer-edge of her window frame, a mirror, which, when adjusted at the proper angle, shows all that is passing in the neighborhood, without exposing the observer!

Tom Hood has been said to exhibit more true feeling and deeper pathos in his poems than any bard of the present century—an assertion fully established by the fact that he appreciated the superior power of *Window Love*, and the intense emotion by him exhibited in setting it forth. Hear, ye advocates of regular parlor and church-going courtships, how exquisitely the *vis-a-vis* affection inspired him!

Alas! the flames of an unhappy lover
About my heart and on my vitals prey;
I've caught a fever that I can't get over—
Over the way!

I've gazed too often, till my heart's as lost
As any needle in a stack of hay:
Crosses belong to Love—and mine is crossed—
Over the way!

I cannot read or write, or thoughts relax—
Of what avail Lord Althorp or Earl Gray?
They cannot ease me of *my window tax*—
Over the way!

Even on Sunday my devotions vary,
And from St. Bennet Fink they go astray
To dear St. Mary Overy—the Mary
Over the way!

But how to breathe to her my deep regards,
Or ask her for a whispered yea or nay—
Or offer her my hand—at thirty yards—
Over the way!

Cold as the pole she is to my adoring—
Like Captain Lyon at Repulses Bay
I meet an icy end to my exploring—
Over the way!

There is no doubt but that love caught from a window, is infinitely more overpowering than that inspired from any other source. We see but the beautiful face—perhaps the lovely bust or entrancing three quarter length. Imagination supplies the rest—I mean the general *maintaine tournure* and *air*—and imagination, you all know, my readers, generally gives good measure. Then the curtains waving in the wind, and all the dim delicious mysteries latent within—cologne—slippers! Hold—*ne inducas nos in temptationem!*

The terrible intensity of Window Love, and the facility with which it turns aside even the powerful influence of Avarice, is beautifully illustrated in a *nail-new* (as the Germans say) and perfectly authentic anecdote of Meyerbeer.

When this great composer last resided in Paris, occupied with his opera of "Count Ory," he was not unfrequently shocked to hear in the room immediately over his own, what appeared to his practiced ears to be the most abominable jangling and piano thumping, which ever disgraced the name of music. On inquiry, he found that these insults to St. Cecilia—which generally endured all day and occasionally the greater part of the night, were caused by a young medical student, who was—*au reste*—poor as a crow. Wishing to insure peace and quietness for the more advantageous prosecution of his own studies, the generous musician offered his young tormentor two hundred francs per month, on condition that he would abstain from all noise whatever, which the latter at once readily accepted.

For three weeks a deep, if not holy calm reigned triumphant in the hotel. But on the afternoon of the Sunday succeeding this blessed period, M. de Meyerbeer was startled from a deeply inspired fit, by a brain-distracting sweep, and a series of fearful discords on the pianoforte above.

Half mad at the interruption, Meyerbeer rushed frantically up stairs, and burst into the room of his musical enemy. But he found the latter in an, if possible, still greater fit of excitement.

"Here! take back your gold!" exclaimed he, holding out to Meyerbeer a package of one hundred and fifty francs, in *bank notes*. "Millions would not now tempt me to be silent."

"What—what is the matter, my friend?" exclaimed Meyerbeer, awed by the enthusiasm of the student.

"In the opposite house, where you behold yon latticed window," replied the latter, "dwells a beautiful young lady. Formerly, when I touched the piano, she would appear, smile, and listen. During the past three weeks she has not once been visible, probably imagining from my silence that I was dead or departed. This afternoon—I again played—and broke our contract—But oh, happiness! *she came to the window bearing a bouquet*, and threw it, in her joy, to me!"

The good Meyerbeer at once perceived that nothing could be done in such a case, and contented himself with providing the young student at his own expense with an excellent teacher of music, that his own ears might in future be less jarred by the discord of harsh sounds.

If we search into the antiquities of Window Love, we find that the Ladye-Love of the Squyer of Lowe-Degre, was seated in her *oryall*, or bow-window, when she first became aware of the state of her lover's heart.

"Thys ladye hearde hys mournyng all
In her oryall where she was
Enclosed it was with royal glass."

And it was from the window that she reciprocated his affection.

Window Love has given many a young lady a beau when other expedients have failed—though in sooth much depends upon the beauty of the lady herself. Witness the old song of Number One,

Miss B. you know has got a beau,
Her fortune still is kind!
By sitting in the window-bow,
Without a bit of blind;
But *I* sit in the balcony,
Which *she* has never done;
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five,
Don't take at Number One.

Very true, but if that young lady had remained, like

My own dear Lucinda,
A-seated at the window,

she would doubtless ere long have found some gentle swain with taste sufficient to discover that

She looked so bright, and her eyes so light
That he'd give his soul to be in *dar*.

And apropos of this last illustration, reader, permit me to remark that it gloriously confutes the absurd assertion so prevalent of late years in the newspapers, that there is no possible rhyme to the word window.

What—*eight o'clock!* Pardieu! Gentle reader, we must part—thou whither Fate calls thee, and I—soft be it spoken—to visit one, whom I well know will at this hour

Be gazing from the window!

Of the annuals of the season, properly so called, *The Iris*,* edited by John S. Hart, LL. D., is altogether the most elegant and in every respect the most deserving of praise. It is printed and illustrated in the costliest manner, and its literary character may be inferred from the names of its writers, among whom are Alice Carey, Edith May, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kinney, R. H. Stoddard, George H. Boker, and the Rev. Charles T. Brooks. We copy a few specimens of its quality:

SONG.

From an unpublished Play,

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Lovelorn Lucy
On a bank sat sighing.
Ah, well-a-day!—ah, well-a-day!
My fickle love has flown away,
And left me here a dying.

False, false pledges!
Why did I receive them?
Vows are but words, words are but air,
And air can blow both foul and fair;—
Why did I believe them?

Ah, light-hearted!
Would thy scorn might slay me!
Or would thy wrongs might end my pain!—
Or would that thou might'st come again,
And again betray me!

HELEN.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Sequestered from the giddy world,
Without a sigh resigned,
She wears the vail of thought within
The cloisters of her mind.

Her days are passed in holy works,
Her nights are passed in prayer,
And meditation gives her face
A soft, angelic air.

She has no sorrows of her own,
No sins to be forgiven;—
A seraph sent on earth awhile,
To make it more like Heaven!

TWILIGHT.

BY EDITH MAY.

With one large planet, like a chalice prest
In her twin shadowy hands, comes Twilight slow,
Advancing with dropt eyes, and bending low
When day reclining pillows on the West,
Laves his worn feet with tears, and with her hair
Mantles their whiteness; while, arising faint
As the thought-prayer of some exhausted saint,
Throng the rich evening perfumes through the air.
And when the night with trailing steps draws nigh,
Sealing the Orient with its cumbrous gloom,
Muffling her brow with darkness, sits she then,
Till, when the dawn keeps angel ward on high,
Behold her watching at the vacant tomb,
Clad in the dark blue of a Magdalen.

* Published by Lippincott, Granbo & Co.: Philadelphia.

THE TRYST.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

The moss is withered, the moss is brown
Under the dreary cedarn bowers,
And fleet winds running the valleys down
Cover with dead leaves the sleeping flowers.

White as a lily the moonlight lies
Under the gray oak's ample boughs;
In the time of June 'twere a paradise
For gentle lovers to make their vows.

In the middle of night when the wolf is dumb,
Like a sweet star rising out of the sea,
They say that a damsel at times will come,
And brighten the chilly light under the tree.

And a blessed angel from out the sky
Cometh her lonely watch to requite;
But not for my soul's sweet sake would I
Pray under its shadow alone at night.

A boy by the tarn on the mountain side
Was cruelly murdered long ago,
Where oft a shadow is seen to glide
And wander wearily to and fro.

The night was sweet like an April night,
When misty softness the blue air fills,
And the freckled adder's tongue makes bright
The sleepy hollows among the hills.

When, startled from the hush that broods
Beauteously o'er the midnight time,
The gust ran wailing along the woods
Like one who seeth an awful crime.

The tree is withered, the tree is lost,
Where he gathered the ashen berries red,
As meekly the dismal woods he crossed—
The tree is withered, the boy is dead.

Down the blue river waves slow and soft
A damsel is rowing her boat with joy;
Put thy arms round her, good angel aloft,
If she be the love of the murdered boy;

For still she comes, as the daylight fades,
Her tryst to keep neath cedarn bowers,
Bear with her gently, tenderly, maids,
Whose hopes are open like summer flowers.

The *Odd Fellows' Offering** is now in its ninth year, and from the beginning it has been one of the most attractive souvenirs of its class. The volume for 1851 contains tales, essays, and poems, by C. Edwards Lester, Frederic Saunders, Lewis Gaylord Clark, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Kirkland, Fanny Green, and some twenty others, and is handsomely embellished.

THE THREE GIFTS.

A LEGEND OF MOUNT DESERT.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

It is well known that Maine was the earliest settled of any of the New England States—her length of seaboard, and abundance of maritime resources, having early tempted adventurers to the coast. The indefatigable Jesuits were among the first to select the natives as the great harvestage of their ministry, and traces of their labors still tell with what untiring assiduity these wonderful men devoted their lives and energies to their vocation. Mount Desert was long a favorite station with them. Situated in the Penobscot Bay, near the mouth of the noble river bearing that name, the spot afforded remarkable facilities for intercourse with the natives, both by sea and land, while the productions of each were alike available.

The island, too, had attractions peculiar to itself. It is a high bluff, as its name indicates, covered at that time with a magnifi-

* New York, published by E. Walker.

cent forest, except where the rocks arose beetling to the sea. The soil abounded in mineral wealth, especially iron, and charming valleys peeped from amid the hills, well repaying the labor of cultivation. Added to this, the remnants of a tribe, at once peaceful and simple, clung to the spot, in spite of the many impediments it presented to the excitements of the chase.

It is well known that our Pilgrim Fathers afforded a rough and unpitying aspect to the poor Indian, hunting him with fire and sword, and regarding him as little better than an imp of darkness; or rather, these children of the woods were types of those Gentiles whom the Israelites were commanded to drive out remorselessly from the land —"thine eye shall not pity, neither shall thine hand save." Hence, the few records of the tribes they have left us are meager, and so distorted by prejudice, that little insight can be obtained. On the contrary, the Jesuits sympathized with their undeveloped capabilities, listened to their wild legends and simple annals, and to their writings we must look for the best understanding of the Indian. We have said the natives of Mount Desert, unlike the surrounding tribes, were gentle and peaceful in their habits; they cultivated large fields of corn, speared salmon from the river, or fished in the sea for a subsistence. The surplus of their wealth they bartered with hunters, who came yearly from the great forests of Moosehead and Katahdn, laden with skins and game, and eager for the productions of the sea.

These Indians believed themselves to have been the first men of the creation, and their myth will bear no unapt resemblance to the account given by Moses. They say that suns ago a young man found himself alone on this island: he was tall, and of great beauty, having golden hair. He wore neither skins nor leaves, and felt neither hunger, nor thirst, nor cold. He wandered through the forest without fear, sleeping much, for in sleep he had companionship—the Great Spirit teaching him what he should know in dreams.

How long he lived in this way he could not tell; but once he awoke, conscious that he must have slept a great while. His dream, too, had been unlike anything he had before known. He thought a voice commanded him to go to the other side of the island, and he would there find the *three best* gifts of the Great Spirit; but, said the voice, "one will escape you, or make you a slave, unless you can *bind her* before she shall have grown taller than yourself."

When the man awoke, he found the golden locks of his head, hitherto nearly reaching to his feet, were now quite short, and out of them had been made a long cord, which lay on the ground beside him. He arose, and traveled west a long time, bearing the cord in his hand. At length he came to a tuft of wild vines, that twined themselves from tree to tree, and were now rich with the soft perfume of the blossoming grape. Entering this bower, he saw a spring of fair water gushing from the side of the rock. For the first time, he grew weary with travel, and stooped to drink of the water: in doing so, he felt a new and strange delight. Perceiving a roll upon the ground, he broke it open, and for the first time, felt hunger: he ate all but a hard golden particle which he found in the center. All this was new and strange to him; and feeling such great strength and such great joy combined, he was sure that *bread* and *water* must be the two best gifts: but where was the third? Looking about, he found an object so small and so beautiful, that he stooped, gazing at it with amazement, for it looked as he had seen himself look, in the water of the lily's cup.

While he thus gazed, the object smiled and looked into his eyes, growing at every moment larger and larger. At length it arose from the ground, and turned to run. The man followed her all around the island, till they came back to the spring where they at first started. Here he found the coil of hair, which he had forgotten. She had now become nearly as tall as himself. The man remembered, and threw the noose over her head: she stopped suddenly, and ceased to grow.

She now became his wife. His whole nature was changed: he suffered hunger and thirst—he knew pleasure and pain—labor and rest. He now first learned to smile and to weep: overcome with his emotions, he slept.

In the mean while, the woman—for such was the third gift—was left smaller in stature than the man, and less in strength, as had been predicted, if bound in season by the hand of the man. While he slept, she arose, and hunted for the golden grain found in the heart of the loaf. This she took, and planted in the earth. Suddenly a green spear shot from the soil, and then it grew taller and taller, till the blossom, the tassel, and finally the golden kernels of grain stood upon the ear.

The woman gathered these; a part she rolled between stones, and made into bread, and a part she hid in the earth for a new harvest. From that time the man enjoyed new life; the woman was meek and tender—he strong and protective: they were happy, till the man bethought him to *kill and eat*. No sooner had he done so, than he grew darker in hue; he lost the golden locks; they became black, and his passions became dark also. Gradually the Great Spirit withdrew from him, or came to him in dreams only, when by prayer and fasting he had cleansed himself from the darkness of his grosser nature.

There is a melancholy significance in myths of this kind, found amongst the legends of all nations, and all pointing to the best truth and beauty which the untutored race is capable of grasping. Woman, held everywhere in

the same subjection, everywhere, in all these legends, made preeminent in beauty, in fascination, and latent power, yet always a mute recipient of the good or the evil—endowed with grace and loveliness, and possessing a wisdom hidden from her companion, a wisdom nearer to the spiritual—she is ever to him the interpreter of himself, the revealer of the finer essences and better elements of his own nature, and that through the wonderful graces and harmonies of her own.

It is folly to talk of the superiority of either sex—for either, abstractly considered, would be nothing alone; it is in relation only that the best endowments of each spring into existence. Alone, each would be passive, a creature of quiescence, without aim or motive—a blank; in relation, they are made but little lower than the angels. In saying this, I use the term abstractly, as bearing reference to the sexes, if each had never met. We have no vocabulary for such a state, all language being of joint formation.

THE *Gem of the Western World** is edited by one of our own most-prized contributors, Mary E. Hewitt, who has more of the spirit and power of Sappho than have been evinced by any other poetess of this country. H. R. Schoolcraft, LL. D., James T. Fields, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Oakes Smith, Miss E. L. Sproat, Mrs. M. L. Seward, Mrs. Neal, Miss Mumford, Miss Haworth (of London), and several others, have written for it. We copy

THE FIRST DOUBT.
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

My heart is chilled with sudden fear,
And heavy on my spirit lies
The doubt that fell from thy harsh lips,
And looked from thy reproachful eyes.

And see'st thou not love's mightiest spell,
Its pure and perfect trust is broken.
By the cold thought thy heart hath nursed,
And the cold words thy lips have spoken.

Ah, thou of little faith! come then
No gentle memories to thee;
No earnest tone, no still caress,
No smile, no tear to plead for me?

Had all the love of all our past,
No voices calling through thy heart?
Shone not my eyes upon thy soul,
A light to bid all clouds depart?

Alas! though fond, endearing names
Upon our lips once more may live,
Yet love hath ceased to be divine
When those who love must say "*forgive!*"

Fair morning skies are o'er us still,
Yet sadder than the shades of night;
The shadow of thy first dark thought
Is hiding all our heaven from sight!

We drink no more at hope's clear springs
But bitter draughts of vain regret—
Young Love who led us forth to life,
Rose-crowned and joyous, leads us yet.

But tearful now his weary eyes;
Faint smiles around his sweet lips play,
And red drops falling from his wounds
Stain all the flowers along his way.

Beware, oh dearest, lest some shaft
May pierce his gentle heart at last,
And the dim light of his sad smile
No longer on our path be cast!

Lest parting at his early grave,
With summer's perished blooms o'er-strewn;
We go forth through the world's wide waste,
And tread its weary ways alone!

* New York, published by Cornish, Lambert & Co.

SAPPHO TO THE SIBYL.
BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Beyond the hills, where flows the Ægean wave,
I sweep the lyre amid the applauding throng—
Tell me, dread Sibyl of this mountain cave,
Hath he I love e'er listened to my song?

For while the praise my glowing strains inspire,
In lingering ecstasy around me rings,
For him alone I pour the lay of fire,
That flows like burning lava from the strings.

He is more glorious than the sculptured God
Of sacred Delphos; and with step elate,
He moves as though his airy feet had trod
Adown the clouds from morning's amber gate.

I saw him borne in triumph—he had gained
The olive chaplet in the chariot race.
When I, whose heart a mortal love disdained,
Gazed with wild rapture first upon his face.

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*Evenings at Donaldson Manor** is the title of a souvenir of a different character,—written (with the exception of one brief story) by Maria J. MacIntosh, an authoress of whom her sex and the country are very justly proud. The more sustained compositions of Miss MacIntosh are among the wise and thoughtful contributions to our literature which are read with equal delight and advantage; and the collection of her tales and poems in this volume—published in a style of fit elegance—will, by all who are familiar with her works, be preferred to most of the other gift-books of the year. We select for *The International*

LOSS AND GAIN;
OR HEARTS *versus* DIAMONDS.
BY MISS MARIA J. MACINTOSH.

WINTER had thrown its icy fetters over the Hudson, and stilled even the stormier waves of the East River, as the inhabitants of New York designate that portion of the Harbor which lies between their city and Brooklyn. The city itself—its streets—its houses—all wore the livery of this "ruler of the inverted year"—while in many a garret and cellar of its crowded avenues, ragged children huddled together, seeking to warm their frozen limbs beneath the scanty covering of their beds, or cowering over the few half-dying embers, which they misnamed a fire. Yet the social affections were not chilled—rather did they seem to glow more warmly, as if rejoicing in their triumph over the mighty conqueror of the physical world. Christian charity went forth unchecked through the frosty air and over the snow-clad streets to shelter the houseless, to clothe the naked, to warm the freezing. Human sympathies awoke to new life the dying hopes and failing energies of man, and the sleigh-bells ringing out their joyous peals through the day, and far, far into the night, told that the young and fair were abroad, braving all the severities of the season, in their eager search after pleasure. In the neighborhood of Waverley Place, especially, on the evening of the 16th of December, did this merry music "wake the silent air" to respond to the quick beatings of the gay young hearts anticipating the fête of fêtes, the most brilliant party of the season, which was that evening to be given at the house of the ruler of fashion—the elegant Mrs. Bruton.

* New York, published by the Appletons

Instead of introducing our readers to the gay assemblage of this lady's guests, we will take them to the dressing-room of the fairest among them, the beautiful, the gay, the brilliant Caroline Danby. As the door of this inner temple of beauty opens at the touch of our magic wand, its inmate is seen standing before a mirror, and her eye beams, and her lip is smiling with anticipated triumph. Does there seem vanity in the gaze she fastens there? Look on that form of graceful symmetry, on those large black eyes with their jetty fringes, on the rich coloring of her rounded cheeks, and the dewy freshness of her red lip, and you will forget to censure. But see, the mirror reflects another form—a form so slender that it seems scarce to have attained the full proportions of womanhood, and a face whose soft gray eyes and fair complexion, and hair of the palest gold, present a singular contrast to the dark yet glowing beauty beside her. This is Mary Grayson, the orphan cousin of Caroline Danby, who has grown up in her father's house. She has glided in with her usual gentle movement and light, noiseless step, and Caroline first perceives her in the glass.

"Ah, Mary!" she exclaims, "I sent for you to put this diamond spray in my hair; you arrange it with so much more taste than any one else."

Mary smilingly receives the expensive ornament, and fastens it amidst the dark glossy tresses. At this moment the door-bell gives forth a hasty peal, and going to the head of the stairs, Mary remains listening till the door is opened, and then comes back to say, "Mrs. Oswald, Caroline, and Philip."

"Pray, go down and entertain them till I come, Mary"—and seemingly nothing loth, Mary complies with the request.

In the drawing-room to which Mary Grayson directed her steps stood a stately-looking lady, who advanced to meet her as she entered, and kissing her affectionately, asked, "Are you not going with us this evening?

"No; my sore throat has increased, and the Doctor is positive; there is no appeal from him, you know; I am very sorry, for I wanted to see some of Philip's foreign graces," she said playfully, as she turned to give her hand to a gentleman who had entered while she was speaking. He received it with the frank kindness of a brother, but before he could reply the door of the drawing-room opened, and Caroline Danby appeared within it. Philip Oswald sprang forward to greet her, and from that moment seemed forgetful that there was any other thing in life deserving his attention save her radiant beauty. Perhaps there was some little regard to the effect of his first glance at that beauty, in her presenting herself in the drawing-room with her cloak and hood upon her arm, the diamond sparkling in her uncovered tresses, and the soft, rich folds of her satin dress and its flowing lace draperies, shading without concealing the graceful outline of her form. The gentleman who gazed so admiringly upon her, who wrapped her cloak around her with such tender care, and even insisted, kneeling gracefully before her, on fastening himself the warm furred overshoes upon her slender foot, seemed a fit attendant at the shrine of beauty. Philip Oswald had been but a few weeks at home, after an absence of four years spent in European travel. The quality in his appearance and manners, which first impressed the observer, was refinement—perfect elegance, without the least touch of coxcombry. It had been said of him, that he had brought home the taste in dress of a Parisian, the imaginativeness of a German, and the voice and passion for music of an Italian. Few were admitted to such intimacy with him as to look into the deeper qualities of the mind—but those who were, saw there the sturdy honesty of John Bull, and the courageous heart and independent spirit of his own America. Some of those who knew him best, regretted that the possession of a fortune, which placed him among the wealthiest in America, would most probably consign him to a life of indolence, in which his highest qualities would languish for want of exercise.

By nine o'clock Caroline Danby's preparations were completed, and leaning on one of Philip Oswald's arms, while the other was given to his mother, she was led out, and placed in the most splendid sleigh in New York, and wrapped in the most costly furs. Philip followed, the weary coachman touched his spirited horses with the whip, the sleigh-bells rang merrily out, and Mary Grayson was left in solitude.

The last stroke of three had ceased to vibrate on the air when Caroline Danby again stood beside her cousin. Mary was sleeping, and a painter might have hesitated whether to give the palm of beauty to the soft, fair face, which looked so angel-like in its placid sleep, or to that which bent above her in undimmed brilliancy.

"Is it you, Caroline? What time is it?" asked Mary, as she roused at her cousin's call.

"Three o'clock; but wake up, Mary; I have something to tell you, which must not be heard by sleepy ears."

"How fresh you look!" exclaimed Mary, sitting up in bed and looking at her cousin admiringly. "Who would believe you had been dancing all night!"

"I have not been dancing all night, nor half the night."

"Why—what have you been doing then?"

"Listening to Philip Oswald. Oh Mary! I am certainly the most fortunate woman in the world. He is mine, at last—he, the most elegant, the most brilliant man in New York, and with such a splendid fortune. I was so happy, so excited, that I could not sleep, and therefore I woke you to talk."

"I am glad you did, for I am almost as much pleased as you can be—such joy is better than sleep;—but all the bells in the city seem to be ringing—did you see anything of the fire?"

"Oh yes! the whole sky at the southeast is glowing from the flames—the largest fire, they say, that has ever been known in the city—but it is far enough from us—down in Wall street—and who can think of fires with such joy before them? Only think, Mary, with Philip's fortune and Philip's taste, what an establishment I shall have."

"And what a mother in dear, good Mrs. Oswald!"

"Yes—but I hope she will not want to live with us—mothers-in-law, you know, always want to manage everything in their sons' houses."

Thus the cousins sat talking till the fire-bells ceased their monotonous and ominous clang, and the late dawn of a winter morning reddened the eastern sky. It was half past nine o'clock when they met again at breakfast; yet late as it was, Mr. Danby, usually a very early riser, was not quite ready for it. He had spent most of the night at the scene of the fire, and had with great difficulty and labor saved his valuable stock of French goods from the destroyer. When he joined his daughter and niece, his mind was still under the influence of the last night's excitement, and he could talk of nothing but the fire.

"Rather expensive fireworks, I am afraid," said Caroline flippantly, as her father described the lurid grandeur of the scene.

"Do not speak lightly, my daughter, of that which must reduce many from affluence to beggary. Millions of property were lost last night. The 16th of December, 1835, will long be remembered in the annals of New York, I fear."

"It will long be remembered in *my* annals," whispered Caroline to her cousin, with a bright smile, despite her father's chiding.

"Not at home to any but Mr. Philip Oswald," had been Caroline Danby's order to the servant this morning; and thus when she was told, at twelve o'clock, that that gentleman awaited her in the drawing-room, she had heard nothing more of the fire than her father and the morning paper had communicated. As she entered, Philip rose to greet her, but though he strove to smile as his eyes met hers, the effort was vain; and throwing himself back on the sofa, he covered his face with his hand, as if to hide his pallor and the convulsive quivering of his lips from her whom he was reluctant to grieve. Emboldened by her fears, Caroline advanced, and laying her hand on his, exclaimed "What is the matter?—Are you ill?—your mother?—pray do not keep me in suspense, but tell me what has happened."

He seemed to have mastered his emotion, from whatever cause it had proceeded; for removing his hand, he looked earnestly upon her, and drawing her to a seat beside him, said in firm, though sad tones, "That has happened, Caroline, which would not move me thus, but for your dear sake—I asked you last night to share my fortune—to-day I have none to offer you."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Caroline, turning as pale as he, "what do you mean?"

"That in the fire of last night, or the failures which the most sanguine assure me it must produce, my whole fortune is involved. If I can recover from the wreck what will secure to my poor mother the continuance of her accustomed comforts, it will be beyond my hopes: for me—the luxuries, the comforts, the very necessaries of life must be the produce of my own exertion. I do not ask you to share my poverty, Caroline; I cannot be so selfish: had I not spoken of my love last night, you should never have heard it—though it had been like a burning fire, I would have shut it up within my heart—but it is too late for this; you have heard it, and I have heard—the remembrance brings with it a wild, delirious joy, even in this hour of darkness"—and the pale face of Philip Oswald flushed, and his dimmed eye beamed brightly again as he spoke: "I have heard your sweet confession of reciprocal regard. Months, perhaps years may pass before I obtain the goal at which I last night thought myself to have already arrived—before I can dare to call you mine—but in our land, manly determination and perseverance ever command success, and I fear not to promise you, dearest, one day a happy home—though not a splendid one—if you will promise me to share it. Look on me, Caroline—give me one smile to light me on my way—with such a hope before me, I cannot say my *dreary* way."

He ceased, yet Caroline neither looked upon him, nor spoke. Her cheek had grown pale at his words, and she sat with downcast eyes, cold, still, statue-like at his side. Yet did not Philip Oswald doubt her love. Had not her eye kindled and her cheek flushed at his whispered vows—had not her hand rested lovingly in his, and her lip been yielded to the first kiss of love—how then could he dare to doubt her? She was grieved for his sake—he had been selfishly abrupt in his first communication of his sorrow, and now he—the stronger—must struggle to bear and to speak cheerfully for her sake. And with this feeling he had been able to conclude far more cheerfully than he commenced. As she still continued silent, he bent forward, and would have pressed his lips to her cheek, saying, "Not one word for me, dear one,"—but drawing hastily back, Caroline said with great effort,

"I think, Mr. Oswald—it seems to me—that—that—an engagement must be a heavy burden to one who has to make his own way in life—I—I—should be sorry to be a disadvantage to you."

It was a crushing blow, and for an instant he sat stunned into almost death-like stillness by it:—but he rallied; he would leave no loop on which hope or fancy might hereafter hang a doubt. "Caroline," he said, in a voice whose change spoke the intensity of his feeling, "do not speak of disadvantage to me—your love was the one star left in my sky

—but that matters not—what I would know is, whether, you desire that the record of last evening should be blotted from the history of our lives?"

"I—I think it had better be—I am sure I wish you well, Mr. Oswald."

It was well for her, perhaps, that she did not venture to meet his eye—that look of withering scorn could scarce ever have vanished from her memory—it was enough to hear his bitter laugh, and the accents in which he said, "Thank you, Miss Danby—your wishes are fully reciprocated—may you never know a love less prudent than your own!"

The door closed on him, and she was alone—left to the companionship of her own heart—evil companionship in such an hour! She hastened to relate all that had passed to Mary, but Mary had no assurances for her—she had only sympathy for Philip—"dear Philip"—as she called him over and over again.

"I think it would better become one so young as you are to say Mr. Oswald, Mary," said Caroline, pettishly.

"I have called him Philip from my childhood, Caroline,—I shall not begin to say Mr. Oswald *now*."

Mary did not mean a reproach, but to Caroline's accusing conscience it sounded like one, and she turned away indignantly. She soon, however, sought her cousin again with a note in her hand.

"I have been writing to Mrs. Oswald, Mary," she said; "you are perhaps too young, and Mr. Oswald too much absorbed in his own disappointment, to estimate the propriety of my conduct; but she will, I am sure, agree with me, that one expensively reared as I have been, accustomed to every luxury, and perfectly ignorant of economy, would make the worst possible wife to a poor man; and she has so much influence over Mr. Oswald, that if she think so, she can soon persuade him of the same thing. Will you take my note to her? I do not like to send it by a servant—it might fall into Philip's hands."

Nothing could have pleased Mary more than this commission, for her affectionate heart was longing to offer its sympathy to her friends.

Mrs. Oswald assumed perhaps a little more than her usual stateliness when she heard her announced, but it vanished instantly before Mary's tearful eyes, as she kissed the hand that was extended to her. Mrs. Oswald folded her arms around her, and Mary sank sobbing upon the bosom of her whom she had come to console. And Mrs. Oswald was consoled by such true and tender sympathy. It was long before Mary could prevail on herself to disturb the flow of gentler affections by delivering Caroline's note. Mrs. Oswald received it with an almost contemptuous smile, which remained unchanged while she read. It was a labored effort to make her conduct seem a generous determination not to obstruct Philip's course in life, by binding him to a companion so unsuitable to his present prospects as herself.

In reply, Mrs. Oswald assured Caroline Danby of her perfect agreement with her in the conviction that she would make a very unsuitable wife for Philip Oswald. "This," she added, "was always my opinion, though I was unwilling to oppose my son's wishes. I thank you for having convinced him I was right in the only point on which we ever differed."

It cannot be supposed that this note was very pleasing to Caroline Danby; but whatever was her dissatisfaction, she did not complain, and probably soon lost all remembrance of her chagrin in the gayeties which a few men of fortune still remained, amidst the almost universal ruin, to promote and to partake.

In the mean time, Philip Oswald was experiencing that restlessness, that burning desire to free himself from all his present associations, to begin, as it were, a new life, which the first pressure of sorrow so often arouses in the ardent spirit. Had not his will been "bound down by the iron chain of necessity," he would probably have returned to Europe, and wasted his energies amid aimless wanderings. As it was, he chose among those modes of life demanded by his new circumstances, that which would take him farthest from New York, and place him in a condition the most foreign to all his past experience, and demanding the most active and most incessant exertion. Out of that which the fire, the failure of insurance companies and of private individuals had left him, remained, after the purchase of a liberal annuity for his mother, a few thousands to be devoted either to merchandise, to his support while pursuing the studies necessary for the acquirement of a profession, or to any mode of gaining a living which he might prefer to these. The very hour which ascertained this fact, saw his resolution taken and his course marked out.

"I must have new scenery for this new act in the drama of my life," he said to his mother. "I must away—away from all the artificialities and trivialities of my present world, to the rich prairies, the wide streams, the boundless expanse of the West. I go to make a new home for you, dear mother—you shall be the queen of my kingdom."

This was not the choice that would have pleased an ambitious, or an over-fond mother. The first would have preferred a profession, as conferring higher social distinction; the last would have shrunk from seeing one nursed in the lap of luxury go forth to encounter the hardships of a pioneer. But Mrs. Oswald possessed an intelligence which recognized in that life of bold adventure, and physical endurance, and persevering labor, that awaited her son in the prosecution of his plans, the best school for the development of that decision and force of character which

she had desired as the crowning seal to Philip's intellectual endowments, warm affections, and just principles; and holding his excellence as the better part of her own happiness, she sanctioned his designs, and did all in her power to promote their execution. He waited, therefore, only to see her leave the house whose rent now exceeded her whole annual income, for pleasant rooms in a boarding-house, agreeably situated, before he set out from New York.

It is not our intention minutely to trace his course, to describe the "local habitation" which he acquired, or detail the difficulties which arose in his progress, the strength with which he combated, or the means by which he overcame them. For his course, suffice it that it was westward: for his habitation, that it was on the slope of a hill crowned with the gigantic trees of that fertile soil, and beside a lake, "a sheet of silver," well fitted to be

"A mirror and a bath for beauty's youngest daughters;"

and that the house which he at length succeeded in rearing and furnishing there, united somewhat of the refinement of his past life to the simplicity of his present; for his difficulties, we can only say, he met them and conquered them, and gained from each encounter knowledge and power. For two years, letters were the only medium of intercourse between his mother and himself, but those letters were a history—a history not only of his stirring, outer life, but of that inner life which yet more deeply interested her. Feeling proud herself of the daring spirit, the iron will, the ready invention, which these letters displayed, yet prouder of the affectionate heart, the true and generous nature, it is not wonderful that Mrs. Oswald should have often read them, or at least parts of them, to her constant friend and very frequent visitor, Mary Grayson. Nor is it more strange that Mary, thus made to recognize in the most pleasing man she had yet known, far more lofty claims to her admiration, should have enshrined him in her young and pure imagination as some "bright, particular star."

Two years in the future! How almost interminable seems the prospect to our hopes or our affections!—but let Time turn his perspective glass—let us look at it in the past, and how it shrinks and becomes as a day in the history of our lives. So was it with Philip Oswald's two years of absence, when he found himself, in the earliest dawn of the spring of 1838, once more in New-York. Yet that time had not passed without leaving traces of its passage—traces in the changes affecting those around him—yet deeper traces in himself. He arrived in the afternoon of an earlier day than that on which he had been expected. In the evening Mrs. Oswald persuaded him to assume, for the gratification of her curiosity, the picturesque costume worn by him in his western home. He had just reentered her room, and she was yet engaged in animated observation of the hunting-shirt, strapped around the waist with a belt of buckskin, the open collar and loosely knotted cravat, which, as the mother's heart whispered, so well became that tall and manly form, when there was a slight tap at the door, and before she could speak, it opened, and Mary Grayson stood within it. She gazed in silence for a moment on the striking figure before her, and her mind rapidly scanned the changes which time and new modes of life had made in the Philip Oswald of her memory. As she did so, she acknowledged that the embrowned face and hands, the broader and more vigorous proportions, and even the easy freedom of his dress, were more in harmony with the bold and independent aspect which his character had assumed, than the delicacy and elegance which had formerly distinguished him. His outer man was now the true index of a noble, free, and energetic spirit—a spirit which, having conquered itself, was victor over all—and as such, it attracted from Mary a deeper and more reverent admiration, than she had felt for him when adorned with all the trappings of wealth and luxurious refinement. The very depth of this sentiment destroyed the ease of her manner toward him, and as Philip Oswald took the hand formerly so freely offered him, and heard from her lips the respectful Mr. Oswald, instead of the frank, sisterly Philip, he said to himself—"She looks down upon the backwoodsman, and would have him know his place." So much for man's boasted penetration!

Notwithstanding the barrier of reserve thus erected between them, Philip Oswald could not but admire the rare loveliness into which Mary Grayson's girlish prettiness had expanded, and again, and yet again, while she was speaking to his mother, and could not therefore perceive him, he turned to gaze on her, fascinated not by the finely turned form or beautiful features, but by the countenance beaming with gentle and refined intelligence. Here was none of the brilliancy which had dazzled his senses in Caroline Danby, but an expression of mind and heart far more captivating to him who had entered into the inner mysteries of life.

A fortnight was the limit of Philip Oswald's stay in the city. He had come not for his mother, but for the house in which she was to live, and he carried it back with him. We do not mean that his house, with all its conveniences of kitchen and pantry, its elegancies of parlor and drawing-room, and its decorations of pillar and cornice fitly joined together, traveled off with him to the far West. We do not despair of seeing such a feat performed some day, but we believe it has not yet been done, and Philip Oswald, at least, did not attempt it; he took with him, however, all those useful and ornamental contrivances, in their several parts, accompanied by workmen skilled in putting the whole together. Again in his western home, for another year, his head and his hands were

fully occupied with building and planting. For the first two years of his forest life, he had thought only of the substantial produce of the field—the rye, the barley, the Indian corn, which were to be exchanged for the "omnipotent dollar"—but woman was coming, and beauty and grace must be the herald of her steps. For his mother, he planted fruits and flowers, opened views of the lake, made a graveled walk to its shore bordered with flowering shrubs, and wreathed the woodbine, the honeysuckle, and the multiflora rose round the columns of his piazza. For his mother this was done, and yet when the labors of the day were over, and he looked forth upon them in the cool, still evening hour, it was not his mother's face, but one younger and fairer which peered out upon him from the vine leaves, or with tender smiles wooed him to the lake. Young, fair, and tender as it was, its wooings generally sent him in an opposite direction, with a sneer at his own folly, to stifle his fancies with a book, or to mark out the plan of the morrow's operations.

More than a year had passed away, and Philip Oswald was again in New York, just as spring was gliding into the ardent embraces of summer. This time he had come for his mother, and with all the force of his resolute will, he shut his ears to the flattering suggestions of fancy that a dearer pleasure than even that mother's presence might be won. He had looked steadily upon his lot in life, and he accepted it and determined to make the best of it, and to be happy in it; yet he felt that it was after all a rugged lot. Without considering all women as mercenary as Caroline Danby, which his knowledge of his mother forbade him to do, even in his most woman-scorning mood, he yet doubted whether any of those who had been reared amid the refinements of cultivated life could be won to leave them all for love in the western wilds; and as the unrefined could have no charms for him, he deliberately embraced *bachelordom* as a part of his portion, and, not without a sigh, yielded himself to the conviction that all the wealth of woman's love within his power to attain, was locked within a mother's heart.

A fortnight was again the allotted time of Philip Oswald's stay; but when that had expired, he was persuaded to delay his departure for yet another week. He had been drawn, by accompanying his mother in her farewell visits, once more within the vortex of society, and his manly independence and energy, his knowledge of what was to his companions a new world, and his spirit-stirring descriptions of its varied beauty and inexhaustible fertility, made him more the fashion than he had ever been. He had often met Caroline Danby—now Mrs. Randall—and Mary more than once delicately turned her eyes away from her cousin's face, lest she should read there somewhat of chagrin as Mr. Randall, with his meaningless face and dapper-looking form—insignificant in all save the reputation of being the wealthiest banker in Wall street, and possessing the most elegant house and furniture, the best appointed equipage, and the handsomest wife in the city—stood beside Philip Oswald with

> "—— a form indeed
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man,"

and a face radiant with intelligence, while circled by an attentive auditory of that which was noblest and best in their world, his eloquent enthusiasm made them hear the rushing waters, see the boundless prairies, and feel for a time all the wild freedom of the untamed West. Such enthusiasm was gladly welcomed as a breeze in the still air, a ruffle in the stagnant waters of fashionable life.

Within two or three days of their intended departure, Mrs. Oswald proposed to Philip that they should visit a friend residing near Fort Lee, and invited Mary to accompany them. Among the acquaintances whom they found on board was an invalid lady, who could not bear the fresh air upon deck; and Mary, pitying her loneliness and seclusion, remained for a while conversing with her in the cabin. Mrs. Oswald and Philip were on deck, and near them was a young and giddy girl, to whose care a mother had intrusted a bold, active, joyous infant, seemingly about eight months old.

"That is a dangerous position for so lively a child," said Philip Oswald to the young nurse, as he saw her place him on the side of the boat; "he may spring from your arms overboard."

With that foolish tempting of the danger pointed out by another, which we sometimes see even in women, the girl removed her arms from around the child, sustaining only a slight hold of its frock. At this moment, the flag of the boat floated within view of the little fellow, and he sprang toward it. A splash in the water told the rest—but even before that was heard, Philip Oswald had dashed off his boots and coat, and the poor child had scarcely touched the waves when he was beside it and held it encircled in his arm.

"Oh, Mary! Mr. Oswald! Mr. Oswald!" cried one of Mary's young acquaintances, rushing into the cabin with a face blanched with terror.

"What of him?" questioned Mary, starting eagerly forward.

"He is in the water. Oh, Mary! he will be drowned."

Mary did not utter a sound, yet she felt in that moment for the first time, how important to her was Philip Oswald's life. Tottering toward the door, she leaned against it for a moment while all around grew dark and strange sounds were buzzing in her ears. The next instant she sank into a chair and lost her terrors in unconsciousness. The same young lady who had played the alarmist to her, as she saw the paleness of death

settle on Mary's face and her eyes close, ran again upon the deck, exclaiming "Mary Grayson is fainting,—pray come to Mary Grayson."

Philip Oswald was already on the deck, dripping indeed, but unharmed and looking nobler than ever, as he held the recovered child in his arms. At that cry "Mary Grayson is fainting" reached his ears, he threw the infant to a bystander, and hastened to the cabin followed by Mrs. Oswald.

"What has caused this?" cried Mrs. Oswald as she saw Mary still insensible, supported on the bosom of her invalid friend.

"Miss Ladson's precipitation," said the invalid, looking not very pleasantly on that young lady; "she told her Mr. Oswald was drowning."

"Well, I am sure I thought he was drowning."

"If he had been, it would have been a pity to give such information so abruptly," said Mrs. Oswald, as she took off Mary's bonnet and loosed the scarf which was tied around her neck.

"I am sure," exclaimed Miss Ladson, anxious only to secure herself from blame,—"I am sure I did not suppose Mary would faint; for when her uncle's horse threw him, and every body thought he was killed, instead of fainting she ran out in the street, and did more for him than anybody else could do. I am sure I could not think she would care more for Mr. Oswald's danger than for her own uncle's."

No one replied to this insinuation; but that Philip Oswald heard it, might have been surmised from the sudden flush that rose to his temples, and from his closer clasp of the unconscious form, which at his mother's desire he was bearing to a settee. Whether it was the water that oozed from his saturated garments over her face and neck, or some subtle magnetic fluid conveyed in that tender clasp that aroused her, we cannot tell; but a faint tinge of color revisited her cheeks and lips, and as Philip laid her tenderly down, while his arms were still around her, and his face was bending over her, she opened her eyes. What there was in that first look which called such a sudden flash of joy into Philip Oswald's eyes, we know not; nor what were the whispered words which, as he bowed his head yet lower, sent a crimson glow into Mary's pale cheeks. This, however, we do know, that Mrs. Oswald and her son delayed their journey for yet another week; and that the day before their departure Philip Oswald stood with Mary Grayson at his side before God's holy altar, and there, in the presence of his mother, Mr. Danby, Mr. and Mrs. Randall, and a few friends, they took those vows which made them one forever.

Does some starched prude, or some lady interested in the bride's *trousseau*, exclaim against such unseemly haste? We have but one excuse for them. They were so unfashionable as to prefer the gratification of a true affection to the ceremonies so dear to vanity, and to think more of the earnest claims of life than of its gilded pomps.

Mr. Danby had been unable to pay down the bride's small dower of $8000; and when he called on his son-in-law, Mr. Randall, to assist him, he could only offer to indorse his note to Mr. Oswald for the amount, acknowledging that it would be perilous at that time to abstract even half that amount from his business. It probably would have been perilous indeed, as in little more than a month after he failed for an enormous amount; but fear not, reader, for the gentle Caroline; she still retained her elegant house and furniture, her handsome equipage and splendid jewels. These were only a small part of what the indignant creditors found had been made over to her by her grateful husband.

Six years have passed away since the occurrence of the events we have been recording. Caroline Randall, weary of the sameness of splendor in her home, has been abroad for two years, traveling with a party of friends. It is said—convenient phrase that—her husband has declared she must and shall return, and that to enforce his will he has resolved to send her no more remittances, to honor no more of her drafts, as she has already almost beggared him by her extravagance abroad. Verily, she has her reward!

One farewell glance at our favorite, Mary Grayson, and we have done.

Beside a lovely lake, over whose margin light graceful shrubs are bending, and on whose transparent waters lie the dense forest shadows, though here and there the golden rays of the declining sun flash through the tangled boughs upon its dancing waves, a noble-looking boy of four years old is sailing his mimic fleet, while a lovely girl, two years younger, toddles about, picking "pitty flowers," and bringing them to "papa, mamma, or grandmamma," as her capricious fancy prompts. Near by, papa, mamma, grandmamma, and one pleased and honored guest, are grouped beneath the bending boughs of a magnificent black walnut, and around a table on which strawberries and cream, butter sweet as the breath of the cows that yield it, biscuits light and white, and bread as good as Humbert himself could make, are served in a style of elegant simplicity, while the silver urn in which the water hisses, and the small china cups into which the fragrant tea is poured, if they are somewhat antique in fashion, are none the less beautiful or the less valued by those who still prize the slightest object associated with the affections beyond the gratification of vanity.

The evening meal is over. The shadows grow darker on the lake. Agreeable conversation has given place to silent enjoyment, which Mrs. Oswald interrupts to say, "Philip, this is the hour for music; let us have some before Mary leaves us with the children."

Full, deep-toned was the manly voice that swelled upon that evening air, and soft and

clear its sweet accompaniment, while the words, full of adoring gratitude and love, seemed incense due to the Heaven which had so blessed them.

The last sweet notes have died away, and Mary, calling the children, leads them away, after they have bestowed their good-night kisses. Philip Oswald follows her with his eyes, as, with a child on either hand, she advances with gentle grace up the easy slope, to the house on its summit. She enters the piazza, and is screened from his view by its lattice-work of vines, but he knows that soon his children will be lisping their evening prayer at her knee, and the thought calls a tenderer expression to his eyes as he turns them away from his "sweet home."

Contrast this picture with that of Caroline Randall's heartless splendor, and say whether thou wilt choose for thy portion the gratification of the true and pure household affections which Heaven has planted in thy nature, or that of a selfish vanity?

POEMS.

BY THE LATE JOHN INMAN.

DESPONDENCY.

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION AND SORROW FOR LOST TIME.

WHENCE come, my soul, these gloomy dreams,
That darken thus my waking hours?
And whence this blighting cloud, that seems
To wither all thy better powers?
What is this cankering worm that clings
Around my heart with deadly strain,
That o'er my thoughts its mildew flings,
And makes my life one age of pain?

I find no joy in home or friends—
E'en music's voice has lost its spell—
To me the rose no perfume lends,
And mirth and I have said farewell.
I dare not think upon the past,
Where dwells remembrance, fraught with pain;
Of youth's pure joys that could not last,
And hopes I ne'er shall know again.

I dare not ask the coming years
What gifts their onward flight shall bring;
For what but grief, and shame, and tears,
From wasted time and power can spring?
Yet I can deck my cheek with smiles,
And teach my heart to seem to glow,
Though colder than those northern isles
Of ice and everlasting snow.

Upon the frozen surface there,
With tenfold light the sunbeams play—
But false the dazzling gleam as fair—
No verdure springs beneath the ray.
And falser yet the laughing eye—
The cheek that wears a seeming smile—
The heart that hides its misery,
And breaks beneath its load the while.

THOUGHTS AT THE GRAVE OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

LOVED, lost one, fare thee well—too harsh the doom
That called thee thus in opening life away;
Tears fall for thee; and at thy early tomb
I come at each return of this blest day,
When evening hovers near, with solemn gloom,
The pious debt of sorrowing thought to pay,
For thee, blest spirit, whose loved form alone
Here mouldering sleeps, beneath this simple stone.

But memory claims thee still; and slumber brings
Thy form before me as in life it came;
Affection conquers death, and fondly clings
Unto the past, and thee, and thy loved name;
And hours glide swiftly by on noiseless wings,
While sad discourses of thy loss I frame,
With her the friend of thy most tranquil years,
Who mourns for thee with grief too deep for tears.

THOUGHTS ON PARTING.

YES! I will hope, though fortune's stern decree
From all I love commands me soon to part;
Nor doubt, though absent, that a thought of me
Shall sometimes find a place in every heart,
Where feeling glows, unchilled by time or art—
Why should I doubt, when doubt is wretchedness,
Such as to feel bids bitter tears to start
From eyes that seldom weep, though tears, perhaps, might bless?

It cannot be that love like that which fills
My soul for them, should be bestowed in vain,
When but the fear that they forget me, chills
Each pulse and feeling—as the wintry rain
Chills earth and air, which yet may glow again
In summer's beams—but what can joy restore
To bosoms upon which that blight has lain?
From such e'en hope departs, and can return no more.

For them I would have done—but let me not
Such thoughts recall—could service e'er repay
The blessings their companionship has wrought?—
With them too swiftly passed the time away,
On pleasure's wings—weeks dwindled to a day,
And days to moments—such the charm they cast
O'er every scene, and such their gentle sway,
Making each glad hour seem still brighter than the last.

To them I turned, as Iran's tameless race
Toward their refulgent God looked till the last,
And died still gazing on his radiant face;—
Alas! the spring-time of my year is past—
From them afar my line of life is cast,
And I must wander now like one that's lost—
A helmless bark, blown wide by every blast,
And without hope or joy, on life's rude surges tossed

Oh no, it cannot be that grief like this
Should be reserved to blight my coming years—
That moments of such almost perfect bliss
Should be succeeded by an age of tears—
Revive, then, hope, and put to flight my fears;
I'll meet the future with undaunted eye,
Trusting thy light, that now my pathway cheers,
Gilding its onward course, as sunset gilds the sky.

[From the London "Amulet."]

HENRY LISLE:

A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

IT was late on the night of an early day in spring—perhaps about two hours past midnight—and yet the inhabitants of a small lonely dwelling on the edge of a large piece of common-ground, lying about ten miles from Farringdon House, were all awake and up, and, with anxious eyes, gazing from the small, long windows upon the black darkness that hung over the world. A single candle stood upon a plain oaken table in the midst of the room, by the light of which might be seen, at one of the windows, a small, finely formed female figure, which still preserved all the lines of exquisite beauty, though a certain degree of stiffness, corresponding well with some deep wrinkles on the cheek, and with the white hair that was braided from the forehead, spoke the passing of many years under the petrifying power of time since that form had been in its prime, and that beauty, which still lingered, had known its first expansion. Leaning over her shoulder was a second figure so like the first—but with every grace which time had nipped in the other, just blown; with the cheek unwithered, and the brow unseared—that it seemed a living picture of what the other had been some twenty years before—a portrait in a family picture gallery, where human loveliness may

see and moralize on all the graces that the eternal reaper has gathered as he flew.

At the second window was a somewhat untidy maid-servant, contrasting strongly in her slatternly disarray, with the plain neatness which decked the two other figures, whose garb I shall not pause to describe; let it suffice that it was of white, and fashioned in the mode of the time, A. D. 164—, though either poverty, simplicity of taste, or deference to the puritanical mania of the day, had deprived it of every extraneous ornament.

The night upon which the whole party looked out was dark and sad; for the moon had gone down, and the clouds overhead, though not particularly heavy, were quite sufficiently so to hide every star, and cast a deep gray shadow over the wide extent of undulating moorland which, in the day-time, stretched away for many a mile within view. A few faint streaks of pale light upon the sky separated the darkness of the heavens from the darkness of the earth, and marked where the prospect ended; and thitherward were turned the eyes of all, watching, with straining and anxious gaze, a particular point on the dim horizon, where, every now and then, bright red flashes, sudden and sharp, but circumscribed and momentary, broke upon the night, followed by a distant report as quick and transitory.

No one spoke while those flashes continued; but the silence itself seemed to show the intense anxiety which was felt, by the tenants of that chamber, in regard to the events of which they obtained so dim and unsatisfactory a view. At the end of five minutes, however, the sudden bursts of light entirely ceased; the reports were no longer heard; and the elder of the two ladies, turning away from the window, said, in a low voice, "It is over God's will is wrought by this time!"

The younger said nothing; but, clasping her fair hands together, raised her eyes toward the dark heavens, while her full sweet lips moved silently, offering up a petition to that never closed ear which hears the still voice of the heart's thoughts as plainly as the loudest-tongued appeal

In a moment after, the clattering sound of horses' feet was heard coming quickly down the road. At first it was faint and distant—the dull heavy tramp of several fleet steeds galloping over moist ground; but soon it came nearer and nearer—left the turf of the common—clanged over the firm and stony road—came close to the house—passed it—and died away in the distance.

"They are flying!" said the younger lady, "Oh, my mother, they are flying! Surely some of the dark powers of the air must assist those bloodthirsty fanatics. They are flying; do you not hear the horses galloping on?"

"Nay, nay, Margaret," replied the other, "it may be the roundheads who fly. Though Goring and his cavaliers marched by here, we cannot tell what way the struggle may have turned, or on what side he attacked the rebels. So it may well be the traitors that fly themselves. But look out, look out; your eyes are younger than mine, and less dimmed with tears; perchance you may catch a passing glimpse that will give us glad news."

The younger lady pressed her eyes close to the window; and though, by this time, the first party of fugitives had passed the house, yet the distant sound of others coming nigh met her ear; and she continued to gaze upon the faint line of the road to the spot where the yellow glare of the gravel, which distinguished it from the ground about it, was lost in the general darkness of the common. At length three dark figures came forward with tremendous speed; at first so near together, and so hidden by the night, that she could hardly distinguish them from each other; but gradually the forms became more and more clear; and, as they darted past the house, she exclaimed in a glad tone, "They are the rebels, they are the rebels flying for life! I see their great boots, and their morions without crest or plume!"

"But they may be pursuing those who went before," said her mother, with a less elated tone, "they may be the followers, and not the flyers, Margaret."

"No, no, they are flying, in good sooth!" replied the young lady, "for ever and anon they turn their heads to look behind, and still urge their horses faster at each look. But they are gone! And now pray God that victory may not cost us dear! I would that my brother were come back and Henry Lisle."

"Fie, Margaret, fie!" said her mother, "give God undivided thanks; for if my son and your lover be both left upon the field of battle, we ought still to feel that their lives were well bestowed to win a victory for their royal master."

Margaret covered her eyes with her hands, but made no answer, and, in a moment after, fresh coming sounds called her again to the window. It was a single horseman who now approached; and though he rode at full speed, with his head somewhat bent over the saddle, yet he continued his course steadily, and neither turned his look to the right or left. As he approached the house, his horse started suddenly from some object left by the roadside, plunged, and fell; and the rider, cast with frightful violence from his seat, was thrown on his head upon the ground. A deep groan was, at first, the only sound; but, the moment after, the horse, which had borne him, starting up, approached close to the body of its master, and, putting its head to where he lay, by a long wild neigh, seemed at once to express its sorrow and to claim assistance.

"If it be Essex or Manchester, Fairfax or Cromwell, we must render him aid, Margaret," said the mother; "never must it be said that friend or enemy needed help from

my door and did not meet it. Call up the hind's-boy, Bridget; open the door, and bring in yon fallen man."

Her commands were speedily fulfilled; for, though brought low in her estate, the Lady Herrick was not one to suffer herself to be disobeyed. The stranger was lifted from the ground, placed in a chair, and carried into the house. His eyes were closed; and it was evident to the elder lady, as she held the candle to his face, that, if not killed, he was completely stunned by his fall. He was a hard-featured man, with short grizzled hair, and a heavy determined brow, on which the lines of habitual thought remained, even in the state of stupor into which he had fallen. He was broadly made and muscular, though not corpulent, and was above the middle size without being tall. His dress consisted of a dark gray coat, which clove to him with the familiar ease of an old servant, and a brown cloak, which, in truth, had lost much of its freshness in his service. Above his coat had been placed a complete cuirass, the adjustment of which betrayed great symptoms of haste; and by his side he wore one of those long heavy blades of plain steel which had often been the jest of the cavaliers.

His head was uncovered either by hat or morion, and the expanse of his forehead, the only redeeming point in his countenance, was thus fully displayed. The rest of his face was not only coarse in itself, but bad in its expression; and when, after some cold water had been thrown over it, he revived in a degree and looked around, the large, shrewd, unsatisfactory eyes, which he turned upon those about him, had nothing in them to prepossess the mind in his favor.

The moment that consciousness had fully returned he made an effort to start upon his feet, but instantly sunk back again into the chair, exclaiming, "The Lord has smitten me, yet must I gird up my loins and go, lest I fall into captivity."

"Fear not, fear not!" replied Lady Herrick, whose humanity was somewhat chivalrous, "you are in safety here; wait for a while till you are better able to mount, and then get you gone, in God's name, for I seek not to foster roundheads more than may be. Yet stay till you can ride," she added, seeing his hand again grasp the chair as if to rise, "women should know no enemies in the hurt and wounded."

"Nay, but, worthy lady," replied the Parliamentarian, "should the crew of the Moabitish General Goring follow me even here to smite me hip and thigh, as they have vowed to do to all who bear arms for godliness' sake, or to bear me away captive—"

"Fear not, fear not!" answered the lady; "none should dare, by my hearth's side, to lay hands on one that common mercy bade me take in and shelter—fear not, I say. That is right, Margaret," she added, seeing her daughter pour some wine into a glass for the use of the stranger, "take that; it will revive you, and give you strength to speed on."

"Hast thou caught the stranger's horse, Dickson?" she demanded, turning to the boy who had aided in bringing in the Commonwealth-man, and who now reentered the room after a momentary absence.

"He is caught and made fast below," replied the lad, "and here are my young master and Master Henry Lisle coming up from the court. They have beaten the roundheads, and killed Colonel Cromwell, and taken his whole army prisoners!"

Scarcely had he time to pour forth this rapid tide of news when the door was thrown open, and two young cavaliers, in broad hats and plumes, followed one another rapidly in, each taking with the lips of the two ladies that dear liberty consecrated to intimacy and affection.

"Welcome, welcome, my gallant son!" cried the mother, as she held the first to her bosom.

"My own dear Margaret," whispered the young gentleman who had followed, as he took the unresisted kiss which welcomed him back from danger and strife: but further gratulations of all kinds were suddenly stopped, as the eyes of the two cavaliers fell upon the stranger, who had now recovered strength to rise from his seat, and was anxiously looking toward the door beyond them.

"Who in the devil's name have we here?" cried Sir George Herrick; "what crop-eared villain is this?"

In vain his mother explained, and strove to pacify him. The sight of one of the rebels raised in his bosom all the agitating fury of the fight in which he had been just engaged; and neither the prayers of his mother or his sister, the promises they had made to the stranger, or their remonstrances to himself, had any effect.

"Ho! boy!" he exclaimed, "bid your father bring a rope. By the Lord of heaven, I will hang this roundhead cur to the oak before the door! Bring a rope, I say!" and unsheathing his sword, he advanced upon the Parliamentarian, calling upon his companion to prevent his escape by the door.

The stranger said not a word; but bit his nether lip, and calmly drawing his tuck, retreated into one corner of the room, keeping a keen eye fixed upon the young cavalier who strode on toward him. Margaret, seeing that all persuasion was vain with her brother, turned her imploring eyes to Henry Lisle, who instantly laid his hand upon his companion's cloak.

"What now!" exclaimed the other, turning sharp upon him.

"This must not be, George," replied the other cavalier.

"Must not be!" thundered Sir George Herrick, "but it shall be! Who shall stay me?"

"Your own better reason and honor, I trust," replied the other. "Hear me—but

hear me, Herrick! Your lady-mother promised this fellow safety to stay and to go; and upon her promise alone—she says—he staid. Had that promise not been given, we should not have found him here. Will you slay a man by your own hearth, who put confidence in your mother's word? Fie, fie! let him go! We have slain enough this night to let one rebel escape, were he the devil himself!"

Sir George Herrick glared round, for a moment, in moody silence, and then put up his sword.

"Well," said he, at length, "if he stayed but on her promise, let him take himself away. He will grace the gibbet some other day. But do not let me see him move across the room," he added, with a look of disgust, "or I shall run my blade through him whether I will or not."

"Come, fellow, get thee gone!" said Henry Lisle; "I will see thee depart:" and while his companion fixed his eyes with stern intensity upon the fireplace, as if not to witness the escape of the roundhead, he led him out of the chamber to the outer door.

The stranger moved forward with a firm calm step, keeping his naked sword still in his hand, and making no comment on the scene in which he had been so principal a performer. As he passed through the room, however, he kept a wary glance upon Sir George Herrick; but the moment he quitted it he seemed more at ease, and paused quietly at the door while the boy brought forward his charger. During that pause he turned no unfriendly look on Henry Lisle; and seemed as if about to speak more than once. At length, he said, in a low voice—

"Something I would fain say—though, God knows, we are poor blinded creatures, and see not what is best for us—of thanks concerning that carnal safety which it may be doubted whether——"

"No thanks are needed," interrupted Henry Lisle, cutting across what promised to be one of the long harangues habitual with the fanatics of that day, "no thanks are needed for safety that is grudgingly awarded. I tell thee plainly, that had it not been for the lady's promise, I would willingly have aided in hanging thee with my own hands; and when next we two meet face to face, we shall not part till the life-blood of one or other mark our meeting-place!"

"It may be so, if such be God's will," replied the Parliamentarian; "and I pray the Lord to give me strength, that I may never be found slack to do the work appointed me!"

"Thou hast never been so yet, though it be the work of the evil one," answered Henry Lisle; and then added, "I know thee, though none else here does, or it had fared harder with thee in despite of all promises."

"Thou knowest me!" said the stranger, without testifying any great surprise; "then thou doest the better deed in Israel; and I will trust, notwithstanding thy present malignancy, that the day of grace may yet come to thee. Farewell!"

Thus saying, he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounting somewhat heavily the horse which was now brought up for him, rode away across the common.

Time flew—years passed—the temporary success obtained by General Goring over the forces of Oliver Cromwell was swept away and forgotten in a tide of brilliant triumphs won by the Parliamentary general, who trod upon steps of victory to the government of an empire. He had conquered his opponents by the sword; he had conquered his partisans by hypocrisy; he had subdued all to his will, and under the name of Lord General, ruled with more power than a king. In the mean while, Sir George Herrick and Henry Lisle had fought to the last in the cause of their ancient monarchs; and their zeal—like that noblest of human energies, hope—had grown but the stronger under the pressure of misfortune and distress. Among the various chances of the civil war, five times had the day been appointed for the union of Henry Lisle with Margaret Herrick, and five times had some unforeseen mishap intervened to delay what all so much desired. Each day that went by, Lady Herrick, with means quite exhausted and hopes quite depressed, longed more and more to see her child united to a man of talent, and firmness, and resource; and each battle that passed by, Sir George Herrick, struck with a presentiment of approaching fate, thanked God that he had lived to place his sister's hand in that of his friend.

The last time the marriage was suspended was on the fatal call to Worcester field, where Sir George Herrick fell; and Henry Lisle only escaped to bear his companion's last request to Margaret, that without further pause or delay—without vain ceremonies or useless tears—she would give herself at once to her promised protector. Their wedding was a sad one—no glad peal, no laughing train, announced the union of the two lovers; and ere the day of their bridal was spent, Henry Lisle was a prisoner, journeying toward the tower of London. His trial was delayed some time; but when it took place it was soon decided. No evidence was wanting to his full conviction of loyalty to his king; and the block and axe was the doom pronounced upon him. A brief three days lay between him and death; and Margaret, who was permitted to see him, clung in agony to her husband's bosom. Lady Herrick, to whom he had been more than a son, gazed for some time, with equal agony, upon his fine but faded countenance, which, worn by toil, and anxiety, and long imprisonment, was still more clouded by the hopeless despair of her he loved. But suddenly, without a word, the mother turned away and left the prison.

It was in that great and unequaled hall, whose magnificent vault has overhung so

many strange and mighty scenes in English history, and whose record of brief and gorgeous pageants reads as sad a homily on human littleness as even the dark memorials of the tomb. It was in Westminster Hall, on the 16th day of December, that with the clangor of trumpets and all the pomp and splendor both of military and civil state, a splendid procession moved forward to a chair or throne, raised on some ornamented steps at the further extremity of the building. Judges, in those solemn robes intended to give dignity to the judgments they pronounce; and officers dressed in all that glittering panoply destined to deck and hide the rugged form of war, moved over the echoing pavement between two long ranks of soldiers, who kept the space clear from the gazing and admiring multitude. But the principal figure of the whole procession, on which all eyes were turned, was that of a stout broad-built man, with a dingy weather-beaten countenance, shaggy eyebrows, and a large red nose. His countenance was as unprepossessing as can be conceived; nor was his dress, which consisted of plain black velvet, at all equal to those who surrounded him. But there was something in his carriage and his glance not to be mistaken. It was the confidence of power—not the extraneous power of circumstance and situation, but of that concentrated internal strength which guides and rules the things around it. Each step, as he planted it upon the pavement, seemed destined to be rooted there forever; and his eye, as it encountered the glances of those around, fell upon them with a calm power which beat them to the dust before its gaze. Passing onward, through the hall, he ascended the steps which raised the chair of state; and turning round, stood uncovered before the people. The two keepers of the great seal, standing on his right and left, read a long paper called the Institute of Government, by which, among other things, the Lord General, Oliver Cromwell, was named Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England. The paper was then signed, an oath was administered, and putting on his hat, the figure which had advanced to the chair sat down, amidst the acclamations of the people, while all the rest continued to stand around uncovered.

Various other ceremonies were performed: and then the Great Usurper, rising from his seat, led back the procession toward the door of the hall: but scarcely had he traversed one half of its extent, when a woman, who had been whispering to one of the soldiers who lined the way, pushed suddenly past, and cast herself at Cromwell's feet.

"An act of grace, Lord Protector!" she exclaimed, "an act of grace, to bring a much needed blessing on the power you have assumed!"

"What wouldst thou, woman?" demanded Cromwell; somewhere I have seen thy face before: what wouldst thou? If thy petition be conceived in godliness, and such as may be granted with safety to these poor disturbed realms, it shall not be refused on such a day as this."

"When Colonel Cromwell failed in his attack on Faringdon House," said Lady Herrick—for it was she who knelt before him—"and when General Goring surprised and cut to pieces his troops at night near Warnham Common"—Cromwell's brow darkened, but still she went on—"he fled from a disaster he could not prevent; and was cast from his horse, stunned, at the door of a widow woman, who gave him shelter. He was the enemy of her and hers, and flying from a battle in which her own son had fought; and yet she gave him rest and comfort, and opposed that very son, who would have shed his blood by her hearth. There, too, Henry Lisle interposed to save his life, and was successful; otherwise, Lord Protector, I tell thee, thou wouldst never have sat in that seat which thou hast taken this day. Condemned by your judges for acting according to his conscience, I now ask the life of Henry Lisle, in return for the life he saved. Grant it—oh, grant it, as you are a man and a Christian!"

Cromwell's brow was dark; and after gazing on her for a moment in silence, his only reply was, "Take her away; the woman is mad—take her away and put her forth; but gently—gently—bruise not the bruised—so—now let us pass on, for, in truth, we have been delayed too long."

Put out of the hall by the soldiers; her last hope gone; her heart nearly broken for her child and her child's husband, Lady Herrick wandered slowly on toward that sad place where she had left all that was dear to her. The gay and mighty cavalcade, which conveyed the usurper back to his palace, passed her by like one of those painful dreams which mock us with sights of splendor in the midst of some heavy woe; and before she had threaded many more of the solitary streets, robbed of their population by the attractive ceremony of the day, a single trooper galloped up, gazed on her a moment, and rode on. At the tower no formalities were opposed to her immediate entrance of the prisoner's chamber—she was led to it at once; the door itself was open; an unsealed paper lay upon the table; Henry held Margaret in his arms; and tears, which she never before had seen in his eyes, now rolled plentifully down his cheeks, and mingled with those of his bride; but, strange to say, smiles were shining through those tears, and happiness, like the rainbow-sun, beamed through the drops of sorrow!

"Joy, mother, joy!" were the first and only words: "joy, mother, joy!—Henry is pardoned!"

SYDNEY SMITH, in London, seeing a lump of American ice, remarked, "that he was glad to see anything solvent come from America."

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE WARILOWS OF WELLAND;

OR, THE MODERN PRODIGAL.

MANY travelers know the "Rutland Arms" at Bakewell, in the Peak of Derbyshire. It is a fine large inn, belonging to his Grace of Rutland, standing in an airy little market-place of that clean-looking little town, and commanding from its windows pleasant peeps of the green hills and the great Wicksop Woods which shut out the view of Chatsworth, the Palace of the Peak, which lies behind them. Many travelers who used to traverse this road from the south to Manchester, in the days of long coaches and long wintry drives, know well the "Rutland Arms," and will recall the sound of the guard's bugle, as they whirled up to the door, amid a throng of grooms, waiters, and village idlers, the ladder already taken from its stand by the wall, and placed by the officious Boots in towering position, ready at the instant of the coach stopping, to clap it under your feet, and facilitate your descent. Many travelers will recall one feature of that accommodating inn, which, uniting aristocratic with commercial entertainment, has two doors; one lordly and large, in front, to which all carriages of nobility, prelacy, and gentility naturally draw up; and one at the end, to which all gigs, coaches, mails, and still less dignified conveyances, as naturally are driven. Our travelers will as vividly remember the passage which received them at this entrance, and the room to the left, the Travelers' Room, into which they were ushered. To that corner room, having windows to the market-place in front, and one small peeping window at the side, commanding the turn of the north road, and the interesting arrivals at the secondary entrance, we now introduce our readers.

Here sat a solitary gentleman. He was a man apparently of five-and-thirty; tall, considerably handsome; a face of the oval character, nose a little aquiline, hair dark, eyebrows dark and strong, and a light, clear, self-possessed look, that showed plainly enough that he was a man of active mind, and well to do in the world. You would have thought, from his gentlemanly air, and by no means commercial manner, that he would have found his way in at the great front door, and into one of the private rooms; but he came over night by the mail, and on being asked, on entering the house, by the waiter, to what sort of room he would be shown, answered, carelessly and abruptly, "anywhere."

Here he was, seated in the back left-hand corner of the room, a large screen between himself and the door, and before him a table spread with a goodly breakfast apparatus—coffee, eggs, fresh broiled trout from the neighboring Weye, and a large round of corned beef, as a *dernier resort*.

It was a morning as desperately and deludingly rainy as any that showery region can send down. In the phrase of the country, it *siled* down, or run, as if through a sieve. Straight down streamed the plenteous element, thick, incessant, and looking as if it would hold on the whole day through. It thundered on the roof, beat a sonorous tune on porches and projections of door and window, splashed in torrents on window-sills, and streaming panes, and rushed along the streets in rivers. The hills were hidden, the very fowls driven to roost—and not a soul was to be seen out of doors.

Presently there was a sound of hurrying wheels, a spring-cart came up to the side door, with two men in it, in thick great coats, and with sacks over their shoulders; one huge umbrella held over their heads, and they and their horse yet looking three parts drowned. They lost no time in pitching their umbrella to the ostler, who issued from the passage, descending and rushing into the inn. In the next moment the two countrymen, divested of their sacks and great coats, were ushered into this room, the waiter making a sort of apology, because there was a fire there—it was in the middle of July. The two men, who appeared Peak farmers, with hard hands which they rubbed at the fire, and tanned and weather-beaten complexions, ordered breakfast—of coffee and broiled ham—which speedily made its appearance, on a table placed directly in front of the before solitary stranger, between the side look-out window and the front one.

They looked, and were soon perceived by our stranger, to be father and son. The old man, of apparently upward of sixty, was a middle-sized man, of no Herculean mould, but well knit together, and with a face thin and wrinkled as with a life-long acquaintance with care and struggle. His complexion was more like brown leather than anything else, and his hair which was thin and grizzled, was combed backward from his face, and hung in masses about his ears. The son was much taller than the father, a stooping figure, with flaxen hair, a large nose, light blue eyes, and altogether a very gawky look.

The old man seemed to eat with little appetite, and to be sunk into himself, as if he was oppressed by some heavy trouble. Yet he every now and then roused himself, cast an anxious look at his son, and said "Joe, lad, thou eats nothing."

"No, faythor," was the constant reply; "I towd you I shouldn't. This reen 's enough to tak anybody's appetite—and these t'other things," casting a glance at the stranger.

The stranger had, indeed, his eyes fixed curiously upon the two, for he had been watching the consumptive tendency of the son; not in any cough or hectic flush, or peculiar paleness, for he had a positively sunburnt complexion of his own, but by the extraordinary power he possessed of tossing down coffee and ham, with enormous pieces of toast and butter. Under his operations, a large dish of broiled ham rapidly disappeared, and the contents of the coffee-pot were in as

active demand. Yet the old man, over and anon, looked up from his reverie, and repeated his paternal observation :—

"Joe, lad, thou eats nothing!"

"No, faythor," was still the reply; "I towd you I shouldn't. It 's this reen, and these t'other things"—again glancing at the stranger.

Presently the broiled ham had totally vanished—there had been enough for six ordinary men. And while the son was in the act of holding the coffee-pot upside down, and draining the last drop from it, the old man once more repeated his anxious admonition :—"Joe, lad, thou eats nothing!"—and the reply was still, "No, faythor, I towd you I shouldn't. It 's this reen, and these t'other things."

This was accompanied by another glance at the stranger, who began to feel himself very much in the way, but was no little relieved by the son rising with his plate in his hand, and coming across the room, saying, "You 've a prime round of beef there, sir; might I trouble you for some?"

"By all means," said the stranger, and carved off a slice of thickness and diameter proportioned to what appeared to him the appetite of this native of the Peak. This speedily disappeared; and as the son threw down the knife and fork, the sound once more roused the old man, who added, with an air of increased anxiety, "Joe, lad, thou eats nothing."

"No, faythor," for the last time responded the son. "I towd you I shoudn't. It 's this reen, and this t'other matter; but I 've done, and so let 's go."

The father and son arose and went out. The stranger who had witnessed this extraordinary scene, but without betraying any amusement at it, arose, too, the moment they closed the door after them; and, advancing to the window, gazed fixedly into the street. Presently the father and son, in their great coats, and with their huge drab umbrella hoisted over them, were seen proceeding down the market-place in the midst of the still pouring rain, and the stranger's eyes followed them intently till they disappeared in the winding of the street. He still stood for some time, as if in deep thought, and then turning, rung the bell, ordered the breakfast-things from his table, and producing a writing-case, sat down to write letters. He continued writing, pausing at intervals, and looking steadily before him as in deep thought, for about an hour, when the door opened, and the Peak farmer and his son again entered. They were in their wet and steaming great coats. The old man appeared pale and agitated; bade the son see that the horse was put in the cart, rung the bell, and asked what he had to pay. Having discharged his bill, he continued to pace the room, as if unconscious of the stranger, who had suspended his writing, and was gazing earnestly at him. The old man frequently paused, shook his head despairingly, and muttered to himself, "Hard man!—no fellow feeling!—all over! all over!" With a suppressed groan, he again continued his pacing to and fro.

The stranger arose, approached the old man, and said with a peculiarly sympathizing tone,

"Excuse me, sir, but you seem to have some heavy trouble on your mind; I should be glad if it were anything that were in my power to alleviate."

The old man stopped suddenly—looked sternly at the stranger—seemed to recollect himself, and said rather sharply, as if feeling an unauthorised freedom—"Sir?"

"I beg pardon," said the stranger. "I am aware that it must seem strange in me to address you thus; but I cannot but perceive that something distresses you, and it might possibly happen that I might be of use to you."

The old man looked at him for some time in silence, and then said—

"I forgot any one was here; but you can be of no manner of use to me. I thank you."

"I am truly sorry for it; pray excuse my freedom," said the stranger with a slight flush; "but I am an American, and we are more accustomed to ask and communicate matters than is consistent with English reserve. I beg you will pardon me."

"You are an American?" asked the old man, looking at him. "You are quite a stranger here?"

"Quite so, sir," replied the stranger, with some little embarrassment. "I was once in this country before, but many years ago."

The old man still looked at him, was silent awhile, and then said—"You cannot help me, sir; but I thank you all the same, and heartily. You seem really a very feeling man, and so I don't mind opening my mind to you—I am a ruined man, sir."

"I was sure you were in very deep trouble, sir," replied the stranger. "I will not seek to peer into your affairs; but I deeply feel for you, and would say that many troubles are not so deep as they seem. I would hope yours are not."

"Sir," replied the old man—the tears starting into his eyes—"I tell you I am a ruined man. I am heavily behind with my rent,—all my stock will not suffice to pay it; and this morning we have been to entreat the steward to be lenient,—but he will not hear us; he vows to sell us up next week."

"That is hard," said the stranger. "But you are hale,—your son is young; you can begin the world anew."

"Begin the world anew!" exclaimed the old man, with a distracted air. "Where?—how?—when? No, no! sir,—there is no beginning anew in this country. Those days are past. That time is past with me. And as for my son: Oh, God! Oh, God! what shall become of him, for he has a wife and family, and knows nothing but about a farm."

"And there are farms still."

"Yes; but at what rentals?—and, then, where is the capital?"

The old man grew deadly pale, and groaned aloud.

"In this country," said the stranger, after a deep silence, "I believe these things are hard, but in mine they are not so. Go there, worthy old man; go there, and a new life yet may open to you."

The stranger took the old man's hand tenderly; who, on feeling the stranger's grasp, suddenly, convulsively, caught the hand in both his own, and shedding plentiful tears, exclaimed, "God bless you, sir; God bless you for your kindness! Ah! such kindness is banished from this country, but I feel that it lives in yours—but there!—no, no!—there I shall never go. There are no means."

"The means required," said the stranger, tears, too, glittering in his eyes, "are very small. Your friends would, no doubt—"

"No, no!" interrupted him the old man, deeply agitated; "there are no friends—not here."

"Then why should I not be a friend, so far?" said the stranger. "I have means—I know the country. I have somehow conceived a deep interest in your misfortunes."

"You!" said the old man, as if bewildered with astonishment; "you!—but come along with us, sir. Your words, your kindness, comfort me; at least you can counsel with us—and I feel it does me good."

"I will go with all my heart," said the stranger. "You cannot live far from here. I will hence to Manchester, and I can, doubtless, make it in my way."

"Exactly in the way!" said the old man, in a tone of deep pleasure, and of much more cheerfulness, "at least, not out of it to signify—though not in the great highway. We can find you plenty of room, if you do not disdain our humble vehicle."

"I have heavy luggage," replied the stranger, ringing the bell. "I will have a post-chaise, and you shall go in it with me. It will suit you better this wet day."

"Oh no! I cannot think of it, sir," said the farmer. "I fear no rain. I am used to it, and I am neither sugar nor salt. I shall not melt."

The old man's son approached simultaneously with the waiter, to say that the cart was ready. The stranger ordered a post-chaise to accompany the farmer, at which the son stood with an open-mouthed astonished stare, which would have excited the laughter of most people, but did not move a muscle of the stranger's grave and kindly face.

"This good gentleman will go with us," said the old man.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the son, taking off his hat and making a low bow, "you are heartily welcome; but it's a poor place, sir."

"Never mind that," said the old man. "Let us be off and tell Millicent to get some dinner for the gentleman."

But the stranger insisted that the old man should stay and accompany him in the chaise, and so the son walked off to prepare for their coming. Soon the stranger's trunks were placed on the top of the chaise, and the old man and he drove off.

Their way was for some time along the great highroad; then they turned off to the left, and continued their course up a valley till they ascended a very stony road, which wound far over the swell of the hill, and then approached a large gray stone house, backed by a wood that screened it from the north and east. Far around, lay an immense view, chiefly of green, naked, and undulating hills, intersected by stone walls. No other house was near; and villages lying at several miles distant, naked and gray on the uplands, were the only evidences of human life.

The house was large enough for a gentleman's abode, but there were no neatly kept walks; no carefully cultivated shrubberies; no garden lying in exquisite richness around it. There was no use made of the barns and offices. There were no servants about. A troop of little children who were in the field in front, ran into the house and disappeared.

On entering the house, the stranger observed that its ample rooms were very naked and filled only by a visible presence of stern indigence. The woodwork was unpainted. The stone floors were worn, and merely sanded. The room into which he was conducted, and where the table was already laid for dinner, differed only in having the uncarpeted floor marked in figures of alternating ochre and pipe-clay, and was furnished with a meager amount of humblest chairs and heavy oak tables, a little shelf of books and almanacs, and a yellow-faced clock. A shabby and tired-looking maid-servant was all the domestic seen within or without.

Joe, the simple-looking son, received them, and the only object which seemed to give a cheering impression to the stranger, was Joe's wife, who presented herself with a deep courtesy. The guest was surprised to see in her a very comely, fresh-colored, and modestly sensible woman, who received him with a kind cordiality and native grace, which made him wonder how such a woman could have allied herself to such a man. There were four or five children about her, all evidently washed and put into their best for his arrival, and who were pictures of health and shyness.

Mrs. Warilow took off the old man's great coat with an affectionate attention, and drew his plain elbow chair with a cushion covered with a large-patterned check on its rush bottom, toward the fire; for there was a fire, and that quite acceptable in this cold region after the heavy rain. Dinner was then hastily brought in; Mrs. Warilow apologizing for its simplicity, from the short notice she had received, and she might have added from the painful news which Joe brought with him; for it was very evident, though she had sought to efface the trace of it, by copious washing, that she had been weeping.

The old man was obviously oppressed by the ill result of his morning's journey to the

steward, and the position of his affairs. His daughter-in-law cast occasional looks of affectionate anxiety at him, and endeavored to help him in such a manner as to induce him to eat; but appetite he had little. Joe played his part as valiantly as in the morning; and the old man occasionally rousing from his reverie, again renewed the observation of the breakfast-table.

"Joe, lad, thou eats nothing;" adding too now, "Milly, my dear, thou eats nothing. You eat nothing, sir. None of you have any appetite, and I have none myself. God help me!"

An ordinary stranger would scarcely have resisted a smile—none appeared on the face of the guest.

After dinner they drew to the fire, which consisted of large lumps of coal burning under a huge beamed chimney. There a little table was set with spirits and home-made wine, and the old man and Joe lit their pipes, inviting the stranger to join them, which he did with right good will. There was little conversation, however; Joe soon said that he must go over the lands to see that the cattle was all right; he did more, and even slept in his chair, and the stranger proposed to Mrs. Warilow a walk in the garden, where the afternoon sun was now shining warmly. In his drive hither in the chaise, he had learned the exact position of the old farmer. He was, as he had observed, so heavily in arrear of rent, that his whole stock would not discharge it. When they had seated themselves in the old arbor, he communicated his proposal to her father-in-law to remove to America; observing, that he had conceived so great a sympathy for him, that he would readily advance him the means of conveying over the whole family.

Mrs. Warilow was naturally much surprised at the disclosure. Such an offer from a casual stranger, when all friends and family connections had turned a deaf ear to all solicitations for aid, was something so improbable that she could not realise it. "How can you, sir, a stranger to us, volunteer so large a sum, which we may never be in a position to repay?"

The stranger assured her that the sum was by no means large. That to him it was of little consequence, and that such was the scope for industry and agricultural skill in America, that in a few years they could readily refund the money. Here, from what the old gentleman had told him of the new augmented rate of rental, there was no chance of recovering a condition of ease and comfort.

Mrs. Warilow seemed to think deeply on the new idea presented to her, and then said, "Surely God had sent Mr. Vandeleur (so the stranger had given his name,) for their deliverance. Oh, sir!" added she, "what shall we not owe you if by your means we can ever arrive at freedom from the wretched trouble that now weighs us down. And oh! if my poor father should ever, in that country, meet again his lost son!—"

"He has lost a son?" said the stranger, in a tone of deep feeling.

"Ah, it is a sad thing, sir," continued Mrs. Warilow, "but it is that which preys on father's mind. He thinks he did wrong in it, and he believes that the blessing of heaven has deserted him ever since. Sure enough, nothing has prospered with him, and yet he feels that if the young man lives he has not been blameless. He had not felt and forgiven as a son should. But he cannot be living—no, he cannot for all these years have borne resentment, and sent no part of his love or his fortune to his family. It is not in the heart of a child to do that, except in a very evil nature, and such was not that of this son."

"Pray go on," said the stranger, "you interest me deeply."

"This thing occurred twenty years ago. Mr. Warilow had two sons. The eldest, Samuel, was a fine active youth, but always with a turn for travel and adventure, which was very trying to his father's mind, who would have his sons settle down in this their native neighborhood, and pursue farming as their ancestors had always done. But his eldest son wished to go to sea, or to America. He read a vast deal about that country of winter nights, and was always talking of the fine life that might be led there. This was very annoying to his father, and made him very angry, the more so that Joseph, the younger son, was a weakly lad, and had something left upon him by a severe fever, as a boy, that seemed to weaken his limbs and his mind. People thought he would be an idiot, and his father thought that his eldest brother should stay and take care of him, for it was believed he would never be able to take care of himself. But this did not seem to weigh with Samuel. Youths full of life and spirit don't sufficiently consider such things. And then it was thought that Samuel imagined that his father cared nothing for him, and cared only for the poor weakly son. He might be a little jealous of this, and that feeling once getting into people, makes them see things different to what they otherwise would, and do things that else they would not.

"True enough, the father was always particularly wrapped up in Joseph. He seemed to feel that he needed especial care, and he appeared to watch over him and never have him out of his mind, and he does so to this day. You have no doubt remarked, sir, that my husband is peculiar. He never got over that attack in his boyhood, and he afterward grew very rapidly, and it was thought he would have gone off in a consumption. It is generally believed that he is not quite sharp in all things. I speak freely to you, sir, and as long habit, and knowing before I married Joseph what was thought of him, only could enable me to speak to one who feels so kindly toward us. But it is not so—

Joseph is more simple in appearance than in reality. No, sir, he has a deal of sense, and he has a very good heart; and it was because I perceived this that I was willing to marry him, and to be a true help to him, and, sir, though we have been very unfortunate, I have never repented it, and I never shall."

The stranger took Mrs. Warilow's hand, pressed it fervently, and said, "I honor you, Madam—deeply, truly—pray go on. The eldest son left, you say."

"Oh yes, sir! Their mother died when the boys were about fifteen and seventeen. Samuel had always been strongly attached to his mother, and that, no doubt, kept him at home; but after that he was more restless than ever, and begged the father to give him money to carry himself to America. The father refused. They grew naturally angry; and one day, when they had had high words, the father thought Samuel was disrespectful, and struck him. The young man had a proud spirit. That was more than he could bear. He did not utter a word in reply, but turning, walked out of the house, and from that hour he has never once been heard of.

"His father was very angry with him, and for many years never spoke of him but with great bitterness and resentment, calling him an unnatural and ungrateful son. But of late years he has softened very much, and I can see that it preys on his mind, and as things have gone against him, he has come to think that it is a judgment on him for his hardness and unreasonableness in not letting the poor boy try his fortune as he so yearned to do.

"Since I have been in the family, I have led him by degrees to talk on this subject, and have endeavored to comfort him, telling him that he had meant well, and since, he has seen the thing in a different light. Ah, sir! how differently we see things when our heat of mind is gone over, and the old home heart begins to stir in us again. But, since he has done this, and repented of it, God cannot continue his anger, and so that cannot be the cause of his misfortunes. No, sir, I don't think that—but things have altered very much of late years in this country. The farms up in this Peak country used to be let very low, very low indeed; and now they have been three several times valued and raised since I can remember. People cannot live on them now, they really cannot. Then the old gentleman, as farming grew bad, speculated in lead mines, and that was much worse; he did not understand it, and was sorely imposed on, and lost a power of money; oh! so much that it is a misery to think of. Then, as troubles, they say, fly like crows in companies, there came a very wet summer, and all the corn was spoiled. That put a finish to father's hopes. He was obliged to quit the old farm where the Warilows had been for ages, and that hurt him cruelly—it is like shifting old trees, shifting old people is—they never take to the new soil.

"But as Joseph was extremely knowing in cattle, father took this farm—it's a great grazing farm, sir, seven hundred acres, and we feeden cattle. You would not believe it, sir, but we have only one man on this farm besides Joseph and father."

"It is very solitary," said the stranger.

"Ah, sir, very, but that we don't mind—but it is a great burden, it does not pay. Well, but as to the lost son. I came to perceive how sorely this sat on father's mind, by noticing that whenever I used to read in the old Bible, on the shelf in the house-place, there, that it opened of itself at the Prodigal Son. A thought struck me, and so I watched, and I saw that whenever the old gentleman read it on Sundays, he was always looking there. It was some time before I ventured to speak about it; but, one day when father was wondering what could have been Samuel's fate, I said, 'Perhaps, father, he will still come home like the Prodigal Son in the Scripture, and if he does we'll kill the fatted calf for him, and no one will rejoice in it more truly than Joseph will.'"

"When I had said it, I wished I had not said it—for father seemed struck as with a stake. He went as pale as death, and I thought he would fall down in a fit; but, at last, he burst into a torrent of tears, and, stretching out his arms, said,—'And if he does come he'll find a father's arms open to receive him.'

"Ah, sir! it was hard work to comfort him again. I thought he would never have got over it again; but, after that, he began at times to speak of Samuel to me of himself, and we've had a deal of talk together about him. Sometimes father thinks he is dead, and sometimes he thinks he is not; and, true enough, of late years, there have come flying rumors from America, from people who have gone out there, who have said they have seen him there—and that he was a very great gentleman—they were sure it was him. But then there was always something uncertain in the account, and, above all, father said he never could believe that Samuel was a great gentleman, and yet never could forgive an angry blow, and write home through all these years. These things, sir, pull the old man down, and, what with his other troubles, make me tremble to look forward."

Mrs. Warilow stopped, for she was surprised to hear a deep suppressed sob from the stranger; and, turning, she saw him sitting with his handkerchief before his face. Strange ideas shot across her mind. But at this moment the old farmer, having finished his after-dinner nap, was coming out to seek them. Mr. Vandeleur rose, wiped some tears from his face, and thanked Mrs Warilow for her communication. "You cannot imagine," he said, with much feeling, "how deeply you have touched me. You cannot believe how much what you have said resembles incidents in my own life. Depend upon it, Madam, your brother will turn up. I feel strongly

incited to help in it. We will have a search after him, if it be from St. Lawrence to the Red River. If he lives he will be found; and I feel a persuasion that he will be."

They now met the old man, and all walked into the house. After tea there was much talk of America. Mr. Vandeleur related many things in his own history. He drew such pictures of American life, and farming, and hunting in the woods; of the growth of new families, and the prosperous abundance in which the people lived; that all were extremely interested in his account. Joe sat devouring the story with wonder, luxuriating especially in the idea of those immense herds of cattle in the prairies; and the old man even declared that there he should like to go and lay his bones. "Perhaps," added he, "there I should, some day, find again my Sam. But no, he must be dead, or he would have written. Many die in the swamps and from fever, don't they, sir?"

"Oh! many, many," said Mr. Vandeleur, "and yet there are often as miraculous recoveries. For many years I was a Government Surveyor. It was my business to survey new tracts for sale. I was the solitary pioneer of the population; with a single man to carry my chain, and to assist me in cutting a path through the dense woods. I lived in the woods for years, for months seeing no soul but a few wandering Indians. Sometimes we were in peril from jealous and savage squatters; sometimes were compelled to flee before the monster gristly bear. I have a strange fascinating feeling now of those days, and of our living for weeks in the great caves in the White Mountains, since become the resort of summer tourists, with the glorious 'Notch' glittering opposite far above us, and above the ancient woods. These were days of real hardship, and we often saw sights of sad sorrow. Families making their way to distant and wild localities, plundered by the inhuman squatters, or by the Indians, and others seized by the swamp fever, perishing without help, often all alone in in the wilderness.

"Ah! I remember now one case—it is nearly twenty years ago, but I never can forget. It was a young, thin man—he could scarcely be twenty. He had been left by his party in the last stage of fever. They had raised a slight booth of green bushes over him, and placed a pumpkin-shell of water by his side, and a broken tea-cup to help himself with; but he was too weak, and was fast sinking there all alone in that vast wilderness. The paleness of death appeared in his sunken features, the feebleness of death in his wasted limbs. He was a youth who, like many others, had left his friends in Europe, and now longed to let them know his end. He summoned his failing powers to give me a sacred message. He mentioned the place whence he last came."

"Where was it?" exclaimed the old man, in a tone of wild excitement. "Where—what was it? It must be my Sam!"

"No, that could not be," said the stranger, startled by the old man's emotion; "it was not this place—it was—I remember it—it was another name—Well—Well—Welland was the place."

The old man gave a cry, and would have fallen from his chair, but the stranger sprung forward and caught him in his arms. There was a moment's silence, broken only by a deep groan from the old man, and a low murmur from his lips—"Yes! I knew it—he is dead!"

"No, no! he is not dead!" cried the stranger—"he lives; he recovered!"

"Where is he then?—Where is my Sam?—let me know!"—cried the old man, recovering and standing wildly up—"I must see him! I must to him!"

"Father!—father!—it is Sam!"—cried his son Joe. "I know him!—I know him!—this is he!"

"Where?—who?" exclaimed the father, looking round bewildered.

"Here!" said the stranger, kneeling before the old man, and clasping his hand, and bathing it with tears. "Here, father, is your lost and unworthy son. Father!—I return like the Prodigal Son. 'I have sinned before Heaven and in thy sight, make me as one of thy hired servants.'"

The old man clasped his son in his arms, and they wept in silence.

But Joe was impatient to embrace his recovered brother, and he gave him a hug as vigorous as one of those grisly bears that Sam had mentioned. "Ah! Sam!"—he said—"how I have wanted thee, but I always saw thee a slim chap, such as thou went away—and now thou art twice as big, and twice as old, and yet I knew thee by thy eyes."

The two brothers cordially embraced, and the returned wanderer also embraced his comely sister affectionately, and said, "You had nearly found me out in the garden."

"Ah, what a startle you gave me!" she replied, wiping away her tears, "but this is so unexpected, so heavenly." She ran off, and returning with the whole troop of her children, said, "There, there is your dear, lost uncle!"

The uncle caught them up, one after another, and kissed them rapturously.

"Do you know," said the mother, laying her hand on the head of the eldest boy, a fine, rosy-looking fellow, "what name this has? It is Samuel Warilow! We did not forget the one that was away."

"He will find another Samuel in America," said his uncle, again snatching him up, "and a Joe, and a Thomas, the grandfather's name. My blessed mother there lives again in a lovely blue-eyed girl; and should God send me another daughter, there shall be a Millicent, too!"

Meantime the old man stood gazing insatiably on his son. "Ah, Sam!" said he, as his son again turned, and took his hand, "I was very hard to thee, and yet thou hast been

hard to us too. Thou art married, too, and, with all our names grafted on new stems, thou never wrote to us. It was not well."

"No, father, it was not well. I acknowledge my fault—my great fault; but let me justify myself. I never forgot you; but for many years I was a wanderer, and an unsuccessful man. My pride would not let me send under these circumstances to those who had always said that I should come to beggary and shame. Excuse me that I mention these hard words. My pride was always great; and those words haunted me.

"But at length, when Providence had blessed me greatly, I could endure it no longer. I determined to come and seek forgiveness and reconciliation; and, God be praised, I have found both. We will away home together, father. I have wealth beyond all my wants and wishes; my greatest joy will be to bestow some of it on you. My early profession of a surveyor gave me great opportunities of perceiving where the tide of population would direct itself, and property consequently rise rapidly in value. I therefore purchased vast tracts for small sums, which are now thickly peopled, and my possessions are immense. I am a member of Congress."

The next day, the two brothers drove over to Bakewell, where Joe had the satisfaction to see the whole arrears paid down to the astonished steward, on condition that he gave an instant release from the farm; and Joe ordered, at the auctioneer's, large posters to be placarded in all the towns and villages of the Peak, and advertisements to be inserted in all the principal papers of the Midland Counties, of the sale of his stock that day fortnight.

We have only to record that it sold well, and that the Warilows of Welland, and more recently of Scarthin Farm, are now flourishing on another and more pleasant Welland on the Hudson. There is a certain tall, town-like house which the traveler sees high on a hill amongst the woods, on the left bank of the river, as the steamer approaches the Katskill Mountains. There live the Warilows, and, far back on the rich slopes that lie behind the mountains, and in richer meadows, surrounded by forests and other hills, rove the flocks and herds of Joe; and there comes Squire Sam, when the Session at Washington is over, and surrounded by sons and nephews, ranges the old woods, and shoots the hill-turkey and the roe. There is another comely and somewhat matronly lady sitting with the comely and sunny-spirited Millicent, the happy mistress of the new Welland; and a little Millicent tumbles on the carpet at their feet. The Warilows of Welland all bless the Prodigal Son, who, unlike the one of old, came back rich to an indigent father, and made the old man's heart grow young again with joy.

Men of humor are, in some degree, men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit—as Shakspeare.—*Coleridge.*

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

MY NOVEL;

OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

CHAPTER X.

IN my next chapter I shall present Squire Hazeldean in patriarchal state—not exactly under the fig tree he has planted, but before the stocks he has reconstructed. Squire Hazeldean and his family on the village green! The canvas is all ready for the colors.

But in this chapter I must so far afford a glimpse into antecedents as to let the reader know that there is one member of the family whom he is not likely to meet at present, if ever, on the village green at Hazeldean.

Our squire lost his father two years after his birth; his mother was very handsome—and so was her jointure; she married again at the expiration of her year of mourning—the object of her second choice was Colonel Egerton.

In every generation of Englishmen (at least since the lively reign of Charles II.) there are a few whom some elegant Genius skims off from the milk of human nature, and reserves for the cream of society. Colonel Egerton was one of these *terque, quaterque beati*, and dwelt apart on a top shelf in that delicate porcelain dish—not bestowed upon vulgar buttermilk—which persons of fashion call The Great World. Mighty was the marvel of Pall Mall, and profound was the pity of Park Lane, when this supereminent personage condescended to lower himself into a husband. But Colonel Egerton was not a mere gaudy butterfly; he had the provident instincts ascribed to the bee. Youth had passed from him—and carried off much solid property in its flight; he saw that a time was fast coming when a home, with a partner who could help to maintain it, would be conducive to his comforts, and an occasional humdrum evening by the fireside beneficial to his health. In the midst of one season at Brighton, to which gay place he had accompanied the Prince of Wales, he saw a widow who, though in the weeds of mourning, did not appear inconsolable. Her person pleased his taste—the accounts of her jointure satisfied his understanding; he contrived an introduction, and brought a brief wooing to a happy close. The late Mr. Hazeldean had so far anticipated the chance of the young widow's second espousals, that, in case of that event, he transferred, by his testamentary dispositions, the guardianship of his infant heir from the mother to two squires whom he had named his executors. This circumstance combined with her new ties somewhat to alienate Mrs. Hazeldean from the pledge of her former loves; and when she had borne a son to Colonel Egerton, it was upon that child that her maternal affections gradually concentrated.

William Hazeldean was sent by his guardians to a large provincial academy, at which his forefathers had received their education time out of mind. At first he spent his holidays with Mrs. Egerton; but as she now re-

sided either in London, or followed her lord to Brighton to partake of the gayeties at the Pavilion—so, as he grew older, William, who had a hearty affection for country life, and of whose bluff manners and rural breeding Mrs. Egerton (having grown exceedingly refined) was openly ashamed, asked and obtained permission to spend his vacations either with his guardians or at the old hall. He went late to a small college at Cambridge, endowed in the fifteenth century by some ancestral Hazeldean; and left it, on coming of age, without taking a degree. A few years afterward he married a young lady, country born and bred like himself.

Meanwhile his half-brother Audley Egerton may be said to have begun his initiation into the *beau monde* before he had well cast aside his coral and bells; he had been fondled in the lap of duchesses, and galloped across the room astride on the canes of ambassadors and princes. For Colonel Egerton was not only very highly connected—not only one of the *Dii majores* of fashion—but he had the still rarer good fortune to be an exceedingly popular man with all who knew him;—so popular, that even the fine ladies whom he had adored and abandoned forgave him for marrying out of "the set," and continued to be as friendly as if he had not married at all. People who were commonly called heartless, were never weary of doing kind things to the Egertons. When the time came for Audley to leave the preparatory school, at which his infancy budded forth amongst the stateliest of the little lilies of the field, and go to Eton, half the fifth and sixth forms had been canvassed to be exceedingly civil to young Egerton. The boy soon showed that he inherited his father's talent for acquiring popularity, and that to this talent he added those which put popularity to use. Without achieving any scholastic distinction, he yet contrived to establish at Eton the most desirable reputation which a boy can obtain—namely, that among his own contemporaries—the reputation of a boy who was sure to do something when he grew to be a man. As a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, he continued to sustain this high expectation, though he won no prizes and took but an ordinary degree; and at Oxford the future "something" became more defined—it was "something in public life" that this young man was to do.

While he was yet at the university, both his parents died—within a few months of each other. And when Audley Egerton came of age, he succeeded to a paternal property which was supposed to be large, and indeed had once been so; but Colonel Egerton had been too lavish a man to enrich his heir, and about £1500 a year was all that sales and mortgages left of an estate that had formerly approached a rental of ten thousand pounds.

Still, Audley was considered to be opulent, and he did not dispel that favorable notion by any imprudent exhibition of parsimony. On entering the world of London, the Clubs flew open to receive him; and he woke one morning to find himself, not indeed famous—but the fashion. To this fashion he at once gave a certain gravity and value—he associated as much as possible with public men and political ladies—he succeeded in confirming the notion that he was "born to ruin or to rule the State."

Now, his dearest and most intimate friend was Lord L'Estrange, from whom he had been inseparable at Eton; and who now, if Audley Egerton was the fashion, was absolutely the rage in London.

Harley Lord L'Estrange was the only son of the Earl of Lansmere, a nobleman of considerable wealth, and allied by intermarriages to the loftiest and most powerful families in England. Lord Lansmere, nevertheless, was but little known in the circles of London. He lived chiefly on his estates, occupying himself with the various duties of a great proprietor, and rarely came to the metropolis; so that he could afford to give his son a very ample allowance, when Harley, at the age of sixteen, (having already attained to the sixth form at Eton,) left school for one of the regiments of the Guards.

Few knew what to make of Harley L'Estrange—and that was, perhaps, the reason why he was so much thought of. He had been by far the most brilliant boy of his time at Eton—not only the boast of the cricket-ground, but the marvel of the school-room—yet so full of whims and oddities, and seeming to achieve his triumphs with so little aid from steadfast application, that he had not left behind him the same expectations of solid eminence which his friend and senior, Audley Egerton, had excited. His eccentricities, his quaint sayings and out-of-the-way actions, became as notable in the great world as they had been in the small one of public school. That he was very clever there was no doubt, and that the cleverness was of a high order might be surmised not only from the originality but the independence of his character. He dazzled the world, without seeming to care for its praise or its censure—dazzled it, as it were, because he could not help shining. He had some strange notions, whether political or social, which rather frightened his father. According to Southey, "A man should be no more ashamed of having been a republican than of having been young." Youth and extravagant opinions naturally go together. I don't know whether Harley L'Estrange was a republican at the age of eighteen; but there was no young man in London who seemed to care less for being heir to an illustrious name and some forty or fifty thousand pounds a-year. It was a vulgar fashion in that day to play the exclusive, and cut persons who wore bad neckcloths and called themselves Smith or Johnson. Lord L'Estrange never cut any one, and it was quite enough to slight some worthy man because of his neckcloth or his birth, to insure to the offender the pointed civilities of this eccen-

tric successor to the Derimonts and the Wildairs.

It was the wish of his father that Harley, as soon as he came of age, should represent the borough of Lansmere, (which said borough was the single plague of the Earl's life.) But this wish was never realized. Suddenly, when the young idol of London still wanted some two or three years of his majority, a new whim appeared to seize him.

He withdrew entirely from society—he left unanswered the most pressing three-cornered notes of inquiry and invitation that ever strewed the table of a young Guardsman; he was rarely seen anywhere in his former haunts—when seen, was either alone or with Egerton; and his gay spirits seemed wholly to have left him. A profound melancholy was written in his countenance, and breathed in the listless tones of his voice. At this time the Guards were achieving in the Peninsula their imperishable renown; but the battalion to which Harley belonged was detained at home; and whether chafed by inaction or emulous of glory, the young Lord suddenly exchanged into a cavalry regiment, from which a recent memorable conflict had swept one half the officers. Just before he joined, a vacancy happening to occur for the representation of Lansmere, he made it his special request to his father that the family interest might be given to his friend Egerton—went down to the Park, which adjoined the borough, to take leave of his parents—and Egerton followed, to be introduced to the electors. This visit made a notable epoch in the history of many personages who figure in my narrative; but at present I content myself with saying, that circumstances arose which, just as the canvass for the new election commenced, caused both L'Estrange and Audley to absent themselves from the scene of action, and that the last even wrote to Lord Lansmere expressing his intention of declining to contest the borough.

Fortunately for the parliamentary career of Audley Egerton, the election had become to Lord Lansmere not only a matter of public importance, but of personal feeling. He resolved that the battle should be fought out, even in the absence of the candidate, and at his own expense. Hitherto, the contest for this distinguished borough had been, to use the language of Lord Lansmere, "conducted in the spirit of gentlemen,"—that is to say, the only opponents to the Lansmere interest had been found in one or the other of two rival families in the same county; and as the Earl was a hospitable, courteous man, much respected and liked by the neighboring gentry, so the hostile candidate had always interlarded his speeches with profuse compliments to his Lordship's high character, and civil expressions as to his Lordship's candidate. But, thanks to successive elections, one of these two families had come to an end, and its actual representative was now residing within the Rules of the Bench; the head of the other family was the sitting member, and by an amicable agreement with the Lansmere interest, he remained as neutral as it is in the power of any sitting member to be amidst the passions of an intractable committee. Accordingly, it had been hoped that Egerton would come in without opposition, when, the very day on which he had abruptly left the place, a handbill, signed "Haverhill Dashmore, Captain R.N., Baker Street, Portman Square," announced in very spirited language, the intention of that gentleman to emancipate the borough from the unconstitutional domination of an oligarchical faction, not with a view to his own political aggrandizement—indeed, at great personal inconvenience—but actuated solely by abhorrence to tyranny, and patriotic passion for the purity of election.

This announcement was followed within two hours by the arrival of Captain Dashmore himself, in a carriage-and-four, covered with yellow favors, and filled, inside and out, with harum-scarum looking friends who had come down with him to aid the canvass and share the fun.

Captain Dashmore was a thorough sailor, who had, however, taken a disgust to the profession from the date in which a Minister's nephew had been appointed to the command of a ship to which the Captain considered himself unquestionably entitled. It is just to the Minister to add, that Captain Dashmore had shown as little regard for orders from a distance, as had immortalized Nelson himself; but then the disobedience had not achieved the same redeeming success as that of Nelson, and Captain Dashmore ought to have thought himself fortunate in escaping a severer treatment than the loss of promotion. But no man knows when he is well off; and retiring on half-pay, just as he came into unexpected possession of some forty or fifty thousand pounds, bequeathed by a distant relation, Captain Dashmore was seized with a vindictive desire to enter Parliament, and inflict oratorical chastisement on the Administration.

A very few hours sufficed to show the sea-captain to be a most capital electioneerer for a small and not very enlightened borough. It is true that he talked the saddest nonsense ever heard from an open window; but then his jokes were so broad, his manner so hearty, his voice so big, that in those dark days, before the schoolmaster was abroad, he would have beaten your philosophical Radical and moralizing Democrat hollow. Moreover he kissed all the women, old and young, with the zest of a sailor who has known what it is to be three years at sea without sight of a beardless lip; he threw open all the public-houses, asked a numerous committee every day to dinner, and chucking his purse up in the air, declared he would stick to his guns while there was a shot in the locker. Till then there had been but little political difference between the candidate supported by

Lord Lansmere's interest and the opposing parties—for country gentlemen in those days were pretty much of the same way of thinking, and the question had been really local—viz., whether the Lansmere interest should or should not prevail over that of the two squirearchical families who had alone hitherto ventured to oppose it. But though Captain Dashmore was really a very loyal man, and much too old a sailor to think that the State (which, according to established metaphor, is a vessel, *par excellence*), should admit Jack upon quarter-deck, yet, what with talking against lords and aristocracy, jobs and abuses, and searching through no very refined vocabulary for the strongest epithets to apply to those irritating nouns-substantive, his bile had got the better of his understanding, and he became fuddled, as it were, by his own eloquence. Thus, though as innocent of Jacobinical designs as he was incapable of setting the Thames on fire, you would have guessed him, by his speeches, to be one of the most determined incendiaries that ever applied a match to the combustible materials of a contested election; while, being by no means accustomed to respect his adversaries, he could not have treated the Earl of Lansmere with less ceremony if his Lordship had been a Frenchman. He usually designated that respectable nobleman by the title of "Old Pompous;" and the Mayor, who was never seen abroad but in top-boots, and the Solicitor, who was of a large build, received from his irreverent wit the joint sobriquet of "Tops and Bottoms!" Hence the election had now become, as I said before, a personal matter with my Lord, and indeed with the great heads of the Lansmere interest. The earl seemed to consider his very coronet at stake in the question. "The man from Baker Street," with his preternatural audacity, appeared to him a being ominous and awful—not so much to be regarded with resentment, as with superstitious terror; he felt as felt the dignified Montezuma, when that ruffianly Cortez, with his handful of Spanish rapscallions, bearded him in his own capital, and in the midst of his Mexican splendor.—"The gods were menaced if man could be so insolent!" wherefore, said my Lord, tremulously,—"The Constitution is gone if the Man from Baker Street comes in for Lansmere!"

But in the absence of Audley Egerton, the election looked extremely ugly, and Captain Dashmore gained ground hourly, when the Lansmere Solicitor happily bethought him of a notable proxy for the missing candidate. The Squire of Hazeldean, with his young wife, had been invited by the Earl in honor of Audley; and in the Squire the Solicitor beheld the only mortal who could cope with the sea-captain,—a man with a voice as burly and a face as bold—a man who, if permitted for the nonce by Mrs. Hazeldean, would kiss all the women no less heartily than the Captain kissed them; and who was, moreover, a taller and a handsomer, and a younger man—all three great recommendations in the kissing department of a contested election. Yes, to canvass the borough and to speak from the window, Squire Hazeldean would be even more popularly presentable than the London-bred and accomplished Audley Egerton himself.

The Squire, applied to and urged on all sides, at first said bluntly, "that he would do anything in reason to serve his brother, but that he did not like, for his own part, appearing, even in proxy, as a Lord's nominee; and, moreover, if he was to be sponsor for his brother, why, he must promise and vow, in his name, to be stanch and true to the land they lived by; and how could he tell that Audley, when once he got into the House, would not forget the land, and then he, William Hazeldean, would be made a liar, and look like a turncoat!"

But these scruples being overruled by the arguments of the gentlemen and the entreaties of the ladies, who took in the election that intense interest which those gentle creatures usually do take in all matters of strife and contest, the Squire at length consented to confront the Man from Baker Street, and went accordingly into the thing with that good heart and old English spirit with which he went into everything whereon he had once made up his mind.

The expectations formed of the Squire's capacity for popular electioneering were fully realized. He talked quite as much nonsense as Captain Dashmore on every subject except the landed interest:—there he was great, for he knew the subject well—knew it by the instinct that comes with practice, and compared to which all your showy theories are mere cobwebs and moonshine.

The agricultural outvoters—many of whom not living under Lord Lansmere, but being small yeomen, had hitherto prided themselves on their independence, and gone against my Lord—could not in their hearts go against one who was every inch the farmer's friend. They began to share in the Earl's personal interest against the man from Baker Street; and big fellows, with legs bigger round than Captain Dashmore's tight little body, and huge whips in their hands, were soon seen entering the shops, "intimidating the electors," as Captain Dashmore indignantly declared.

These new recruits made a great difference in the muster-roll of the Lansmere books; and when the day for polling arrived, the result was a fair question for even betting. At the last hour, after a neck-and-neck contest, Mr. Audley Egerton beat the Captain by two votes. And the names of these voters were John Avenal, resident freeman, and his son-in-law, Mark Fairfield, an outvoter, who, though a Lansmere freeman, had settled in Hazeldean, where he had obtained the situation of head carpenter on the Squire's estate.

Those votes were unexpected; for though Mark Fairfield had come to Lansmere on purpose to support the Squire's Brother, and though the Avenals had been always stanch supporters of the Lansmere Blue interest, yet a severe affliction (as to the nature of which, not desiring to sadden the opening of my story, I am considerately silent) had befallen both these persons, and they had left the town on the very day after Lord L'Estrange and Mr. Egerton had quitted Lansmere Park.

Whatever might have been the gratification of the Squire, as a canvasser and a brother, at Mr. Egerton's triumph, it was much damped when, on leaving the dinner given in honor of the victory at the Lansmere Arms, and about, with no steady step, to enter the carriage which was to convey him to his Lordship's house, a letter was put into his hands by one of the gentlemen who had accompanied the Captain to the scene of action; and the perusal of that letter, and a few whispered words from the bearer thereof, sent the Squire back to Mrs. Hazeldean a much soberer man than she had hoped for. The fact was, that on the day of nomination, the Captain having honored Mr. Hazeldean with many poetical and figurative appellations—such as "Prize Ox," "Tony Lumpkin," "Blood-sucking Vampire," and "Brotherly Warming-Pan," the Squire had retorted by a joke upon "Salt-Water Jack;" and the Captain, who, like all satirists, was extremely susceptible and thin-skinned, could not consent to be called "Salt-Water Jack," by a "Prize Ox" and a "Blood-sucking Vampire." The letter, therefore, now conveyed to Mr. Hazeldean by a gentleman, who being from the Sister Country, was deemed the most fitting accomplice in the honorable destruction of a brother mortal, contained nothing more nor less than an invitation to single combat; and the bearer thereof, with the suave politeness enjoined by etiquette on such well-bred homicidal occasions, suggested the expediency of appointing the place of meeting in the neighborhood of London, in order to prevent interference from the suspicious authorities of Lansmere.

The natives of some countries—the warlike French in particular—think little of that formal operation which goes by the name of DUELING. Indeed, they seem rather to like it than otherwise. But there is nothing your thorough-paced Englishman—a Hazeldean of Hazeldean—considers with more repugnance and aversion, than that same cold-blooded ceremonial. It is not within the range of an Englishman's ordinary habits of thinking. He prefers going to law—a much more destructive proceeding of the two. Nevertheless, if an Englishman must fight, why, he will fight. He says "it is very foolish;" he is sure "it is most unchristianlike;" he agrees with all that Philosopher, Preacher and Press have laid down on the subject; but he makes his will, says his prayers, and goes out like a heathen!

It never, therefore, occurred to the Squire to show the white feather upon this unpleasant occasion. The next day, feigning excuse to attend the sale of a hunting stud at Tattersall's, he ruefully went up to London, after taking a peculiarly affectionate leave of his wife. Indeed, the Squire felt convinced that he should never return home except in a coffin. "It stands to reason," said he to himself, "that a man who has been actually paid by the King's Government for shooting people ever since he was a little boy in a midshipman's jacket, must be a dead hand at the job. I should not mind it, if it was with double-barreled Mantons and small shot, but, ball and pistol! they arn't human, nor sportsmanlike!" However, the Squire, after settling his worldly affairs, and hunting up an old college friend who undertook to be his second, proceeded to a sequestered corner of Wimbledon Common, and planted himself, not sideways, as one ought to do in such encounters, (the which posture the Squire swore was an unmanly way of shirking,) but full front to the mouth of his adversary's pistol, with such sturdy composure, that Captain Dashmore, who, though an excellent shot, was at bottom as good natured a fellow as ever lived, testified his admiration by letting off his gallant opponent with a ball in the fleshy part of his shoulder; after which he declared himself perfectly satisfied. The parties then shook hands, mutual apologies were exchanged, and the Squire, much to his astonishment to find himself still alive, was conveyed to Limmer's Hotel, where, after a considerable amount of anguish, the ball was extracted, and the wound healed. Now it was all over, the Squire felt very much raised in his own conceit; and, when he was in a humor more than ordinarily fierce, that perilous event became a favorite allusion with him.

He considered, moreover, that his brother had incurred at his hand the most lasting obligations; and that, having procured Audley's return to Parliament, and defended his interests at the risk of his own life, he had an absolute right to dictate to that gentleman how to vote—upon all matters at least connected with the landed interest. And when, not very long after Audley took his seat in Parliament, (which he did not do for some months,) he thought proper both to vote and to speak in a manner wholly belying the promises the Squire had made on his behalf, Mr. Hazeldean wrote him such a trimmer that it could not but produce an unconciliatory reply. Shortly afterward, the Squire's exasperation reached the culminating point; for, having to pass through Lansmere on a market day, he was hooted by the very farmers whom he had induced to vote for his brother; and, justly imputing the disgrace to Audley, he never heard the name of that traitor to the land mentioned without a heightened color and an indignant expletive. Monsieur de Ruqueville—who was the great-

est wit of his day—had, like the Squire, a half brother, with whom he was not on the best of terms, and of whom he always spoke as his "*frère de loin*." Audley Egerton was thus Squire Hazeldean's *distant brother!*—Enough of these explanatory antecedents,—let us return to the Stocks.

CHAPTER XI.

The Squire's carpenters were taken from the park pales, and set to work at the parish stocks. Then came the painter and colored them a beautiful dark blue, with a white border—and a white rim round the holes—with an ornamental flourish in the middle. It was the gayest public edifice in the whole village—though the village possessed no less than three other monuments of the Vitruvian genius of the Hazeldeans:—to wit, the almshouse, the school, and the parish pump.

A more elegant, enticing, coquettish pair of stocks never gladdened the eye of a justice of the peace.

And Squire Hazeldean's eye was gladdened. In the pride of his heart he brought all the family down to look at the stocks. The Squire's family (omitting the *frère de loin*) consisted of Mrs. Hazeldean, his wife; next, of Miss Jemima Hazeldean, his first cousin; thirdly, of Master Francis Hazeldean, his only son; and fourthly, of Captain Barnabas Higginbotham, a distant relation—who, indeed, strictly speaking, was not of the family, but only a visitor ten months in the year. Mrs. Hazeldean was every inch the lady,—the lady of the parish. In her comely, florid, and somewhat sunburnt countenance, there was an equal expression of majesty and benevolence; she had a blue eye that invited liking, and an aquiline nose that commanded respect. Mrs. Hazeldean had no affectation of fine airs—no wish to be greater and handsomer and cleverer than she was. She knew herself, and her station, and thanked heaven for it. There was about her speech and manner something of that shortness and bluntness which often characterizes royalty; and if the lady of a parish is not a queen in her own circle, it is never the fault of the parish. Mrs. Hazeldean dressed her part to perfection. She wore silks that seemed heirlooms—so thick were they, so substantial and imposing. And over these when she was in her own domain, the whitest of aprons; while at her waist was seen no fiddle-daddle *chatelaine* with *breloques* and trumpery, but a good honest gold watch to mark the time, and a long pair of scissors to cut off the dead leaves from her flowers, for she was a great horticulturist. When occasion needed, Mrs. Hazeldean could, however, lay by her more sumptuous and imperial raiment for a stout riding-habit of blue Saxony, and canter by her husband's side to see the hounds throw off. Nay, on the days on which Mr. Hazeldean drove his famous fast-trotting cob to the market-town, it was rarely that you did not see his wife on the left side of the gig. She cared as little as her lord did for wind and weather, and, in the midst of some pelting shower, her pleasant face peeped over the collar and capes of a stout dreadnaught, expanding into smiles and bloom as some frank rose, that opens from its petals, and rejoices in the dews. It was easy to see that the worthy couple had married for love; they were as little apart as they could help it. And still, on the first of September, if the house was not full of company which demanded her cares, Mrs. Hazeldean "stepped out" over the stubbles by her husband's side, with as light a tread and as blithe an eye as when in the first bridal year she had enchanted the Squire by her genial sympathy with his sports.

So there now stands Harriet Hazeldean, one hand leaning on the Squire's broad shoulder, the other thrust into her apron, and trying her best to share her husband's enthusiasm for his own public-spirited patriotism, in the renovation of the parish stocks. A little behind, with two fingers leaning on the thin arm of Captain Barnabas, stood Miss Jemima, the orphan daughter of the Squire's uncle, by a runaway imprudent marriage with a young lady who belonged to a family which had been at war with the Hazeldeans since the reign of Charles I., respecting a right of way to a small wood (or rather spring) of about an acre, through a piece of furze land, which was let to a brickmaker at twelve shillings a year. The wood belonged to the Hazeldeans, the furze land to the Sticktorights, (an old Saxon family, if ever there was one.) Every twelfth year, when the faggots and timber were felled, this feud broke out afresh; for the Sticktorights refused to the Hazeldeans the right to cart off the said faggots and timber, through the only way by which a cart could possibly pass. It is just to the Hazeldeans to say that they had offered to buy the land at ten times its value. But the Sticktorights, with equal magnanimity, had declared that they would not "alienate the family property for the convenience of the best squire that ever stood upon shoe leather." Therefore, every twelfth year, there was a great breach of the peace on the part of both Hazeldeans and Sticktorights, magistrates and deputy-lieutenants though they were. The question was fairly fought out by their respective dependents, and followed by various actions for assault and trespass. As the legal question of right was extremely obscure, it never had been properly decided; and, indeed, neither party wished it to be decided, each at heart having some doubt of the propriety of its own claim. A marriage between the younger son of the Hazeldeans, and a younger daughter of the Sticktorights, was viewed with equal indignation by both families; and the consequence had been that the runaway couple, unblessed and unforgiven, had scrambled through life as they could, upon the scanty pay of the husband, who was in a marching regiment,

and the interest of £1000, which was the wife's fortune, independent of her parents. They died and left an only daughter, upon whom the maternal £1000 had been settled, about the time that the Squire came of age and into possession of his estates. And though he inherited all the ancestral hostility toward the Sticktorights, it was not in his nature to be unkind to a poor orphan who was, after all, the child of a Hazeldean. Therefore, he had educated and fostered Jemima with as much tenderness as if she had been his sister; put out her £1000 at nurse, and devoted, from the ready money which had accrued from the rents during his minority, as much as made her fortune (with her own accumulated at compound interest) no less than £4000, the ordinary marriage portions of the daughters of Hazeldean. On her coming of age, he transferred this sum to her absolute disposal, in order that she might feel herself independent, see a little more of the world than she could at Hazeldean, have candidates to choose from if she designed to marry; or enough to live upon if she chose to remain single. Miss Jemima had somewhat availed herself of this liberty, by occasional visits to Cheltenham and other watering places. But her grateful affection to the Squire was such, that she could never bear to be long away from the Hall. And this was the more praise to her heart, inasmuch as she was far from taking kindly to the prospect of being an old maid. And there were so few bachelors in the neighborhood of Hazeldean, that she could not but have that prospect before her eyes whenever she looked out of the Hall windows. Miss Jemima was indeed one of the most kindly and affectionate of beings feminine—and if she disliked the thought of single blessedness, it really was from those innocent and womanly instincts toward the tender charities of hearth and home, without which a lady, however otherwise estimable, is little better than a Minerva in bronze. But whether or not, despite her fortune and her face, which last, though not strictly handsome, was pleasing—and would have been positively pretty if she had laughed more often, (for when she laughed, there appeared three charming dimples, invisible when she was grave)—whether or not, I say, it was the fault of our insensibility or her own fastidiousness, Miss Jemima approached her thirtieth year, and was, still Miss Jemima. Now, therefore, that beautifying laugh of hers was very rarely heard, and she had of late become confirmed in two opinions, not at all conducive to laughter. One was a conviction of the general and progressive wickedness of the male sex, and the other was a decided and lugubrious belief that the world was coming to an end. Miss Jemima was now accompanied by a small canine favorite, true Blenheim, with a snub nose. It was advanced in life and somewhat obese. It sat on its haunches, with its tongue out of its mouth, except when it snapped at the flies. There was a strong Platonic friendship between Miss Jemima and Captain Barnabas Higginbotham; for he too was unmarried, and he had the same ill opinion of your sex, my dear madam, that Miss Jemima had of ours. The Captain was a man of a slim and elegant figure;—the less said about the face the better, a truth of which the Captain himself was sensible, for it was a favorite maxim of his—"that in a man, everything is a slight, gentlemanlike figure." Captain Barnabas did not absolutely deny that the world was coming to an end, only he thought it would last his time.

Quite apart from the rest, with the nonchalant survey of virgin dandyism, Francis Hazeldean looked over one of the high starched neck-cloths which were then the fashion—a handsome lad, fresh from Eton, for the summer holidays, but at that ambiguous age, when one disdains the sports of the boy, and has not yet arrived at the resources of the man.

"I should be glad, Frank," said the Squire, suddenly turning round to his son, "to see you take a little more interest in duties which, one day or other you may be called upon to discharge. I can't bear to think that the property should fall into the hands of a fine gentleman, who will let things go to rack and ruin, instead of keeping them up as I do."

And the Squire pointed to the stocks.

Master Frank's eye followed the direction of the cane, as well as his cravat would permit; and he said, drily—

"Yes, sir; but how came the stocks to be so long out of repair?"

"Because one can't see to everything at once," retorted the Squire, tartly. "When a man has got eight thousand acres to look after, he must do a bit at a time."

"Yes," said Captain Barnabas. "I know that by experience."

"The deuce you do!" cried the Squire, bluntly. "Experience in eight thousand acres!"

"No—in my apartments in the Albany. No. 3 A. I have had them ten years, and it was only last Christmas that I bought my Japan cat."

"Dear me!" said Miss Jemima; "a Japan cat! that must be very curious! What sort of a creature is it?"

"Don't you know? Bless me, a thing with three legs, and holds toast! I never thought of it, I assure you, till my friend Cosey said to me, one morning when he was breakfasting at my rooms—'Higginbotham, how is it that you, who like to have things comfortable about you, don't have a cat?' 'Upon my life,' said I, 'one can't think of everything at a time;' just like you, Squire."

"Pshaw," said Mr. Hazeldean, gruffly—"not at all like me. And I'll thank you another time, Cousin Higginbotham, not to put me out when I'm speaking on matters of importance; poking your cat into my stocks!

They look something like now—don't they, Harry? I declare that the whole village seems more respectable. It is astonishing how much a little improvement adds to the —to the—"

"Charm of a landscape;" put in Miss Jemima, sentimentally.

The Squire neither accepted nor neglected the suggested termination; but leaving his sentence uncompleted, broke suddenly off with

"And if I had listened to Parson Dale—

"You would have done a very wise thing;" said a voice behind, as the Parson presented himself in the rear.

"Wise thing! Why surely, Mr. Dale," said Mrs. Hazeldean with spirit, for she always resented the least contradiction to her lord and master; perhaps as an interference with her own special right and prerogative! "why, surely if it is necessary to have stocks, it is necessary to repair them."

"That's right, go it, Harry!" cried the Squire, chuckling, and rubbing his hands, as if he had been setting his terrier at the Parson: St—St— at him! Well, Master Dale, what do you say to that?"

"My dear Ma'am," said the Parson, replying in preference to the lady, "there are many institutions in the country, which are very old, look very decayed, and don't seem of much use; but I would not pull them down for all that."

"You would reform them, then," said Mrs. Hazeldean, doubtfully, and with a look at her husband, as much as to say, "He's on politics now—that's your business."

"No, I would not, ma'am;" said the Parson, stoutly.

"What on earth would you do, then?" quoth the Squire.

"Just let 'em alone," said the Parson. "Master Frank, there's a Latin maxim which was often in the mouth of Sir Robert Walpole, and which they ought to put in the Eton grammar—'*Quieta non movere.*' If things are quiet, let them be quiet! I would not destroy the stocks, because that might seem to the ill-disposed like a license to offend, and I would not repair the stocks, because that puts it into people's heads to get into them."

The Squire was a stanch politician of the old school, and he did not like to think that in repairing the stocks he had perhaps been conniving at revolutionary principles.

"This constant desire of innovation," said Miss Jemima, suddenly mounting the more funereal of her two favorite hobbies, "is one of the great symptoms of the approaching crash. We are altering, and mending, and reforming, when in twenty years at the utmost the world itself may be destroyed!" The fair speaker paused, and—

Captain Barnabas said thoughtfully—"twenty years!—the insurance offices rarely compute the best life at more than fourteen." He struck his hand on the stocks as he spoke, and added with his usual consolatory conclusion:—"The odds are, that it will last our time, Squire."

But whether Captain Barnabas meant the stocks or the world, he did not clearly explain, and no one took the trouble to inquire.

"Sir," said Master Frank to his father, with that furtive spirit of quizzing, which he had acquired amongst other polite accomplishments at Eton—"Sir, it is no use now considering whether the stocks should or should not have been repaired. The only question is, whom you will get to put into them."

"True," said the Squire, with much gravity.

"Yes, there it is!" said the Parson, mournfully. "If you will but learn '*quieta non movere*!'"

"Don't spout your Latin at me, Parson!" cried the Squire, angrily; "I can give as good as you bring any day.

'Proprii quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas—
As in præsenti, perfectum format in avi.'

"There," added the Squire, turning triumphantly toward his Harry, who looked with great admiration at this unprecedented burst of learning on the part of Mr. Haseldean—"There, two can play at that game! And now that we have all seen the stocks, we may as well go home, and drink tea. Will you come up and play a rubber, Dale? No! hang it, man, I've not offended you—you know my ways."

"That I do, and they are among the things I would not have altered," cried the Parson—holding out his hand cheerfully. The Squire gave it a hearty shake, and Mrs. Hazeldean hastened to do the same. "Do come; I am afraid we've been very rude; we are sad blunt folks. Do come; that's a dear good man; and of course poor Mrs. Dale too." Mrs. Hazeldean's favorite epithet for Mrs. Dale was *poor*, and that for reasons to be explained hereafter.

"I fear my wife has got one of her bad headaches, but I will give her your kind message, and at all events you may depend upon me."

"That's right," cried the Squire, "in half an hour, eh?—How d'ye do, my little man?" as Lenny Fairfield, on his way home from some errand in the village, drew aside and pulled off his hat with both hands. "Stop—you see those stocks—eh? Tell all the bad little boys in the parish to take care how they get into them—a sad disgrace—you'll never be in such a quandary!"

"That at least I will answer for," said the Parson.

"And I too," added Mrs. Hazeldean, patting the boy's curly head. "Tell your mother I shall come and have a good chat with her to-morrow evening."

And so the party passed on, and Lenny stood still on the road, staring hard at the stocks, which stared back at him from its four great eyes.

But Lenny did not remain long alone. As soon as the great folks had fairly disappeared, a large number of small folks emerged timorously from the neighboring cottages, and approached the site of the stocks with much marvel, fear, and curiosity.

In fact, the renovated appearance of this monster—*à propos des bottes*, as one may say—had already excited considerable sensation among the population of Hazeldean. And even as when an unexpected owl makes his appearance in broad daylight, all the little birds rise from tree and hedge-row, and cluster round their ominous enemy, so now gathered all the much excited villagers round the intrusive and portentous phenomenon.

"D'ye know what the diggins the Squire did it for, Gaffer Solomons?" asked one many-childed matron, with a baby in arms, an urchin of three years old clinging fast to her petticoat, and her hand maternally holding back a more adventurous hero of six, who had a great desire to thrust his head into one of the grisly apertures. All eyes turned to a sage old man, the oracle of the village, who, leaning both hands on his crutch, shook his head bodingly.

"Maw be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some of the boys ha' been robbing the orchards."

"Orchards"—cried a big lad, who seemed to think himself personally appealed to—"why the bud's scarce off the trees yet!"

"No more it isn't!" said the dame with many children, and she breathed more freely.

"May be," said Gaffer Solomons, "some o' ye has been sitting snares."

"What for?" said a stout sullen-looking young fellow, whom conscience possibly pricked to reply. "What for, when it beant the season? And if a poor man did find a hear in his pocket i' the haytime, I should like to know if ever a squire in the world would let un off wi' the stocks—eh?"

That last question seemed a settler, and the wisdom of Gaffer Solomons went down fifty per cent. in the public opinion of Hazeldean.

"Maw be," said the Gaffer, this time with a thrilling effect, which restored his reputation—"Maw be some o' ye ha' been getting drunk, and making beestises o' yourseln!"

There was a dead pause, for this suggestion applied too generally to be met with a solitary response. At last one of the women said, with a meaning glance at her husband, "God bless the Squire! he'll make some on us happy women, if that's all!"

There then arose an almost unanimous murmur of approbation among the female part of the audience; and the men looked at each other, and then at the Phenomenon, with a very hang-dog expression of countenance.

"Or, maw be," resumed Gaffer Solomons, encouraged to a fourth suggestion by the success of its predecessor—"Maw be some o' the Misseses ha' been making a rumpus, and scolding their goodmen. I heard say in my granfeythir's time, that arter old Mother Bang nigh died o' the ducking-stool, them 'ere stocks were first made for the women, out o' compassion like! And every one knows the Squire is a koind-hearted man, God bless un!"

"God bless un!" cried the men heartily; and they gathered lovingly round the Phenomenon, like heathens of old round a tutelary temple. But then rose one shrill clamor among the females, as they retreated with involuntary steps toward the verge of the green, whence they glared at Solomons and the Phenomenon with eyes so sparkling, and pointed at both with gestures so menacing, that Heaven only knows if a morsel of either would have remained much longer to offend the eyes of the justly enraged matronage of Hazeldean, if fortunately Master Stirn, the Squire's right-hand man, had not come up in the nick of time.

Master Stirn was a formidable personage—more formidable than the Squire himself—as, indeed, a squire's right hand is generally more formidable than the head can pretend to be. He inspired the greater awe, because, like the stocks of which he was deputed guardian, his powers were undefined and obscure, and he had no particular place in the out-of-door establishment. He was not the steward, yet he did much of what ought to be the steward's work; he was not the farm-bailiff, for the Squire called himself his own farm-bailiff; nevertheless, Mr. Hazeldean sowed and plowed, cropped and stocked, bought and sold, very much as Mr. Stirn condescended to advise. He was not the park-keeper, for he neither shot the deer nor superintended the preserves; but it was he who always found out who had broken a park-pale or snared a rabbit. In short, what may be called all the harsher duties of a large landed proprietor devolved by custom and choice upon Mr. Stirn. If a laborer was to be discharged, or a rent enforced, and the Squire knew that he should be talked over, and that the steward would be as soft as himself, Mr. Stirn was sure to be the avenging ἄγγελος or messenger, to pronounce the words of fate; so that he appeared to the inhabitants of Hazeldean like the poet's *Sæva Necessitas*, a vague incarnation of remorseless power, armed with whips, nails, and wedges. The very brute creation stood in awe of Mr. Stirn. The calves knew that it was he who singled out which should be sold to the butcher, and huddled up into a corner with beating hearts at his grim footstep; the sow grunted, the duck quacked, the hen bristled her feathers and called to her chicks when Mr. Stirn drew near. Nature had set her stamp upon him. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the great M. de Chambray himself, surnamed the Brave, had an aspect so awe-inspiring as that of Mr. Stirn; albeit the face of that hero was so terrible, that a man who had been his lackey, seeing his portrait after he had been dead twenty years, fell a trembling all over like a leaf!

"And what the plague are you all doing here?" said Mr. Stirn, as he waved and smacked a great cart-whip which he held in his hand, "making such a hullabaloo, you women, you! that I suspect the Squire will be sending out to know if the village is on fire. Go home, will ye. High time indeed to have the stocks ready, when you get squalling and conspiring under the very nose of a justice of the peace, just as the French revolutioners did afore they cut off their King's head; my hair stands on an end to look at ye." But already, before half this address was delivered, the crowd had dispersed in all directions—the women still keeping together, and the men sneaking off toward the alehouse. Such was the beneficent effect of the fatal stocks on the first day of their resuscitation!

However, in the break-up of every crowd there must be always some one who gets off the last; and it so happened that our friend Lenny Fairfield, who had mechanically approached close to the stocks, the better to hear the oracular opinions of Gaffer Solomons, had no less mechanically, on the abrupt appearance of Mr. Stirn, crept, as he hoped, out of sight, behind the trunk of the elm tree which partially shaded the stocks; and there now, as if fascinated, he still cowered, not daring to emerge in full view of Mr. Stirn, and in immediate reach of the cart-whip,—when the quick eye of the right-hand man detected his retreat.

"Hallo, you sir—what the deuce, laying a mine to blow up the stocks! Just like Guy Fox and the Gunpowder Plot, I declares! What ha' you got in your willainous little fist, there?"

"Nothing, sir," said Lenny, opening his palm.

"Nothing—um!" said Mr. Stirn, much dissatisfied; and then, as he gazed more deliberately, recognizing the pattern boy of the village, a cloud yet darker gathered over his brow; for Mr. Stirn, who valued himself much on his learning—and who, indeed, by dint of more knowledge as well as more wit than his neighbors, had attained his present eminent station in life—was extremely anxious that his only son should also be a scholar; that wish,

"The gods dispersed in empty air."

Master Stirn was a notable dunce at the Parson's school, while Lenny Fairfield was the pride and boast of it; therefore Mr. Stirn was naturally and almost justifiably ill-disposed toward Lenny Fairfield, who had appropriated to himself the praises which Mr. Stirn had designed for his son.

"Um!" said the right-hand man, glowering on Lenny malignantly, "you are the pattern boy of the village, are you? Very well, sir—then I put these here stocks under your care—and you'll keep off the other boys from sitting on 'em, and picking off the paint, and playing three holes and chuck-farthing, as I declare they've been a doing, just in front of the elewation. Now you knows your 'sponsibilities, little boy—and a great honor they are too, for the like o' you. If any damage be done, it is to you I shall look; d'ye understand? and that's what the Squire says to me; so you sees what it is to be a pattern boy, Master Lenny!"

With that Mr. Stirn gave a loud crack of the cart-whip, by way of military honors, over the head of the vicegerent he had thus created, and strode off to pay a visit to two young unsuspecting pups, whose ears and tails he had graciously promised their proprietor to crop that evening. Nor, albeit few charges could be more obnoxious than that of deputy-governor or *chargé d'affaires extraordinaire* to the Parish Stocks, nor one more likely to render Lenny Fairfield odious to his contemporaries, ought he to have been insensible to the signal advantage of his condition over that of the two sufferers, against whose ears and tails Mr. Stirn had no especial motives of resentment. To every bad there is a worse—and fortunately for little boys, and even for grown men, whom the Stirns of the world regard malignly, the majesty of law protects their ears, and the merciful forethought of nature deprived their remote ancestors of the privilege of entailing tails upon them. Had it been otherwise—considering what handles tails would have given to the oppressor, how many traps envy would have laid for them, how often they must have been scratched and mutilated by the briars of life, how many good excuses would have been found for lopping, docking, and trimming them—I fear that only the lap-dogs of fortune would have gone to the grave tail-whole.

CHAPTER XII.

THE card-table was set out in the drawing-room at Hazeldean Hall; though the little party were still lingering in the deep recess of the large bay window—which (in itself of dimensions that would have swallowed up a moderate-sized London parlor) held the great round tea-table with all appliances and means to boot,—for the beautiful summer moon shed on the sward so silvery a luster, and the trees cast so quiet a shadow, and the flowers and new-mown hay sent up so grateful a perfume, that to close the windows, draw the curtains, and call for other lights than those of heaven, would have been an abuse of the prose of life which even Captain Barnabas, who regarded whist as the business of town and the holiday of the country, shrunk from suggesting. Without, the scene, beheld by the clear moonlight, had the beauty peculiar to the garden ground round those old fashioned country residences, which, though a little modernized, still preserve their original character. The velvet lawn, studded with large plots of flowers, shaded and scented here to the left by lilacs, laburnums, and rich seringas—there, to the right, giving glimpses, over low-clipped yews, of a green bowling-

alley, with the white columns of a summer-house, built after the Dutch taste, in the reign of William III.; and in front, stealing away under covert of those still cedars into the wilder landscape of the well-wooded undulating park. Within, viewed by the placid glimmer of the moon, the scene was no less characteristic of the abodes of that race which has no parallel in other lands, and which, alas, is somewhat losing its native idiosyncracies in this—the stout country gentleman, not the fine gentleman of the country—the country gentleman somewhat softened and civilised from the mere sportsman or farmer, but still plain and homely, relinquishing the old hall for the drawing-room, and with books not three months' old on his table, instead of *Fox's Martyrs and Baker's Chronicle*—yet still retaining many a sacred old prejudice, that, like the knots in his native oak, rather adds to the ornament of the grain than takes from the strength of the tree. Opposite to the window, the high chimney-piece rose to the heavy cornice of the ceiling, with dark panels glistening against the moonlight. The broad and rather clumsy chintz sofas and settees of the reign of George III., contrasted at intervals with the tall backed chairs of a far more distant generation, when ladies in fardingales, and gentlemen in trunkhose, seem never to have indulged in horizontal positions. The walls, of shining wainscot were thickly covered, chiefly with family pictures; though now and then some Dutch fair, or battle-piece, showed that a former proprietor had been less exclusive in his taste for the arts. The pianoforte stood open near the fire-place; a long dwarf bookcase, at the far end, added its sober smile to the room. That bookcase contained what was called "The Lady's Library," a collection commenced by the Squire's grandmother, of pious memory, and completed by his mother, who had more taste for the lighter letters, with but little addition from the bibliomaniac tenderness of the present Mrs. Hazeldean—who, being no great reader, contented herself with subscribing to the Book Club. In this feminine Bodleian, the sermons collected by Mrs. Hazeldean, the grandmother, stood cheek-by-jowl beside the novels purchased by Mrs. Hazeldean, the mother.

"Mixtaque ridenti fundet colocasia acantho!"

But to be sure, the novels, in spite of very inflammatory titles, such as "Fatal Sensibility," "Errors of the Heart," &c., were so harmless that I doubt if the sermons could have had much to say against their next-door neighbors—and that is all that can be expected by the rest of us.

A parrot doxing on his perch—some gold-fish fast asleep in their glass bowl—two or three dogs on the rug, and Flimsey, Miss Jemima's spaniel, curled into a ball on the softest sofa—Mrs. Hazeldean's work-table, rather in disorder, as if it had been lately used—the *St. James's Chronicle* dangling down from a little tripod near the Squire's arm-chair—a high screen of gilt and stamped leather fencing off the card-table; all these, dispersed about a room large enough to hold them all and not seem crowded, offered many a pleasant resting-place for the eye, when it turned from the world of nature to the home of man.

But see, Captain Barnabas, fortified by his fourth cup of tea, has at length summoned courage to whisper to Mrs. Hazeldean, "don't you think the Parson will be impatient for his rubber?" Mrs. Hazeldean glanced at the Parson, and smiled; but she gave the signal to the Captain, and the bell was rung, lights were brought in, the curtains let down; in a few moments more the group had collected round the card-tables. The best of us are but human—that is not a new truth, I confess, but yet people forget it every day of their lives—and I dare say there are many who are charitably thinking at this very moment, that my Parson ought not to be playing at whist. All I can say to these rigid disciplinarians is, "Every man has his favorite sin: whist was Parson Dale's!—ladies and gentlemen, what is yours?" In truth, I must not set up my poor parson, now-a-days, as a pattern parson—it is enough to have one pattern in a village no bigger than Hazeldean, and we all know that Lenny Fairfield has bespoken that place,—and got the patronage of the stocks for his emoluments! Parson Dale was ordained, not indeed so very long ago, but still at a time when churchmen took it a great deal more easily than they do now. The elderly parson of that day played his rubber as a matter of course, the middle-aged parson was sometimes seen riding to cover, (I knew a schoolmaster, a doctor of divinity, and an excellent man, whose pupils were chiefly taken from the highest families in England, who hunted regularly three times a week during the season,) and the young Parson would often sing a capital song—not composed by David—and join in those rotary dances, which certainly David never danced before the ark.

Does it need so long a prolegomenon to excuse thee, poor Parson Dale, for turning up that ace of spades with so triumphant a smile at thy partner? I must own that nothing that well could add to the Parson's offense was wanting. In the first place he did not play charitably, and merely to oblige other people. He delighted in the game—he rejoiced in the game—his whole heart was in the game—neither was he indifferent to the mammon of the thing, as a Christian pastor ought to have been. He looked very sad when he took his shillings out of his purse, and exceedingly pleased when he put the shillings that had just before belonged to other people into it. Finally, by one of those arrangements common with married people, who play at the same table, Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean were invariably partners, and no two people could play worse; while Captain Bar-

nabas, who had played at Graham's with honor and profit, necessarily became partner to Parson Dale, who himself played a good steady parsonic game. So that, in strict truth, it was hardly fair play—it was almost swindling—the combination of those two great dons against that innocent married couple! Mr. Dale, it is true, was aware of this disproportion of force, and had often proposed either to change partners or to give odds, propositions always scornfully scouted by the Squire and his lady; so that the Parson was obliged to pocket his conscience together with the ten points which made his average winnings.

The strangest thing in the world is the different way in which whist affects the temper. It is no test of temper, as some pretend—not at all! The best tempered people in the world grow snappish at whist; and I have seen the most testy and peevish in the ordinary affairs of life bear their losses with the stoicism of Epictetus. This was notably manifested in the contrast between the present adversaries of the Hall and the Rectory. The Squire, who was esteemed as choleric a gentleman as most in the county, was the best-humored fellow you could imagine when you set him down to whist opposite the sunny face of his wife. You never heard one of these incorrigible blunderers scold each other; on the contrary, they only laughed when they threw away the game, with four by honors in their hands. The utmost that was ever said was a "Well, Harry, that was the oddest trump of yours. Ho—ho—ho!" or a "Bless me, Hazeldean—why, they made three tricks, and you had the ace in your hand all the time! Ha—ha—ha!"

Upon which occasions Captain Barnabas, with great good humor, always echoed both the Squire's ho—ho—ho! and Mrs. Hazeldean's ha—ha—ha!

Not so the Parson. He had so keen and sportsmanlike an interest in the game, that even his adversaries' mistakes ruffled him. And you would hear him, with elevated voice and agitated gestures, laying down the law, quoting Hoyle, appealing to all the powers of memory and common sense against the very delinquencies by which he was enriched—a waste of eloquence that always heightened the hilarity of Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean. While these four were thus engaged, Mrs. Dale, who had come with her husband despite her headache, sat on the sofa beside Miss Jemima, or rather beside Miss Jemima's Flimsey, which had already secured the center of the sofa, and snarled at the very idea of being disturbed. And Master Frank—at a table by himself—was employed sometimes in looking at his pumps, and sometimes at Gilray's Caricatures, with which his mother had provided him for his intellectual requirements. Mrs. Dale, in her heart, liked Miss Jemima better than Mrs. Hazeldean, of whom she was rather in awe, notwithstanding they had been little girls together, and occasionally still called each other Harry and Carry. But those tender diminutives belonged to the "Dear" genus, and were rarely employed by the ladies, except at those times when—had they been little girls still, and the governess out of the way—they would have slapped and pinched each other. Mrs. Dale was still a very pretty woman, as Mrs. Hazeldean was still a very fine woman. Mrs. Dale painted in water colors and sang, and made card-racks and pen-holders, and was called an "elegant, accomplished woman." Mrs. Hazeldean cast up the Squire's accounts, wrote the best part of his letters, kept a large establishment in excellent order, and was called "a clever, sensible woman." Mrs. Dale had headaches and nerves, Mrs. Hazeldean had neither nerves nor headaches. Mrs. Dale said, "Harry had no real harm in her, but was certainly very masculine." Mrs. Hazeldean said "Carry would be a good creature, but for her airs and graces." Mrs. Dale said, "Mrs. Hazeldean was just made to be a country squire's lady." Mrs. Hazeldean said, "Mrs. Dale was the last person in the world who ought to have been a parson's wife." Carry, when she spoke of Harry to a third person, said, "Dear Mrs. Hazeldean." Harry, when she referred incidentally to Carry, said, "Poor Mrs. Dale." And now the reader knows why Mrs. Hazeldean called Mrs. Dale "poor," at least as well as I do. For, after all, the word belonged to that class in the female vocabulary which may be called "obscure significants," resembling the Knox Ompax, which hath so puzzled the inquirers into the Eleusinian Mysteries; the application is rather to be illustrated than the meaning to be exactly explained.

"That's really a sweet little dog of yours, Jemima," said Mrs. Dale, who was embroidering the word CAROLINE on the border of a cambric pocket-handkerchief, but edging a little farther off, as she added, "he'll not bite, will he?" "Dear me, no!" said Miss Jemima; but (she added, in a confidential whisper,) don't say *he*—'tis a lady dog." "Oh," said Mrs. Dale, edging off still farther, as if that confession of the creature's sex did not serve to allay her apprehensions—"oh, then, you carry your aversion to the gentlemen even to lap-dogs—that is being consistent indeed, Jemima!"

Miss Jemima.—"I had a gentleman dog once—a pug!—they are getting very scarce now. I thought he was so fond of me—he snapped at every one else; the battles I fought for him! Well, will you believe,—I had been staying with my friend Miss Smilecox, at Cheltenham. Knowing that William is so hasty, and his boots are so thick, I trembled to think what a kick might do. So on coming here I left Buff—that was his name—with Miss Smilecox." (A pause.)

Mrs. Dale, looking up languidly.—"Well, my love."

Miss Jemima.—"Will you believe it, I say, when I returned to Cheltenham, only three months afterward, Miss Smilecox had so-

duced his affections from me, and the ungrateful creature did not even know me again. A pug, too—yet people *say* pugs are faithful!!! I am sure they ought to be, nasty things. I have never had a gentleman dog since—they are all alike, believe me—heartless, selfish creatures."

Mrs. Dale.—"Pugs? I dare say they are!"

Miss Jemima, with spirit,—"MEN!—I told you it was a gentleman dog!"

Mrs. Dale, apologetically.—"True, my love, but the whole thing was so mixed up!"

Miss Jemima.—"You saw that cold-blooded case of Breach of Promise Marriage in the papers—an old wretch, too, of sixty-four. No age makes them a bit better. And when one thinks that the end of all flesh is approaching, and that—"

Mrs. Dale, quickly, for she prefers Miss Jemima's other hobby to that black one upon which she is preparing to precede the bier of the universe,—"yes, my love, we'll avoid that subject, if you please. Mr. Dale has his own opinions, and it becomes me, you know, as a parson's wife," (said smilingly; Mrs. Dale has as pretty a dimple as any of Miss Jemima's, and makes more of that one than Miss Jemima of three,) "to agree with him—that is, in theology."

Miss Jemima, earnestly.—"But the thing is so clear, if you would but look into—"

Mrs. Dale, putting her hand on Miss Jemima's lips playfully.—"Not a word more. Pray, what do you think of the Squire's tenant at the Casino, Signor Riccabocca? An interesting creature, is he not?"

Miss Jemima.—"Interesting! Not to me. Interesting! Why is he interesting?"

Mrs. Dale is silent, and turns her handkerchief in her pretty little white hands, appearing to contemplate the R in Caroline.

Miss Jemima, half pettishly, half coaxingly.—"Why is he interesting? I scarcely ever looked at him; they say he smokes, and never eats. Ugly, too!"

Mrs. Dale.—"Ugly—no. A fine head—very like Dante's—but what is beauty?"

Miss Jemima.—"Very true; what is it indeed? Yes, as you say, I think there *is* something interesting about him; he looks melancholy, but that may be because he is poor."

Mrs. Dale.—"It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves. Charles and I were very poor once—before the Squire ——." Mrs. Dale paused, looked toward the Squire, and murmured a blessing, the warmth of which brought tears into her eyes. "Yes," she added, after a pause, "we were very poor, but we were happy even then, more thanks to Charles than to me," and tears from a new source again dimmed those quick lively eyes, as the little woman gazed fondly on her husband, whose brows were knit into a black frown over a bad hand.

Miss Jemima.—"It is only those horrid men who think of money as a source of happiness. I should be the last person to esteem a gentleman less because he was poor."

Mrs. Dale.—"I wonder the Squire does not ask Signor Riccabocca here more often. Such an acquisition *we* find him!"

The Squire's voice from the card table.—"Whom ought I to ask more often, Mrs. Dale?"

Parson's voice impatiently.—"Come—come—come, Squire; play to my queen of diamonds—do!"

Squire.—"There, I trump it—pick up the trick, Mrs. H."

Parson.—"Stop! stop! trump my diamond?"

The Captain, solemnly.—"Trick turned—play on, Squire."

Squire.—"The king of diamonds."

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"Lord! Hazeldean—why, that's the most barefaced revoke—ha—ha—ha! trump the queen of diamonds and play out the king! well I never—ha, ha, ha!"

Captain Barnabas, in tenor.—"Ha, ha, ha!"

Squire.—"And so I have, bless my soul—ho, ho, ho!"

Captain Barnabas, in bass.—"Ho, ho, ho!"

Parson's voice raised, but drowned by the laughter of his adversaries and the firm clear tone of Captain Barnabas:—"Three to our score!—game!"

Squire, wiping his eyes.—"No help for it, Harry—deal for me! Whom ought I to ask, Mrs. Dale? (waxing angry.) First time I ever heard the hospitality of Hazeldean called in question!"

Mrs. Dale.—"My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons, but listeners—you know the proverb."

Squire, growling like a bear.—"I hear nothing but proverbs ever since we have had that Mounseer among us. Please to speak plainly, marm."

Mrs. Dale, sliding into a little temper at being thus roughly accosted.—"It was of Mounseer, as you call him, that I spoke, Mr. Hazeldean."

Squire.—"What! Rickeybockey?"

Mrs. Dale, attempting the pure Italian accentuation,—"Signor Riccabocca."

Parson, slapping his cards on the table in despair.—"Are we playing at whist, or are we not?"

The Squire, who is fourth player, drops the king to Captain Higginbotham's lead of the ace of hearts. Now the Captain has left queen, knave, and two other hearts—four trumps to the queen and nothing to win a trick with in the two other suits. This hand is therefore precisely one of those in which, especially after the fall of that king of hearts in the adversary's hand, it becomes a matter of reasonable doubt whether to lead trumps or not. The Captain hesitates, and not liking to play out his good hearts with the certainty of their being trumped by the Squire, nor, on the other hand, liking to open the other suits in which he has not a card that can assist his partner, resolves, as

becomes a military man, in such a dilemma, to make a bold push and lead out trumps, in the chance of finding his partner strong, and so bringing in his long suit.

Squire, taking advantage of the much meditating pause made by the Captain.—"Mrs. Dale, it is not my fault. I have asked Rickeybocky—time out of mind. But I suppose I am not fine enough for these foreign chaps—he won't come—that's all I know!"

Parson, aghast at seeing the Captain play out trumps, of which he, Mr. Dale, has only two, wherewith he expects to ruff the suit of spades of which he has only one, (the cards all falling in suits) while he has not a single other chance of a trick in his hand. "Really, Squire, we had better give up playing if you put out my partner in this extraordinary way—jabber—jabber—jabber!"

Squire.—"Well, we must be good children, Harry. What!—trumps, Barney? 'Thank ye for that!" And the Squire might well be grateful, for the unfortunate adversary has led up to ace king knave—with two other trumps. Squire takes the Parson's ten with his knave, and plays out ace king; then, having cleared all the trumps except the Captain's queen and his own remaining two, leads off tierce major in that very suit of spades of which the Parson has only one,—and the Captain, indeed, but two—forces out the Captain's queen, and wins the game in a canter.

Parson, with a look at the Captain which might have become the awful brows of Jove, when about to thunder.—"That, I suppose, is the new fashioned London play! In my time the rule was 'First save the game, then try to win it.'"

Captain.—"Could not save it, sir."

Parson, exploding.—"Not save it!—two ruffs in my own hand—two tricks certain till you took them out! Monstrous! The rashest trump."—Seizes the cards—spreads them on the table, lip quivering, hands trembling—tries to show how five tricks could have been gained—(N.B. it is *short* whist, which Captain Barnabas had introduced into the Hall) can't make out more than four—Captain smiles triumphantly—Parson in a passion, and not at all convinced, mixes all the cards together again, and falling back in his chair, groans, with tears in his voice.—"The cruelest trump! the most wanton cruelty!"

The Hazeldeans in chorus. "Ho—ho—ho! Ha—ha—ha!"

The Captain, who does not laugh this time, and whose turn it is to deal, shuffles the cards for the conquering game of the rubber with as much caution and prolixity as Fabius might have employed in posting his men. The Squire gets up to stretch his legs, and the insinuation against his hospitality recurring to his thoughts, calls out to his wife—"Write to Rickeybocky to-morrow yourself, Harry, and ask him to come and spend two or three days here. There, Mrs. Dale, you hear me?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dale, putting her hands to her ears in implied rebuke at the loudness of the Squire's tone. "My dear sir, do remember that I'm a sad nervous creature."

"Beg pardon," muttered Mr. Hazeldean, turning to his son, who, having got tired of the caricatures, had fished out for himself the great folio County History, which was the only book in the library that the Squire much valued, and which he usually kept under lock and key, in his study, together with the field-books and steward's accounts, but which he had reluctantly taken into the drawing-room that day, in order to oblige Captain Higginbotham. For the Higginbothams—an old Saxon family, as the name evidently denotes—had once possessed lands in that very county. And the Captain—during his visits to Hazeldean Hall—was regularly in the habit of asking to look into the County History, for the purpose of refreshing his eyes, and renovating his sense of ancestral dignity with the following paragraph therein:—"To the left of the village of Dunder, and pleasantly situated in a hollow, lies Botham Hall, the residence of the ancient family of Higginbotham, as it is now commonly called. Yet it appears by the county rolls, and sundry old deeds, that the family formerly styled itself Higges, till, the Manor House lying in Botham, they gradually assumed the appellation of Higges-in-botham, and in process of time, yielded to the corruptions of the vulgar, Higginbotham."

"What, Frank! my County History!" cried the Squire. "Mrs. H., he has got my County History!"

"Well, Hazeldean, it is time he should know something about the County."

"Ay, and History too," said Mrs. Dale, malevolently—for the little temper was by no means blown over.

Frank.—"I'll not hurt it, I assure you, sir. But I'm very much interested just at present."

The Captain, putting down the cards to cut.—"You've got hold of that passage about Botham Hall, page 706, eh?"

Frank.—"No; I was trying to make out how far it is to Mr. Leslie's place, Rood Hall. Do you know, mother?"

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"I can't say I do. The Leslies don't mix with the county; and Rood lies very much out of the way."

Frank.—"Why don't they mix with the county?"

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"I believe they are poor, and therefore I suppose they are proud: they are an old family."

Parson, thrumming on the table with great impatience.—"Old fiddledee!—talking of old families when the cards have been shuffled this half hour!"

Captain Barnabas.—"Will you cut for your partner, ma'am?"

Squire, who has been listening to Frank's inquiries with a musing air—"Why do you want to know the distance to Rood Hall?"

Frank, rather hesitatingly. — "Because Randal Leslie is there for the holidays, sir."

Parson.—"Your wife has cut for you, Mr. Hazeldean. I don't think it was quite fair; and my partner has turned up a deuce—deuce of hearts. Please to come and play, if you *mean* to play."

The Squire returns to the table, and in a few minutes the game is decided by a dexterous finesse of the Captain against the Hazeldeans. The clock strikes ten: the servants enter with a tray; the Squire counts up his own and his wife's losings; and the Captain and Parson divide sixteen shillings between them.

Squire.—"There, Parson, I hope now you'll be in a better humor. You win enough out of us to set up a coach and four."

"Tut!" muttered the Parson; "at the end of the year, I'm not a penny the richer for it all."

And, indeed, monstrous as that assertion seemed, it was perfectly true, for the Parson portioned out his gains into three divisions. One-third he gave to Mrs. Dale, for her own special pocket-money; what became of the second third he never owned, even to his better half—but certain it was that every time the Parson won seven-and-sixpence, half-a-crown, which nobody could account for, found its way to the poor-box; while the remaining third, the Parson, it is true, openly and avowedly retained; but I have no manner of doubt that, at the year's end, it got to the poor quite as safely as if it had been put into the box.

The party had now gathered round the tray, and were helping themselves to wine and water, or wine without water—except Frank, who still remained poring over the map in the County History, with his head leaning on his hands, and his fingers plunged in his hair.

"Frank," said Mrs. Hazeldean, "I never saw you so studious before."

Frank started up, and colored, as if ashamed of being accused of too much study in anything.

The Squire, with a little embarrassment in his voice.—"Pray, Frank, what do you know of Randal Leslie?"

"Why, sir, he is at Eton."

"What sort of a boy is he?" asked Mrs. Hazeldean.

Frank hesitated, as if reflecting, and then answered—"They say he is the cleverest boy in the school. But then he saps."

"In other words," said Mr. Dale, with proper parsonic gravity, "he understands that he was sent to school to learn his lessons, and he learns them. You call that sapping—I call it doing his duty. But pray, who and what is this Randal Leslie, that you look so discomposed, Squire?"

"Who and what is he?" repeated the Squire, in a low growl. "Why, you know, Mr. Audley Egerton married Miss Leslie the great heiress; and this boy is a relation of hers. I may say," added the Squire, "that he is as near a relation of mine, for his grandmother was a Hazeldean. But all I know about the Leslies is, that Mr. Egerton, as I am told, having no children of his own, took up young Randal, (when his wife died, poor woman,) pays for his schooling, and has, as I suppose, adopted the boy as his heir. Quite welcome. Frank and I want nothing from Mr. Audley Egerton, thank heaven."

"I can well believe in your brother's generosity to his wife's kindred," said the Parson, sturdily, "for I am sure Mr. Egerton is a man of strong feeling."

"What the deuce do you know about Mr. Egerton? I don't suppose you could ever have even spoken to him."

"Yes," said the Parson, coloring up and looking confused, "I had some conversation with him once;" and observing the Squire's surprise, he added—"when I was curate at Lansmere—and about a painful business connected with the family of one of my parishioners."

"Oh! one of your parishioners at Lansmere—one of the constituents Mr. Audley Egerton threw over, after all the pains I had taken to give him his seat. Rather odd you should never have mentioned this before, Mr. Dale!"

"My dear sir," said the Parson, sinking his voice, and in a mild tone of conciliatory expostulation, "you are so irritable whenever Mr. Egerton's name is mentioned at all."

"Irritable!" exclaimed the Squire, whose wrath had been long simmering, and now fairly boiled over.—"Irritable, sir! I should think so: a man for whom I stood godfather at the hustings, Mr. Dale! a man for whose sake I was called a 'prize ox,' Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was hissed in a market-place, Mr. Dale! a man for whom I was shot at, in cold blood, by an officer in his Majesty's service, who lodged a ball in my right shoulder, Mr. Dale! a man who had the ingratitude, after all this, to turn his back on the landed interest—to deny that there was any agricultural distress in a year which broke three of the best farmers I ever had, Mr. Dale!—a man, sir, who made a speech on the Currency, which was complimented by Ricardo, a Jew! Good heavens! a pretty parson you are, to stand up for a fellow complimented by a Jew! Nice ideas you must have of Christianity. Irritable, sir!" now fairly roared the Squire, adding to the thunder of his voice the cloud of a brow, which evinced a menacing ferocity that might have done honor to Bussy d'Amboise or Fighting Fitzgerald. "Sir, if that man had not been my own half-brother, I'd have called him out. I have stood my ground before now. I have had a ball in my right shoulder. Sir, I'd have called him out."

"Mr. Hazeldean! Mr. Hazeldean! I'm shocked at you," cried the Parson; and putting his lips close to the Squire's ear, he went on in a whisper—"What an example to your

son! You'll have him fighting duels one of these days, and nobody to blame but yourself."

This warning cooled Mr. Hazeldean; and muttering, "Why the deuce did you set me off?" he fell back into his chair, and began to fan himself with his pocket-handkerchief.

The Parson skillfully and remorselessly pursued the advantage he had gained.

"And now, that you may have it in your power to show civility and kindness to a boy whom Mr. Egerton has taken up, out of respect to his wife's memory—a kinsman, you say, of your own—and who has never offended you—a boy whose diligence in his studies proves him to be an excellent companion to your son—Frank," here the Parson raised his voice, "I suppose you wanted to call on young Leslie, as you were studying the county map so attentively?"

"Why, yes," answered Frank, rather timidly, "if my father did not object to it. Leslie has been very kind to me, though he is in the sixth form, and, indeed, almost the head of the school."

"Ah," said Mrs. Hazeldean, "one studious boy has a fellow feeling for another; and though you enjoy your holidays, Frank, I am sure you read hard at school."

Mrs. Dale opened her eyes very wide, and stared in astonishment.

Mrs. Hazeldean retorted that look with great animation. "Yes, Carry," said she, tossing her head, "though *you* may not think Frank clever, his master finds him so. He got a prize last half. That beautiful book, Frank—hold up your head, my love—what did you get it for?"

Frank, reluctantly.—"Verses, ma'am."

Mrs. Hazeldean, with triumph.—"Verses! there, Carry, verses!"

Frank, in a hurried tone.—"Yes, but Leslie wrote them for me."

Mrs. Hazeldean, recoiling.—"O Frank! a prize for what another did for you—that was mean."

Frank, ingenuously.—"You can't be more ashamed, mother, than I was when they gave me the prize."

Mrs. Dale, though previously provoked at being snubbed by Harry, now showing the triumph of generosity over temper.—"I beg your pardon, Frank. Your mother must be as proud of that shame as she was of the prize."

Mrs. Hazeldean puts her arm round Frank's neck, smiles beamingly on Mrs. Dale, and converses with her son in a low tone about Randal Leslie. Miss Jemima now approached Carry, and said in an "aside,"—"But we are forgetting poor Mr. Riccabocca. Mrs. Hazeldean, though the dearest creature in the world, has such a blunt way of inviting people—don't you think if you were to say a word to him, Carry?"

Mrs. Dale kindly, as she wraps her shawl round her.—"Suppose you write the note yourself. Meanwhile I shall see him, no doubt."

Parson, putting his hand on the Squire's shoulder.—"You forgive my impertinence, my kind friend. We parsons, you know, are apt to take strange liberties, when we honor and love folks, as I do you."

"Pish!" said the Squire, but his hearty smile came to his lips in spite of himself. "You always get your own way, and I suppose Frank must ride over and see this pet of my"—

"*Brother's*," quoth the Parson, concluding the sentence in a tone which gave to the sweet word so sweet a sound that the Squire would not correct the Parson, as he had been about to correct himself.

Mr. Dale moved on; but as he passed Captain Barnabas, the benignant character of his countenance changed sadly.

"The cruelest trump, Captain Higginbotham!" said he sternly, and stalked by—majestic.

The night was so fine that the Parson and his wife, as they walked home, made a little *detour* through the shrubbery.

Mrs. Dale.—"I think I have done a good piece of work to-night."

Parson, rousing himself from a reverie—"Have you, Carry?—it will be a very pretty handkerchief."

Mrs. Dale.—"Handkerchief! nonsense, dear. Don't you think it would be a very happy thing for both, if Jemima and Signor Riccabocca could be brought together?"

Parson—"Brought together!"

Mrs. Dale.—"You do snap one up so, my dear—I mean if I could make a match of it."

Parson.—"I think Riccabocca is a match already, not only for Jemima, but yourself into the bargain."

Mrs. Dale, smiling loftily.—"Well, we shall see. Was not Jemima's fortune about £4000?"

Parson dreamily, for he is relapsing fast into his interrupted reverie;—"Ay—ay—I daresay."

Mrs. Dale.—"And she must have saved! I daresay it is nearly £6000 by this time; eh! Charles dear, you really are so—good gracious, what's that!"

As Mrs. Dale made this exclamation they had just emerged from the shrubbery, into the village green.

Parson.—"What's what?"

Mrs. Dale, pinching her husband's arm very nippingly.—"That thing—there—there."

Parson.—"Only the new stocks, Carry; I don't wonder they frighten you, for you are a very sensible woman. I only wish they would frighten the Squire."

CHAPTER XIII.

SUPPOSED TO BE A LETTER FROM MRS. HAZELDEAN TO —— RICCABOCCA, ESQ., THE CASINO; BUT EDITED, AND INDEED COMPOSED, BY MISS JEMIMA HAZELDEAN.

"Dear Sir,—To a feeling heart it must always be painful to give pain to another, and (though I am sure unconsciously) you have given the *greatest* pain to poor Mr. Hazeldean and myself, indeed to *all* our little circle, in so

cruelly refusing our attempts to become better acquainted with a gentleman we so highly ESTEEM. Do, pray, dear sir, make us the *amende honorable*, and give us the *pleasure* of your company for a few days at the Hall! May we expect you Saturday next?—our dinner-hour is six o'clock.

"With the best compliments of Mr. and Miss Jemima Hazeldean.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours, truly, "H. H.

"HAZELDEAN HALL."

Miss Jemima having carefully sealed this note, which Mrs. Hazeldean had very willingly deputed her to write, took it herself into the stable-yard, in order to give the groom proper instructions to wait for an answer. But while she was speaking to the man, Frank, equipped for riding with more than his usual dandyism, came also into the yard, calling for his pony in a loud voice, and singling out the very groom whom Miss Jemima was addressing—for, indeed, he was the smartest of all in the Squire's stables—told him to saddle the gray pad, and accompany the pony.

"No, Frank," said Miss Jemima, "you can't have George; your father wants him to go on a message—you can take Mat."

"Mat, indeed!" said Frank, grumbling with some reason; for Mat was a surly old fellow, who tied a most indefensible neckcloth, and always contrived to have a great patch in his boots;—besides, he called Frank "Master," and obstinately refused to trot down hill;—"Mat, indeed!—let Mat take the message, and George go with me."

But Miss Jemima had also her reasons for rejecting Mat. Mat's foible was not servility, and he always showed true English independence in all houses where he was not invited to take his ale in the servant's hall. Mat might offend Signor Riccabocca, and spoil all. An animated altercation ensued, in the midst of which the Squire and his wife entered the yard, with the intention of driving in the conjugal gig to the market-town. The matter was referred to the natural umpire by both the contending parties.

The Squire looked with great contempt on his son. "And what do you want a groom at all for? Are you afraid of tumbling off the pony?"

"No, sir; but I like to go as a gentleman, when I pay a visit to a gentleman!"

Squire, in high wrath.—"You precious puppy! I think I'm as good a gentleman as you, any day, and I should like to know when you ever saw me ride to call on a neighbor, with a fellow jingling at my heels, like that upstart Ned Spankie, whose father kept a cotton-mill. First time I ever heard of a Hazeldean thinking a livery-coat was necessary to prove his gentility!"

Mrs. Hazeldean, observing Frank coloring, and about to reply.—"Hush, Frank, never answer your father,—and you are going to call on Mr. Leslie?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I am very much obliged to my father for letting me," said Frank, taking the Squire's hand.

"Well, but, Frank," continued Mrs. Hazeldean, "I think you heard that the Leslies were very poor."

Frank.—"Eh, mother?"

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"And would you run the chance of wounding the pride of a gentleman, as well born as yourself, by affecting any show of being richer than he is?"

Squire, with great admiration.—"Harry, I'd give £10 to have said that!"

Frank, leaving the Squire's hand to take his mother's.—"You're quite right, mother—nothing could be more *snobbish*."

Squire.—"Give us your fist too, sir; you'll be a chip of the old block, after all."

Frank smiled, and walked off to his pony.

Mrs. Hazeldean to Miss Jemima.—"Is that the note you were to write for me?"

Miss Jemima.—"Yes, I supposed you did not care about seeing it, so I have sealed it, and given it to George."

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"But Frank will pass close by the Casino on his way to the Leslies'. It may be more civil if he leaves the note himself."

Miss Jemima, hesitatingly.—"Do you think so?"

Mrs. Hazeldean.—"Yes, certainly. Frank—Frank—as you pass by the Casino, call on Mr. Riccabocca, give this note, and say we shall be heartily glad if he will come."

Frank nods.

"Stop a bit," cried the Squire. "If Rickeybockey's at home, 'tis ten to one if he don't ask you to take a glass of wine! If he does, mind, 'tis worse than asking you to take a turn on the rack. Faugh! you remember, Harry?—I thought it was all up with me."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Hazeldean, "for Heaven's sake, not a drop! Wine indeed!"

"Don't talk of it," cried the Squire, making a wry face.

"I'll take care, sir!" said Frank, laughing as he disappeared within the stable, followed by Miss Jemima, who now coaxingly makes it up with him, and does not leave off her admonitions to be extremely polite to the poor foreign gentleman, till Frank gets his foot into the stirrup; and the pony, who knows whom he has got to deal with, gives a preparatory plunge or two, and then darts out of the yard.

THERE is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write?—*Milton*.

NONE are more bold and aspiring in their thoughts than timid people; they thus privately make themselves amends for all they dare not do, and give way to their wildest fancies with the greater ease, as they are well aware in their own secret hearts that they will never realize any one of their schemes.

[From Household Words.]

THE RAILWAY WONDERS OF LAST YEAR.

THE unblushing individual who inflated the first bubble prospectus in the early days of railway scheming must regard, if he be still in existence (and we have good reason to believe that he lives, a prosperous gentleman), with superlative amazement the last Report of Her Majesty's Railway Commissioners.

When in his dazzling document the preposterous "promoter" certified the forthcoming goods transit at six times the amount his most sanguine "traffic-taker" could conscientiously compute; when he quadrupled the boldest calculations of the expected number of passengers—when, in short, he projected his prognostics beyond the widest bounds of probability, and then added a few ciphers at the end of each sum, to make "round numbers"—he was not so mad as to believe that he lied in the least like truth. Mad as he was *not*, he never could have supposed that an after-time would come when his lying prospectus would be pronounced as far short of, as his mendacious imagination endeavored to make it exceed, the truth. But that time has arrived.

Let us suppose a friend of his, a far-seeing prophet, reading a proof of the pet prospectus by the aid of magnifying-glasses; let us figure the statistical foreteller of future events assuring its author, that twenty years thence, his immeasurable exaggerations would be out-exaggerated by what should actually come to pass; that his brazen bait to catch share-jobbers would shrink — when placed beside the railway records of eighteen hundred and forty-nine—into a puny, minimized, under-statement. How he would have laughed! How immediately his mind would have reverted from the sanguine seer to the terminus of flighty intellects known as Bedlam. With what remarkable unction he would have said, "Phoo! Phoo! My good fellow, you must be lapsing into lunacy. What! do you mean to say I have not laid it on thick enough? Why, look here!" and he turns to the latest of the Stamp Office stage-coach returns: "Do you mean to tell me—now that coach traveling has arrived at perfection, and that the wonderful average of coach passengers is six millions a year—that instead of quadrupling the number of travelers who are likely to use my line, I ought to multiply them by a hundred? Why, you may as well try to persuade me that I ought to promise for our locomotives twenty, instead of fifteen, miles an hour; as —Heaven forgive me—I have had the courage to set down. Stuff! If I were to romance it that rate, we should not sell a share."

And our would-be Major Longbow would have had reason for the faith that was in him. In his highest flights he dared not exceed too violently the statistics of G. R. Porter, or have added too high a premium on the expectations of George Stephenson. The former calculated that up to the end of 1834, when not a hundred miles of railway were open, the annual average of persons who traveled by coach was about two millions, each going over one hundred and eighty miles of ground in the year.* Supposing each individual performed that distance in three journeys, the whole number of *persons* must have multiplied themselves into six millions of *passengers*. As to speed, Mr. George Stephenson said at a dinner-party given to him at Newcastle in 1844, that when he planned the Liverpool and Manchester line, the directors entreated him, when they went to Parliament, not to talk of going at a faster rate than ten miles an hour, or he "would put a cross upon the concern." Mr. George Stephenson *did* talk of fifteen miles an hour, and some of the Committee asked if he were not mad! Mr. Nicholas Wood delivered himself in a pamphlet as follows: "It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather *professions*, of the *enthusiastic speculatist* will be realized, and that we shall see engines traveling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm toward their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such NONSENSE!"

It would seem, then, that the Longbow of the aboriginal prospectuses was actually modest in his estimate as to passengers and speed. But only a few years must have made him utterly ashamed of his moderation and modesty. How disgusted he must have felt with his timid prolusions, even when 1843 arrived! For that year revealed traveler's tales that exceeded his early romances by what Major Longbow himself would have called, "an everlasting long chalk." Within that year, seventy railroads, constructed at an outlay of sixty millions sterling, conveyed twenty-five millions of passengers three hundred and thirty millions of miles, at an average cost of one penny and three-quarters per mile, and an average speed of twenty-four miles per hour, with but one fatal accident.

But if our parent of railway proprietors were astonished at what happened in 1843, with what inconceivable amazement he must peruse the details of 1849! We should like to see the expression of his countenance while conning the Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Railways for last year. At the end of every sentence he would be sure to exclaim, "Who *would* have thought it!"

From this unimpeachable record of scarcely credible statistics, it appears that at the end of 1849 there were, in Great Britain and Ireland, five thousand five hundred and ninety-six miles of railway in active operation; upward of four thousand five hundred and fifty-six of which are in England, eight hundred and forty-six in Scotland, and four hundred and ninety-four in Ireland. Besides

* "Porter's Progress of the Nation," vol ii. p. 22.

this, the number of miles which have been authorised by Parliament, and still remain to be finished, is six thousand and thirty; so that, if all the lines were completed, the three kingdoms would be intersected by a network of railroad measuring twelve thousand miles: but of this there is only a remote probability, the number of miles in course of active construction being no more than one thousand five hundred, so that by the end of the present year it is calculated that the length of finished and operative railway may be about seven thousand four hundred miles, or as many as lie between Great Britain and the Cape of Good Hope, with a thousand miles to spare. The number of persons employed on the 30th of June, 1849, in the operative railways was fifty-four thousand; on the unopened lines, one hundred and four thousand.

When the schemer of the infancy of the giant railway system turns to the passenger-account for the year 1849, he declares he is fairly "knocked over." He finds that the railway-passengers are put down at *sixty-three million eight hundred thousand;* nearly three times the number returned for 1843, and *a hundred times* as many as took to the road in the days of stage-coaches. The passengers of 1849 actually double the sum of the entire population of the three kingdoms.

The statement of capital which the six thousand miles now being hourly traveled over represents, will require the reader to draw a long breath;—it is one hundred and ninety-seven and a half millions of pounds sterling. Add to this the cash being disbursed for the lines in progress, the total rises to two hundred and twenty millions! The average cost of each mile of railway, including engines, carriages, stations, &c., (technically called "plant,") is thirty-three thousand pounds.

Has this outlay proved remunerative? The Commissioners tell us that the gross receipts from all the railways in 1849 amounted to eleven millions, eight hundred and six thousand pounds; from which, if the working expenses be deducted at the rate of forty-three per cent. (being about an average taken from the published statements of a number of the principal companies), there remains a net available profit of about six millions, seven hundred and twenty-nine thousand, four hundred and twenty pounds, to remunerate the holders of property to the amount of one hundred and ninety-seven millions and a half; or at the rate, within a fraction, of three and a half per cent. Here our parent of railway prospectuses chuckles. *He* promised twenty per cent. per annum.

In short, in everything except the dividends, our scheming friend finds that recent fact has outstripped his early fictions. He told the nervous old ladies and shaky "half-pays" on his projected line, that railways were quite as safe as stage-coaches. What say the grave records of 1849? The lives of five passengers were lost during that year, and those by one accident—a cause, of course, beyond the control of the victims; eighteen more casualties took place, for which the sufferers had themselves alone to blame. Five lives lost by official mismanagement, out of sixty-four millions of risks, is no very outrageous proportion; especially when we reflect, that taking as a basis the calculations of 1843, the number of miles traveled over per rail during last year, may be set down at eight hundred and forty-five millions; or *nine times the distance between the earth and the sun!* Such are the railway wonders of the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine.

THE DUKE LEWIS OF DONAUWORTH.

BY THE BARONESS BLAZE DE BURY.

IN the spring of the year 1255, the Duke Lewis the Severe (*der Strenge*) journeyed from Munich to Donauwörth in company with his fair Duchess whom he had espoused but the year before. They went to visit the Duke's sister, Elizabeth of Bavaria, the widow of the Emperor Conrad IV., poisoned in Naples, and mother of Conradin destined to be beheaded there. The Empress lived a solitary life, watching over the cradle of the last Hohenstauffen.

Duke Lewis left his young wife in Donauwörth under the Empress's care, and went forth to fight the robber-knights of the Rhenish Palatinate. Many were the tears shed by Mary of Brabant, and many her prayers not to be forgotten, for dearly she loved her rigid lord. But time flew by, and the Duke returned not, and Mary pined, and wished him back, but Lewis was only twenty-six, and loved the sound of the clarion and the neighing of his steed better than the sweet vows and murmurings of his true ladye.

He held his Court in Heidelburg, and by him stood ever his dearest friend, Henry, Count of Leiningen, and to him one day the anxious wife sent a letter, beseeching he would use his influence to quicken her husband's return. Another missive was dispatched at the same time to Duke Lewis, and the messenger was well enjoined to give to the Duke the packet sealed in white, to the Count that sealed in black. The old mistake was made, Duke Lewis received the letter destined for his friend, wherein the artless Duchess had assured Henry of Leiningen that, if he accompanied her lord in his return, her pleasure in welcoming him would be great.

Now, it seems that Othello was a joke to Duke Lewis. No sooner had he read the few suspicious lines, than he bounded to horse (Leiningen was absent or he would probably have been the first victim) and galloped forth from Heidelberg. Three horses lay dead upon his path, killed by his impatience, but on the second day he arrived at Donauwörth. It was in January 1256, the snow lay deep on the ground, and when the seneschal opened the great gates of the castle, the wind blew furiously, and passing

clouds drifted across the moon, so that she lighted dimly the dark figure of the Duke. He slew the seneschal, and strode into his young wife's chamber. She flew to him; but the fell word, *Adulteress!* has destroyed before even the cold steel touches her, and the innocent one lets her sweet head droop like a withered flower upon its stem, more vanquished by shame than death.

Stern, dark, inflexible, Duke Lewis stands in that chamber, the voice of wail raised around him by the weeping Empress and the scared attendants. *She* alone, the injured one, is silent. The headsman is bidden to the Ducal presence, and the confessor follows him. The Duchess kneels and receives the sacred pledge of divine love, as a martyr preparing for heaven; and when she rises, ere she can give one last look of pardoning love to her destroyer, her beautiful head rolls at Duke Ludwig's feet.

This was on the 18th of January, 1256. It is said that on the 19th, Duke Ludwig's hair was gray.

GENERAL WILLISEN.

GENERAL WILLISEN, commander-in-chief of the Schleswig-Holstein army, is about sixty years of age; descended from a noble Prussian family—he was early destined for a military career, and in the campaign of 1806, served as cadet in an infantry regiment. After the disasters of Jena and Auerstadt, he returned to the University of Halle, where he spent the next few years in the retirement of study. When the circle of the Saal was added to the kingdom of Westphalia, Willisen became liable to the military conscription, which was established in the new monarchy after the French model. His attempt to withdraw from the operation of this measure miscarried. He was carried to Cassel, and for a short time imprisoned there. This event took place in 1809, just as Austria was about to turn for the fourth time her arms against France. The occasion was favorable to Willisen's flight, however otherwise venturesome this may have been. He proceeded to Vienna, entered a free corps with which he fought in Italy and the Tyrol, and a few years later returned to the Prussian service. From 1813 to 1815 we find him attached to the general staff of Field-Marshal Prince Blucher. He was then in a good school. Led at first by Scharnhorst, then by Gneisenau, and including such men as Generals Claudowitz and Grolmann, this small corps of officers comprised the rarest military talents. Willisen remained in this position for a certain time after the conclusion of Peace, and at the end of twenty years' experience, he was appointed to give instruction in military history in the General Military School of Berlin. The aim of his instructions was to lay down a clear and complete system of warfare, which in respect of method must of course be his own work, but as to its principles was nearly related to the system expounded in the writings of the Russian general, Jomini. Proceeding from the axiom that the object of the art of war is victory, and of victory the attainment of military ends, he regards the army, the instrument of attaining those ends, under two aspects—first and chiefly, according to its requirements, and second, as to its capabilities. The supply of the first is the subject, then, of the first part of military science—"the doctrine of conditions" or strategy: to teach how the latter may be best brought out and applied is the object of the second part of the system—tactics. Willisen then considers victory as it may be attempted in one of two ways, either by aggravating the enemy's difficulties or by attacking him. It will be seen from the foregoing outline, that Willisen's instructions were at least systematic and logical. His views, however, met with various receptions; and to confute certain objections urged against his principles, he undertook, in 1831, through the medium of the *Military Weekly Gazette*, to establish and illustrate them by the course of the then undecided Polish war of independence. In his articles he incidentally gave advice to the Polish heroes, and thus disclosed a political bias in no way calculated to win the favor of the court. Willisen, at that time a major, fell into displeasure. His articles, however, made a great impression in all circles; they were clear, defined by logic, and animated by political feeling; but the issue of the war was unfortunate for their author, as it directly contradicted his predictions. Thus Willisen had prophesied that if the Russians below Modlin should cross the Weichsel, they would be lost. But they did so, and took Warsaw, and so shortly ended the war. Damaging as the exposure of this error was for Willisen, the death of his scientific rival and opponent was a more important event. General von Claudowitz died November 16, 1831, and soon after his widow published, from the copious literary remains of her husband, that work entitled "War," which has since become so celebrated. Many of Willisen's views were here controverted, and his theory generally denied. After long silence Willisen published in 1840 a reply in a formal exposition of his system; he has had many opponents, but no rival to be compared to Claudowitz. For several years before 1848, Willisen was stationed at Posen, with the office of chief of the general staff of the 5th army corps, and afterward as commander of a brigade. The plenipotentiary powers in the duchy of Posen in 1848, are part of the history of the commotions of March. In the autumn of the same year he was present with Radetsky at the siege of Malghera, and observed the progress of the Italian campaign, whose history he has since written. In the promotions of the spring and summer of 1849, Willisen's name was omitted, and this circumstance may have induced him to apply for the dismission which was granted him in the spring, with the title of lieutenant-general.

SAVAGE LANDOR UPON SAVAGE HAYNAU.

THE veteran Walter Savage Landor has written the following letter to *The Examiner* respecting the reception of Marshal Haynau in England:

Sir: Accounts have reached every part of England announcing the reception of Haynau. Whatever is new is generally more acceptable in this country than in any other; and murderers have lately been the principal objects of solicitude and compassion. Personal wrongs, urgent necessity, and neglected education, the fault of parents or of government, have impelled the greater part of these wretches to the commission of their crime. Yet the feeling is false and morbid which induces those of a better nature to visit them in their prisons, and to comfort them under the sentence of the laws. What excuse then is there for patronizing the deliberate murderer of brave soldiers, not met in the field of battle, not taken with arms about them, who, if they had fought against Haynau, fought against the invader of their country, fought for the laws of the land, fought for their wives and children? What excuse is there for scourging in the public market-place the most delicate of girls and mothers? Ages have passed over our heads since such atrocities were committed in Europe; and only one man has been found capable of committing them.

Most deservedly has this wretch been designated in all languages as the *Hangman Haynau*. Is it credible that he has the audacity and impudence to venture into this country; to walk openly in our streets? If Marat and Robespierre and Couthon had been displaced and exiled, is ours the land in which they would have claimed the rights of hospitality? Yet they were only the engines of the laws, which, many as were the innocent struck down by them, many the noble, many the aged, many the young, spared torture, spared degradation.

I think it probable that the gentleman in the *Times*, who defends on every occasion the exercise of arbitrary power, may receive a reprimand from Petersburg. For, the *disgrace* of Haynau (this is the term in Courts, where turpitude has no such meaning) came, like all other continental movements, from that quarter. Of existing rulers, certainly the Emperor of Russia is the most able; and whenever he permits a cruelty under his subject crowns, he insures to himself popularity by compassing in due time the humiliation of the subordinate actor. He was resolved that the youth he protected at Vienna should lose forever his hold on the Hungarians, while he took himself off a little and stood aloof, breathing a tepid air of clemency.

There is much to be admired in the character of this potentate, but there is greatly more to be feared. He is guided by one sole star, and never turns his eyes away from it. Variable as the winds are the counsels of every nation round, while his are conducted by calm sagacious men along the same line of polity from age to age. Whatever he meditates he effects. He knows that the hour of action is not to be accelerated by putting on the hands of his watch. Omnipotent not only at Athens, but through Athens at Munich; omnipotent at Vienna, at Berlin, at Stockholm, at Copenhagen, he excites, or suppresses, or modulates, or varies, the discordant cries of France in every Department. The eastern empire rises up again, with greater vigor and surer hopes than Constantine in Byzantium could impart to it, and is now overshadowing and overawing the dislocated and chaotic West. Nicholas wills the abolition of republics; France swears to maintain them; and instantly throws down her own that she may the more readily subvert the Roman. In the hand of Napoleon his half-dozen royalets were never more pliable manikins than the nephew is in the hand of Nicholas. It will use him for a time, as for a time it used Haynau. In England, it seems, this discarded butcher, stripped by Austria of his apron and cleaver, is not to be touched, but is, on the contrary, to be respected. And why? Because he has come upon our shores!

Unquestionably the hangman will find defenders here in England: but the defenders of such a wretch, whether in print or Parliament, are even worse than himself. Criminals who have been put into the pillory for much smaller offenses, and indeed for one only, have undergone thereby the sentence of the law; yet public indignation pelts them, and the press acquiesces. Mr. Baron Rothschild calls the unfortunate man his friend. Jews are most peculiarly citizens of the world: Baron Rothschild among the rest: but Baron Rothschild, the friend of Haynau, has a better right to be a citizen of the world than a citizen of London; and a better to be a citizen of London than its representative. Never let us hear again of the *indignities* the scourger and hangman has undergone, nor of extenuating comparisons between his crimes and the crimes of others.

The distinguished writer in the *Times* is indignant that a person of Haynau's age should be scouted and insulted. There are crimes of which age and infirmity itself are an aggravation. Age ought to be exempt from the violence of the passions: age ought to be lenient, considerate, compassionate: age should remember its past impetuosities, and rejoice in their extinction: age must often have seen around its own domestic hearth the irrepressible ebullition of generous emotions, and sometimes of ungenerous. The nearer to the grave we are, the more should we be on a level with the humanities, and the more observant of those fellow-men whom we are leaving on this side of it. There is folly in calling it an act of cowardice to drive away an assassin, whatever be his age or his condition. Gray hairs are

venerable only on the virtuous. We have seen gray-whiskered wolves; but we never have seen a body of the most innocent villagers backward to pursue them in consideration of this merit.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

September 7.

THE TELEGRAPH BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LONDON.

DOUBTLESS what the British prophet said will yet be true: some one will "put a girdle round the world in forty minutes;" or better than that, intelligence of events will come to us from Asia half a day before the sun can mark the hour of their occurrence: we shall have in our morning papers "what took place this evening" in Canton and Calcutta—having a system of electro-telegraphic grammar. The London *Mechanics' Magazine* says, pertinent to this matter:

"The establishment of this electro-telegraphic communication across the Straits between England and France has been for a considerable time foreseen, as one of the most natural in the train of consequences resulting from the modern application of electricity to the transmission of intelligence between distant parts. If a line of wire could convey the electric impulse for thousands of miles over the surface of the earth—as it has done, and is doing—there could be nothing in the nature of things to prevent it from being equally efficacious if carried under the earth or even under water; granted always, that no one has been heard to dispute, that it is in the power of art to protect the wire from whatever antagonistic influences it may be exposed to when laid down under earth or water. Trials of submerged lines of wire had, in fact, been made with perfect success across the Thames and the Hudson, both tolerably broad rivers; and it was not to be doubted that what could be accomplished in this way for one mile, could be accomplished for thirty or fifty, or, indeed, any number of miles. It was but, in any case, to make the line of submerged wire longer—to sink it, perhaps, deeper; and, if deeper, to protect it better. The simplest of things, however, when carried out on a large scale, require often, as in this instance, for the doing of them, qualities of a high order—great enterprise, great perseverance, great executive powers of construction and direction. It was a great thing, assuredly, to undertake to underlay a sea of some thirty miles wide with one continuous line of communication—a single break or flaw in which would be fatal to the whole; there was a risk of failure to be braved, and in any event, much expenditure of money, time, and trouble, to be adventured on the issue; and beyond all doubt or question, it is a great thing to have successfully accomplished. An electric telegraph to Calais, is not a thing which will stop there. It is a telegraph to Vienna, to Moscow, to Constantinople, to Ispahan, to Delhi, to Calcutta, to the remotest bounds, in short, of Europe and Asia. A few years ago people laughed when Lord Palmerston predicted at the Southampton meeting of the British Association, that a time might come when the Minister of the day being asked in Parliament, "Whether it was true that a war had broken out in India?" would reply, "Wait an instant till I telegraph the Governor-General, and I will tell you." What was thought but a good joke in 1843, is now, in 1850, in the course of being actually accomplished, and ere a few years more, is likely to take its place amongst the sober realities of the age. Nor to the Old World alone need our views of the ultimate progress of electro-telegraphy be confined; for, since the English Channel has been crossed, the crossing of the Irish must follow next, as but a matter of course; and Ireland once reached, there lies but a couple of thousand miles of water or so between the Old World and the New. We say, "but," for after all where is the practical difficulty? Not in producing the length of wire required; for any length of wire can be spun—not in covering and insulating the wire; for thousands of miles of wire can be covered and insulated just as readily and surely as one—nor yet in laying down, as the Dover and Calais experiment has fully shown. The only real difficulty in the case, we apprehend, will be to find ship-room for the enormous coil of wire that would be required; but this is an objection that vanishes away before the recollection of such leviathan structures as the Canada and Great Britain. Besides, means may be found to effect on board the laying-down vessel a perfect junction of different lengths of wire, so as to allow of two, three, or more reels being employed. We assume, of course that battery power sufficient to transmit the electric impulse through a wire of some 2,000 miles long is at our command; but though we are not aware of any recorded experiments that would justify us in taking the possibility of this for granted, we know that the recently invented receiving magnet of Morse is founded on the principle of counting for nothing the mere distance the electric message has to be transmitted; and, at all events, the fact is one capable of tentative determination on land before a single yard of an Atlantic line need be laid down. The Old and New Worlds being thus united, we should then see the dream of the poet even more than realized; the earth "girdled round" about—not in "forty minutes" but in a thousandth part of the time—in a single beat of the clock. What would all the other triumphs of human genius be to this? Time and distance literally annihilated throughout the bounds of the planet which we inhabit! A triumph only to be transcended when the planets shall themselves begin to telegraph one another—which is one of the very few things which, in this age of art-miracles, one would venture without hesitation to say will never happen.

[From the Times.]

THE LAST RETURN OF THE BRITISH REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

A GREAT philosopher among the ancients laid it down as a principle that the number of citizens in a perfect state should not exceed 10,000, and his reason for the limitation was that he conceived it impossible for the ruling powers to hold a larger community under their immediate control; or, if we may borrow the original expression, scan it at a glance. We have managed, however, in common with some other nations, to combine the observance of that condition with a more numerous population and a more extended empire than he contemplated as likely to endure; and while we succeed in bringing every individual under the cognizance of our laws, and catalogue the man, if not his occupation, two or three times at least during his life, we acquire at the same time, by our knowledge of the total, means of dealing with our millions more effectual than the Greeks with their limited communities possessed.

Not the least interesting of all the returns which year after year present us with a general view of our condition as a people are those which relate to the first and simplest features of our national existence,—to our births, marriages and deaths. They remind us that we are but a class of the great animal kingdom, subject to irreversible laws, before which our temporary and external distinctions fade away. They represent the heir of a throne and the tenant of a hovel under the equal significance of an unit, and, by a machinery at once simple and certain, they provide us with information useful to the philanthropist, valuable to the philosopher, necessary to the statesman.

Man's acts, says Shakspeare, are seven ages; the Registrar-General, for his purposes, prefers to regard them as three; all who enter their names in his triple column stand as born, married, or dead; it is a natural and a simple catalogue. Those three facts carry an importance which no others possess; they are facts which, whether in their separate or in their cumulative character, must ever be the topic for reflection, the staple of conversation, the burden of song. Day by day through the year we perform our part in satisfying the public curiosity as to

> ——"Who was wed,
> And who was hanged, and who was brought to bed."

Day by day the separate incidents call forth the garrulity of the nurse, the anxieties of the bride, the extortions of the undertaker, and year by year those same incidents, regarded as an aggregate, point the warnings of the economist or emphasize the self-congratulations of the statesman.

A week ago we published in our columns an abstract of the last quarterly return of the Registrar-General, in which he discovered some ground for a favorable estimate of our social and physical condition. We have to-day to allude to an annual report by the same officer, referring to the year 1848, and furnishing us with some additional information not attainable in the ordinary return. This report, the eleventh of the series, enables us to extend our view to the different classes originally catalogued together, and to distinguish in the list of births and deaths one sex from the other, to separate legitimate from illegitimate births, and marriages as between bachelors and spinsters from those in which one or both the parties had previous experience of the state matrimonial. The inferences to be drawn from a table thus revised are of course very different from those which might be based on the simple return of births, marriages and deaths. We are not, therefore, to-day called upon to point out increasing population as a serious subject for thought—we have not now to stimulate the activity of the conclave which sits in Craig's-court by dwelling on the hopeful decrease in the general mortality, nor to invoke the shade of Malthus against an alarming tendency toward marriage; were this our task we should seek the tables of 1850, and not the report of 1848. All that we need remark on two out of the three great divisions is, that with regard to the births, public morality does not appear to be on the decline, and with regard to the deaths, that sanitary measures are everywhere rewarding the energy which proposed or enforced them. In the third item, however, viz., that of marriages, we find some new information accorded us, of which we are bound to make use. By a series of approximations, not extending to the whole number of marriages celebrated in the year 1848, we are enabled to discover one or two facts which are not devoid of interest. Generally, perhaps, our remarks are devoted mainly to matters which interest the masculine half of society, but we are mistaken if the facts we are now to reveal do not prove interesting in an equal degree to the feminine portion.

From the report now before us we are enabled approximately to judge how many old men upon the average make fools of themselves and how many old women make fools of young men; we also ascertain what is the age within which a lady may contemplate marriage as a possibility, and what is the more limited period within which it is "highly probable." In the first place, however, we must beg leave to go back for an instant to the table of births, in order to remark that there is no foundation for the not uncommon idea that more females than males are born in this country; it appears that, on the contrary, the males born in the year 1848 exceeded the females by 13,633. This circumstance is valuable, as antagonistic to the fact that the occupations of men and the increased difficulty of maintaining a family deter or preclude an entrance into new responsibilities, and we are led to hope that we shall rub on without having recourse to polygamy, and without expatriating many thousands of our daughters, sisters and our maiden aunts, now

invited by Mr. Sidney Herbert to swell his Australian cargo. The figures to which we have alluded inform us that a lady's chance of getting married is at its *maximum* between the ages of 20 and 25. Before 20 a lady has but one-fifth, and from 25 to 30 but one-third of that *maximum* chance. After 30 her chance, as may be supposed, generally, dwindles away to zero, and hence we conclude the great length of time which some ladies take in arriving at that age. Men, as is well known, marry later than women, and yet we find that the great majority of marriages are contracted while both parties are under 25, and suspect that this circumstance is due mainly to the early unions among the laboring poor. Men, however, retain the power of contracting matrimony to a later age than the weaker sex; out of 27,483 single persons who married in 1848 there was only one spinster above sixty years of age, whereas there were twelve bachelors. We do not wish by these disclosures to strike a panic into those expectant Tabithas who only own to thirty and a bit; but comparatively few gentlemen think of asking a lady's age, and comparatively few ladies are confiding enough to reveal it.

A widower, it seems, selects a more steady age than a bachelor; on the contrary, a widow prefers that her second husband should be younger than herself; of widows above 50 who contract a second marriage more than three-fourths are united to men under 50, but of course as the chances of marriage decrease, the ages of the new partners are found to increase. On a rough calculation, the number of marriages in which widows appear as principals is about nine per cent. of the whole annual number, and those in which the bridegrooms are widowers about fourteen per cent. of the whole. It might be supposed, therefore, that more widowers contracted alliances with spinsters than bachelors with widows; but, independently of this, it appears that more widows found widowers for partners than found bachelors, a fact which illustrates the old apophthegm, that "'Tis sympathy makes friends."

Valuable as this return is, and interesting alike to those who propose the question and those who accept it, we cannot but wish that the principle were further carried out so as to show us in how many cases more than two alliances are effected by the same person, and what the respective ages of the successive partners. We learned the other day from a Scotch trial what contracts may be brought about by expedience, and are anxious to know what average of our population enact the part of Bluebeard with the requisite modifications, or what part emulate the Wife of Bath. In order to arrive at some definite law which may guide Cœlebs in search of a wife, it is necessary that some more *data* should be ascertained,—the fortunes, the figures, the temperaments of brides should have a catalogue devoted to them, and, the tactics of the sex being laid open to the world, no Sir Roger de Coverley would be made miserable by a widow,—no Pickwick imposed upon by artifices he could not foresee,—but mankind would go to market with the confidence which figures only can give, and matrimony be raised from a lottery to the dignity and estimation of a science.

MAN EVER THE SAME.

THE same Pendennis! Time had brought to him, as to the rest of us, its ordinary consequences, consolations, developments. We alter very little. When we talk of this man or that woman being no longer the same person whom we remember in youth, and remark (of course to deplore) changes in our friends, we don't, perhaps, calculate that circumstances only bring out the latent defect or quality, and do not create it. The selfish languor and indifference of to-day's possession is the consequence of the selfish ardor of yesterday's pursuit; the scorn and weariness which cries *vanitas vanitatum* is but the lassitude of the sick appetite palled with pleasure: the insolence of the successful *parvenu* is only the necessary continuance of the career of the needy struggler: our mental changes are like our gray hairs or our wrinkles—but the fulfillment of the plan of mortal growth and decay; that which is snow-white now was glossy black once; that which is sluggish obesity to-day was boisterous rosy health a few years back; that calm weariness, benevolent, resigned, and disappointed, was ambition, fierce and violent, but a few years since, and has only settled into submissive repose after many a battle and defeat. Lucky he who can bear his failure so generously, and give up his broken sword to Fate the Conqueror with a manly and humble heart! Are you not awe-stricken, you, friendly reader, who, taking the page up for a moment's light reading, lay it down, perchance, for a graver reflection,—to think how you, who have consummated your success or your disaster, may be holding marked station, or a hopeless and nameless place, in the crowds who have passed through how many struggles of defeat, success, crime, remorse, to yourself only known!—who may have loved and grown cold, wept and laughed again, how often!—to think how you are the same. *You*, whom in childhood you remember, before the voyage of life began? It has been prosperous, and you are riding into port, the people huzzaing and the guns saluting,—and the lucky captain bows from the ship's side, and there is a care under the star on his breast which nobody knows of: or you are wrecked, and lashed, hopeless, to a solitary spar out at sea:—the sinking man and the successful one are thinking each about home, very likely, and remembering the time when they were children; alone on the hopeless spar, drowning out of sight; alone in the midst of the crowd applauding you."—*The last number of Pendennis.*

[From Sirr's Ceylon and the Cingalese.]

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF THE KANDIANS.

THE day and hour of the wedding are fixed by an astrologer or wise man, the bride's horoscope having been previously compared with that of the bridegroom's by the same sage, who declares if the planetary influence will allow them to wed. The astrologer being well paid, and, as there are four methods by which configurations and a favorable result may be arrived at, the stars generally prove propitious to the projected union. It sometimes happens that the horoscopes of the intended bride and bridegroom, despite the strenuous endeavors of the astrologers, will not coincide, and then an infant brother or relation of the bridegroom takes his place at the wedding-feast, provided his horoscope will agree with that of the lady's. Such a marriage is legal, the evasion being regarded as a necessary concession to the will of the planets. The wedding takes place at the bride's residence, where a mandoo (or temporary bamboo building covered with mats) is erected; in this structure the feast is prepared for the male part of the company, the ladies eating alone in the dwelling, the roof of which is hung with white cloth. The bridegroom sets out on the wedding-day for the lady's abode, attended by as numerous a train of relations, friends, and dependents as he can muster, the latter bearing the bridal gifts, which consist of jewels and wearing apparel for the bride, cooked food (which is placed in a decorated pingo, or basket, and covered with a new white cloth) and fruits for the guests. As soon as the nuptial train approaches the bride's abode, her relations and friends sally forth to meet it, servants following, bearing two trays covered with white cloth, on which betel leaves are spread, which are presented to the bridegroom's friends. When the distribution of the betel leaves is terminated, both parties form one procession, and walk toward the house, the bride's relatives and friends preceding the bridegroom's. Upon entering the bride's residence, if the bridegroom is a chief, or wealthy man of rank, his feet are bathed by a servant, a piece of money being thrown into the water, which becomes the fee of the domestic. Among the lower castes and poor, this ceremony is performed by a younger brother, or near relative. The host then requests the bridegroom and male guests to enter the mandoo and seat themselves according to their rank and seniority, the hostess requesting the females to follow her into the inner apartment, and do the same. When all have partaken of the good cheer and viands, and the meal is terminated, the bridegroom's nearest unmarried relative enters the ladies' apartments, and requests permission to bring in the gifts. Being answered in the affirmative, the bridegroom, attended by his friends, enters, some of them bearing the wedding presents. A platform of jackwood, covered with white cloth, is then placed in the middle of the apartment, in the center of which a quantity of rice is piled up in a conical form, around which are placed young green cocoanuts, bunches of bananas, and betel leaves; various coins, either of gold, silver, or copper, are also laid on the rice. When the astrologer intimates that the fortunate moment has arrived for the union to take place, a cocoanut is severed in twain at one stroke, which is given with a small implement resembling a bill-hook; the bride is then led forward by her mother and a near relative (who is the mother of a numerous family,) and by them is lifted on to the pile of rice, her face being turned in the direction in which the astrologer states the presiding planet is placed in the firmament. The bridegroom then advances, bearing the wearing apparel and jewels with which the bride is to be decorated; the mother of the bride then proceeds to take off the bride's trinkets, and removes the jeweled pins from her head, replacing them with the jewels and pins which are presented by the bridegroom. Lastly, the bridal cloth, or comboy, is presented to the mother, which becomes her perquisite, and the value of the same can be recovered by the husband if he should divorce his wife for infidelity at a future period; but all the jewels given to the bride on her wedding-day are her property, and her husband can never reclaim them under any circumstances. As soon as the toilette of the bride is completed, she distributes betel leaves to every guest assembled; the bridegroom then advances and pours a little sandal wood oil or cinnamon water on the head of the bride, and draws a thread from her comboy (or petticoat) with which the father or nearest male relative of one or other of the contracting parties, ties their little fingers together. The bridegroom then hands the bride down from the jackwood platform, and they advance about six paces, when they pull their hands apart, thus severing the thread. Occasionally, marriage rings are exchanged, instead of tying the little fingers together, but the latter is most generally adopted. The bridegroom leads the bride to another room, where a repast has been prepared for them and the near relatives of both (the other guests not entering the room); the newly-married couple partake of this food from the same vessel, as a token of acknowledgment that they are of equal rank. When the repast is concluded, the bridegroom drops some money in the vessel in which his food was placed, and the relatives throw some coins about the table, which are the perquisite of the washerman of the bride's family, and the table-cloth is also given to him. The bride, if in Kandy, and married in Eeega, is conducted in great state to her husband's home; but, if married in Beena, the guests disperse, leaving them to enjoy their newly-acquired happiness. Until the third, and with rigid Buddhists, until the seventh, day after their marriage, the newly-married

people do not lay aside their bridal garments, and part of these garments they have about them night and day. On the third or seventh day, the bride's relatives come to her dwelling, bringing presents of fruit, boiled rice, vegetable curries, and flowers; the jackwood platform is again bedecked, and the husband and wife, in their bridal attire, are seated side by side upon it. A relative of either party then advances, and simultaneously pour a chatty of water on the heads of the husband and wife. The couple then retire and take off their bridal garments, and the following day go to bathe; after which the bride's friends pay a last ceremonious visit, and the marriage rites are concluded.

[From the Leader.]

BEAUTY.

PEOPLE talk fluently of Beauty, but more fluently than well. Their ideas are in terrible confusion on the subject, because they are led away from the real question by prejudices in favor of what they call "moral beauty," which makes them oblivious of the great fact that the Creator's hand has been as lavish in the physical as in the moral world. It is a part of our Christian metaphysics to condemn the body in favor of an exclusive soul. But take any object in the universe and contemplate its beauty. Look at this Azalea, for example, which I am holding upward in the light. Note the grace of these sprigs; see how the white shines from the dark leaves with a *force* of contrast most striking, almost harsh; no, not harsh, you say: but so harmonious, so sweet in both of the two colors contrasted, that the unity of sweetness softens the contrast into unison; the bright white and the deep green are the night and day of this little world which I hold in my hand—the two parts of one round integrity. Now, look closer; look at that surface, softer than ivory, whiter than the teeth cradled in the lips of beauty, dazzlingly white; yet so softly moulded, so lusciously polished, and yet again so sweetly sharp, that while you look into it your heart is stirred with wonder at the skill and sweet wit of the virtue that makes this *be* as we see it. Now smell it—that remote fragrant and fresh perfume, how honey-sweet but fresh with life! Do you not *love* this flower, as you would love the bright face of one your heart had bowed to? What is this beauty but a completeness of each thing in its kind, making us specially aware of the fullness of good therein compacted, provoking us to love? Why is our idea of human beauty so touching to us but because it is more *human*, and more thoroughly understood by us? Does it *not* move us to love?

Beauty is completeness of type, and the types nearest to us most affect us. I love this dear Azalea, which grows beside me, for the beauty which I am allowed to see in it; I love still more the beautiful woman that is my mate, and walks beside me in this outer Eden of a planet. When organization, erring from its type, is less complete, its powers of affecting me, at least on the sudden, are diminished. And this, I have often thought, explains why beauty, which so powerfully enslaves in woman, loses its paramount influence with time, while we grow used to plainness, and learn to think it beautiful.

Affection craves above all things affection. In the beautiful, strong in obeying the ordained law, the functions of life keep best their appointed movement. The *most* vigorous organizations can acquire strength in special exercises, and *not* become, as coarser organizations do, turgid with redundant fiber—as the antelope keeps its slender form, and the outline of the agile Lucile Grahn refuses to leave its gracile contour to acquire the massive forms common among dancers. Perfection of the tissues—tight smooth vocal cords and strong lungs—conduces to a sweet voice. Features undistorted by individual accidents of form, voice unbroken by casual defects, can best, and in most widely-understood language, express the feelings of typical humanity. Cæteris paribus, a beautiful organization, undisturbed by external influences, will have the most typical feelings—those which we most affect; but whatever feelings it has, it will express in the gestures of the countenance by a language clear and undistorted. Plainness is a *dialect* new to us at first; the gestures of the unsymmetrical features, deviating from the type, do not accurately inform us of the inner intent; but, with use, we learn that dialect: once learned, the coveted language of affection reaches us without let or adulteration; and *then* we say that plainness has grown "beautiful" in our eyes. Then the beauties of affection are displayed to us without disguise.

All love at first sight is created by the aspect of beauty. And it is no fable. If you appeal to intellect, take your judgment from that. What do the highest intellects say? How is it that the poets, those perfect philosophers in the elementary essential philosophy of humanity—how is it that they make all their men and women beautiful?—and painters the same? Do they despise the physical, or ignore the "moral and intellectual" power of "mere beauty?"

I do not know what people mean by "mere beauty." They might as well talk of mere sunlight, mere goodness, mere affection! Beauty is beauty; godlike in its power, godlike in its perfection. To say that it is not something *else* is to ask the moral of the Rose. To me the Rose is enough; lovely in itself, but lovelier, I admit, when nestling in the white wonder of her bosom where my aching head would fain repose!

HORNE TOOKE, on being asked by a foreigner of distinction, how much treason an Englishman might venture to write, without being hanged, replied, that "he could not inform him just yet, but that he was trying."

[From "the Age and its Architects," by Edwin Paxton Hood.]

DEMOCRACY.

IT is said that the characteristic of our times is Democracy, but in truth ours must have been a dull planet without the democratic element in *any* times; this has relieved the monotony of life, and has called into existence at the same time the most illustrious virtues, and the most execrable vices. Democracy is the thirst of the human intellect for power, and as intelligence is diffused over the widely-scattered people, the thirst for power shapes itself into an idea, begins to select its materials and its agents, and eventually embodies the dream in a country or an institution; democracy is virtuous, just as it is associated with virtuous methods and objects; it is an instinct, and when the lawless man aspires to be the ruler and the leader of factions and of demagogues, he, too, opposite as his life may seem, manifests the same phase of soul manifested by more tyrannous and persecuting priest-crafts, it is the ever-prevalent sense of power, the consciousness of strength, frequently, as in our age, the consciousness of injustice too; this democratic element has been in every age the anvil on which time has beaten out the great changes of the globe; it has been at the foundation of all states: hence Theseus performed his feats of valor in the wild Hellenic forests; hence Romulus laid the foundation of the seven-hilled city; hence the wild black raven of the northman sea-king flapped its wings over the Danube, the Rhone, the Baltic, the continents of Europe, and the islands of the sea—compelled by the Democracy of Christianity, the Venitii founded their mighty dams upon the mud and the rushes of the Adriatic, and piloted by the same genius, the Bonny Mayflower cast anchor among the rocks of Plymouth Sound, carrying on board the seeds of democracies, to shake one world and build another. The Grecian history, with its piracies, its Persian or Lacedamonian strugglings—Rome with its legions outpoured over the earth, the heroism of Regulus or the perfidy of Cæsar, the floods of incursionary Teutones—all these are but commentaries on this great assertive element of human power, an element that insists upon the record of its history, whether we survey it in the agricultural tribe of Eastern wanderers, pitching their tents in the outlawry of the desert or the forest, or in the rude barque drifting to the lone isle from the toils and meshes of oppression; or amidst the tumultuary horde, vindictively trampling on the last vestiges of beauty or order, or lifting up its voice like a thunderchant amidst the intelligence of a mighty people, proudly daring or hopefully inspiring—the spirit of democracy should ever be regarded, not as the foe, but as the friend of man, the spirit to which we owe the stout yeomanry of that elder day, when such yeomanry were indeed formidable, the men of the middle ages; the spirit to which we owe, indeed, all the amenities and institutions which have made citizenship noble, or conferred a moral luster or renown on our human name. But as liberty is not the final charter of human destiny, so neither is democracy the greatest boon; indeed, this truth is not sufficiently perceived, that what we pant for is not so much freedom as faith. Noble minds seek the highest liberty only that they may rise to the perception of the highest law. The history of the growth and development of England is the history of democracy. A people's character results from its external circumstances: the Grecian character was indebted to its blue skies and the forests of the Morea, and the loveliness that forever brooded over island and wave—it was impossible but that a people born beneath such heavens, surrounded by such earth, such seas, must have been a beautiful people. Britain wrought out the more wonderful problem of making a noble character, and shaping a beautiful literature, from circumstances of most opposing difficulty. The Teutone has conquered the climate in which he was born: he did not find Nature, like a graceful goddess, weaving festoons and garlands to celebrate his approach; wherever our Teutonic fathers moved, they beheld Nature looking sternly upon them, through her gloomy forests and desolate rocks and moors. It was a struggle with Nature, and Nature gave up the struggle. Situated as our island is in these northern seas, cut off from all communication with other peoples, exposed to all the horrors of an hyperborean winter, in lands where the presence of dense forests spread a perpetual gloom, or where the swamp and the miasma prevented the growth of food on them, for even the scantling people; yet here, even here, man, by following nature, has conquered nature, has himself hung a fair and a propitious sky over his island home, has clothed his fields not only with verdure, but with health and opulence, has caused each savage aspect to retire before his cultivating hand, and, if removing some of those elements which seemed essential to sublimity of thought, has yet robéd the country in the truest and highest grace. The Englishman's character is preeminently his own, and he impresses his character permanently wherever he moves; as of old time he was trained to rugged work, so he can work after the same fashions still; hence, wherever he sets his foot, whatever he touches, he moulds and fashions; it is his ancestral character, derived from Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Saracenic forefathers. The Englishman lives thus, then, to move and to struggle, to conquer and to build; he is an architect: to visit all seas, to diffuse the genius of his character over all nations.

MEN ought to be manly; women ought to be womanly or feminine. They are sometimes masculine, which men cannot be; but only men can be effeminate: for masculineness and effeminacy imply the palpable predominance in one sex, of that which is the peculiar characteristic of the other.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

THE OUTSPREADING OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

WHERE, indeed, is the British race not to be discovered? Frozen up amid the desolation of arctic winters, where the sun divides the year into a day and a night, where the sheeted aurora casts his flickering beams upon the dreary wastes of eternal snow, where the iceberg emulates the mountain, and the icefield the Siberian steppe; and the burning sands of torrid Africa, where pestilence is forever wrestling with human existence: where is the Englishman not to be found? He inhabits the banks of the Indus, and the slopes of the Himalaya, seeking, in the gushing springs of that mighty mountain chain, the coolness denied him in the sultry plains of Bengal, or the arid or scorching sands of Moultan. There, too, he rules sovereign on both banks of the Hydaspes, the river that arrested the march of the Macedonian conqueror. He is found settling and building towns on the shores of the fifth continent, where, in the childhood of the living, the least tutored of the human race roamed at large, the companion of the kangaroo and the opossum.

In this place he has established a quarter of a million of civilized men. The larger isles of the Pacific Ocean, and those nearest to the Antarctic, are being peopled by him. The finest part of South Africa owns his sway, and the ocean is so covered with his vessels, that if it can be said to be inhabited by mankind, it is by him who dwells on its bosom in thirty thousand ships. Who is so familiar with "the ends of the earth" as the British race? These are tokens of his present cosmopolitan movements alone, the result of a century or two of adventurous activity. Before another hundred or two of years the English tongue, history, and literature, will be the inheritance of hundreds of millions in America alone. Then it is probable a fifth continent will be half populated by Britons. The great Pacific isles will be covered with flourishing ports and towns. The pilot will answer in English off coasts not yet untenanted by the savage. Where the silence of primeval nature still reigns with undisputed sway commerce will be busy, and the higher improvements of man, the steam-engine and the railroad, the steam-press and the communication of knowledge, will begin to harmonize, adorn, and enrich the remotest shores. Wherever there is room to breathe the air of Heaven with freedom the English race will be found multiplying—that race which never breathes freely but in the extent of space. How great must be the moral action of such a people upon the rest of mankind, how expanded and expanding the results! Contrary to what has happened in old countries in past time, the people have done all the wonders which connect themselves with the British name. They have made the country what it is. No single ruling power, however wise and absolute, could have effected such phenomena. It is but of late years that the government has lent the smallest aid in contributing to the moral position of the country. The government was occupied with foreign wars and fiscal regulations, the weight of which unhappily stills acts as a drag upon the advancement of national prosperity,—upon land, trade, and subsistence. Silently, stealthily, and unconsciously, those operations were pursued with invincible patience and perseverance, which contributed to the present exalted name and glorious future of England. Industry, adventure, personal exposure in unhealthy climates, domiciliation on unhealthy shores, and the same diligent perseverance there, now in one hemisphere and now in another, almost imperceptibly planted the scion of new nations, and aggrandized the parent name. The truly great, the sublime, the enduring arts of England, were effected by the activity and energy of the popular mind. It was that mind which, two or three centuries ago, made the forests of America resound with the woodman's axe, reared the habitations of men by the haunts of the savage and the rattlesnake, and braved the fevers of the Virginian swamps. In those days the pursuit of free thought, not of traffic, drew the colonist from home. That motive has, happily, long ceased to exist; free thought may now be fully enjoyed at home. The Englishman now goes to cultivate an inheritance for his children, for which his native land, from previous occupancy, allows no space. Like other nations of renown, England sends forth her sons, not to one limited spot—not as before, to the vast wilds of Northern America alone, but east, west, and south, through the entire world, to found new empires, to extend her race, to refine and civilize, and thus fulfill an allotted task in a mighty destiny among the nations.

SOLITUDE.

[*From the German of* LENAU.]

I.

SAY, O my Reader! hast thou found thee ever,
Loveless, without thy God, on desert heath,—
Thy wounds fast bleeding, worn thy soul to death,
Though pride to lull thy pain would aye endeavor!
Hast thou been forced from Love, from Hope to sever?
Had every zephyr fled Care's tempest-breath!
Was heav'n as dark as earth was drear beneath?
Was gloom around thee, cross'd by sunbeam never?
If *thus* thou Solitude hast known indeed,
Thou know'st, too, with what wild, despairing craving
That wanderer grasps some round rock on his way:
He lies, his arms outstretched, and takes small heed
Of rains; then starts, and upward springs he, raving,
And stretches forth his arms, the winds to stay!

II.

The wind is strange, thou never canst embrace it;
The rock is dead, and vainly wouldst thou win
Response, where living sense is none within;
The rose is deaf! all vainly wouldst thou grace it
With myriad lays:—then, bear thy fate, and face it!
This is a world of selfishness and sin;
Amidst its faint decay, yet ceaseless din
None heed thee. Each man builds his own "*Hic jacet.*"
From their huts' casements, here and there, cold mortals
Gaze forth upon thee. Soon the shutters close;
For woes like thine make others shun "the dreary."
Loveless, without thy God! barr'd all men's portals;
The winter breezes swell, yet what repose?
ETERNITY's before,—and thou art weary!

—*The Leader.*

GERMANY IN THE SUMMER OF 1850.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Leader*, (the cleverest and most interesting of several recently established London journals,) writes as follows, in August, from Würzburg:

"At the lower end of a small basin-like valley, formed by seven broad-based, round-backed hills, and intersected by the river Maine, stands the stately 'many-towered' city of Würzburg, the metropolis of ancient Franconia; the country of conquerors of Gaul, of the famous 'Mayors of the Palace,' of Charles the Hammer, and the strong men of the early Carlovingian period; the seat of powerful Prince-Bishops, of warlike Barons, and insurrectionary peasants; the country of wine, of corn, of cattle, and of merry, joyous life. Very noisy and changeful is its past history; very dull and monotonous is its present existence. Ministers, churches and palaces tell the story of the old, and also overshadow and obstruct the new. Upon the hills ripens the grape. High up among the vines the vine-dresser is seen toiling in the midday sun. Near him, among those yellow ribbon-like streaks of land, that contrast so strongly with the green crops on each side, is the peasant, with wife and daughter (the son is in the army) busy reaping his corn. The cathedral bell, deep below, booms out its solemn tones. The laborers on the hills stop in the midst of their work, the men uncover, the women fold their hands, they say a silent prayer, and resume their work. High up where the limestone comes to the surface, and the soil is but a coarse sort of gravel, blooms the spare clover, and below by the sandy banks of the river prospers the potato. Every inch of ground is cultivated, and the heat soon ripens multiform harvests. These lands belonged once to the Church, to the convents, to the nobles. They are now the property of the burghers of Würzburg, of the peasants and artisans of the neighboring villages. The forests also, which darken the hollows between the hills, and provide fuel, are the property of the townships, and every burgher receives annually his portion of wood. Land is dear; those to whom it is 'an instrument of labor' paying high rent for it. The rural population is hard-working, the soil fertile, provisions plentiful: many elements of prosperity, and, in a certain sense, there is prosperity. There is much wealth in the town, and the country population have plenty to eat and drink. Accordingly, *there is* much eating, drinking, and smoking going on; and there is much, and often very good music in gardens and beer-cellars, and fat people are very abundant. Yet among all classes, and mostly among the intelligent—which here, as everywhere in Germany, are very numerous—there is complaint and dissatisfaction. Here too, ideas have penetrated, of improvement, of change and progress, of the possibility of a new and more manly life. Ideas which would get themselves realized, but cannot. The people here have been long accustomed to have everything done by government; so they are angry with their government for not satisfying these new wants of theirs and of the times. Government again is quite innocent of any capacity for initiating such 'new life,' or anything like it. It does not in the least like the taste it had of it during the last two years; and would prefer very much to return to the 'old ways.' So it has two measures to propose—church and army. The little state of Bavaria had within this year some ninety thousand soldiers on foot. At the doors of churches is to be seen an eloquent pastoral letter, in which high church authorities point out 'more faith' as the only panacea in these singular and dangerous times. Some weeks ago, at the feast of Kilian, the patron-saint of the town, three skulls—said to be those of the three martyrs Kilian, Colonat, and Totnan—and which after having been lost, a long time ago, had recently and almost miraculously turned up again, were exhibited and carried in procession with great 'pomp and circumstance,' not accompanied by a recommendation to the people to imitate the lives of those valiant men (Englishmen, I believe, all three) who initiated the 'new life' of their period in these regions, and were faithful unto death to their calling;—but by a promise that all who walked in the procession should be partakers of certain spiritual advantages and unspiritual indulgences! And a very grand procession it was, with music, and soldiers, and flags, and pictures, and gold and silver images, and baldachins, and wax tapers, and incense, and hosts of priests in magnificent vestures. It was almost as magnificent as the coronation scene in the *Prophète;* and Father Newman would have rejoiced to have seen it! But I heard a countryman, returning from it, say to his neighbor, 'To-day we have been at it again, throwing dust in people's eyes. The fact is, nobody, whose belief is worth anything, believes in it; yet they all acquiesce and conform; and a crust of insecurity and hollowness covers, by general consent, a most fearful abyss,—which will open some day, and swallow one knows not how much. Germany has seen some convulsions lately, but its day of trial has yet to come; and it will be severest in the Catholic districts. The people have still much of the old Teutonic temperament. They understand nothing about 'constitutional opposition,' and I doubt whether they will ever learn it. They are patient, long-suffering. They emigrate. They can swallow a vast deal of discontent—till the measure is overfull, and then their rage is of the Berseker sort. It is not self-government that, at bottom, these people want, but *wise* government. They are a most governable people; but it is long since they have had a right sort of governor, and there will be a dreadful search after him these days. In the mean time such 'improvements' as the 'course of nature' brings with it have been and are going on here also, though somewhat slowly. The condition of the people, is on the whole, better

than what it was twenty or thirty years ago, though they complain much of taxes. Many of the peasant proprietors have been getting rich during the late years of high prices. Railways, too, are approaching, and the Maine carries its little steamboats. Very extraordinary, too, is the quiet, noiseless communication between these inland countries and—America. People go and come, carrying German hands and hearts to those new regions; bringing and sending tidings of new ways and methods to the old ones; and thus the 'Saxon kindred,' after having been dispersed by their innate love of wandering and adventure, are being drawn together again by that same tendency of their nature which has outlived ages and civilization. Everywhere, too, the English element is gaining ground and influence. The people here, as in other parts of Germany, study English literature and English modes of proceeding, and admire English ways as they once did French; and the politicians say, 'There are but two *states* in Europe now, England and Russia; Russia obstructs, England leads onward: we are for following England.' Lead on, then, right bravely, Old England, mother of nations; there is a great way before thee yet, and much work to be done."

SOCIETY IN TURKEY.

BY THE PRINCESS BELGIOISO.

WE copy from the *Tribune* the following paragraphs which are a part of the first letter of Madame Belgioiso to that journal:

"The moral condition of the East is a very singular one, though its material condition is the most wretched in the world. You have doubtless heard of a conflict going on between the Turkish government and the more enlightened class of the nation who thirst for civilization, education, and progress, and the low, fanatical multitude who always contrive to tear to pieces every Giaour they meet on their way, and who conspire even against their Sultan the moment he is suspected of coolness toward Mahommed and his book. But how will you believe me when I tell you the contrary is true? Much has been said of Sultan Mahmoud, the reformer, but be assured he was a thorough Mussulman, as unwilling as any other to modify, much less to destroy, the religion by which he was allowed the satisfaction of his most hideous vices. Indeed, the cunning of Mahommed was most strikingly manifested in the composition of a religion affording to its adherents the most complete gratification of their sensual and even of their vicious propensities; he knew that such a religion would have but few apostates, and he was right. Sultan Mahmoud had no desire to reform a system under which he had spilt more human blood than any conqueror, and experienced no restraint upon the most unnatural and disgusting debauchery. What he did desire was to free himself from the fatal yoke of the Janissaries and *Janissarim;* to put a good regular army in their place, and to introduce into his palace some of the comforts of Western Europe; and this was all or nearly so.

"The only real reformer now in the Turkish Government is Reschid Pacha; the Sultan, having followed his advice in sending away many of the inhabitants of his father's seraglio, feels that by deserting him now he would remain quite friendless. For that reason, and for that alone, he adheres to the reformer's system. But, sorrowful to say, Reschid Pacha does not *know* what reforms to begin with, nor how to carry them through. Besides, he is alone, quite alone, to take care of himself, (and a terrible job that is!) to lead in every diplomatic transaction, and to superintend the whole administration without possessing one friend in whom to confide and on whom to rely. Nearly the entire stock of Pachas and of Beys are incessantly plotting against Reschid Pacha, whom they consider, correctly enough, as the only partisan of innovation.

"Above you have the fact as regards the higher classes of the nation. But there is a region where the want of good reforms is really and keenly felt, and that is the lower class of the people. They are the source from which Reschid Pacha unconsciously derives all his strength. I am aware that the contrary is generally believed in Christendom, but this is the truth. The inhabitants of the Asiatic wildernesses are overwhelmed with cruel sufferings, while the voluptuous delights which Mahommed allows are too far and too dear for them to reach. What influence can it have on them that their prophet permits his disciples to possess a hundred women and as many men, when they have not enough to feed even a single slave? Mahommed in writing his law had no other object in view than to form a nation of warriors. But, now that war and the warlike spirit exist no longer among the Mussulmans, the whole edifice of the Moslem religion is falling to pieces for want of a basis to support it. Agriculture is neither taught nor encouraged; manufactures and commerce are now the privilege of Greeks and Armenians.

"What, then, remains for the pacific Turk! Nothing but to ruminate upon the gulf that separates him from other nations, and to wish to become like them. His pride is gone with his superiority and his fanaticism. He greets gladly every European who comes near him, and endeavors to postpone the departure of the stranger as if he hoped to inhale some healthful influence while in his company.

"How often have I seen a thick-bearded, wide-turbaned Turk, dark, rough and fierce in aspect, blushing like a child as he caught my glance fixed on his dirty costume or his awkward movements. How often have such men timidly approached to beg me to teach them the way of making some trifling object or of performing some ordinary piece of labor, and then shake their heads, smiling sadly and saying: "We are not Europeans; but patience, and we shall learn."

[From the Spectator.]

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.*

MR. MARRYAT is a collector of china; and when he first began to ride his hobby he found the greatest difficulty in acquiring information how to get on. The existing publications were either archæological or technical—"either learned disquisitions upon the mythology of the Greek classical paintings, or on the other hand mere technical details of the manufacture." The knowledge which Mr. Marryat wanted, a knowledge of the different kinds of pottery and porcelain—such knowledge as the late Dr. Dibdin taught of bibliography—"appeared limited to the dealers."

When fairly embarked in the attractive business of collecting, Mr. Marryat made an European tour, and visited the principal collections and manufactories of the Continent. He has attended sales, read treatises, gathered information from practical men, and turned incidental passages in miscellaneous reading to account. Thus prepared, he began to compose for his amusement a manuscript work upon Pottery and Porcelain; which was to be illuminated and illustrated by his friend Sir Charles Birch, "with drawings of specimens of porcelain, portraits of the principal patrons of art, and views of the various places connected with its manufacture." This idea was not completed; but the materials collected by Mr. Marryat were rightly deemed by his friends to possess sufficient interest for publication. Mr. Murray, partaking of their opinion, has embellished the work with a profusion of appropriate wood-cuts, and many colored plates of the choicest specimens of the potter's art.

The book is such as might be looked for from its antecedents; it is a gentleman's production. Clear and unaffected in its style, without weakness and without force—various, entertaining, and to a certain extent informing in its matter, it is not very deep, nor very comprehensive in its plan. Beyond a reference to Scripture, Numa Pompilius, and the antiquity of the art in China, the reader learns nothing of the history of the art of pottery and porcelain till the fifteenth century, and little or nothing of the essential principles of the manufacture. He is introduced to pottery when it was full grown and brought into Italy from the Moorish manufactories in the Island of Majorca; for although the artistical representations of man and animals after the designs of the great Italian painters (forbidden to the Mahomedans) give variety and extension to the *embellishments* of pottery, it may be doubted whether they were so appropriate *to* pottery as ornaments based on foliage, flowers, and fruit. In the executive part, it seems clear, no improvement has taken place since the time of the Moors. The blue and white tile with the gold running pattern, opposite page four, is as chaste and fine a specimen of workmanship as can be produced. The case is the same with porcelain; the Chinese are still unapproachable in the excellence of the ware, though there has been no difficulty in improving upon their designs. Whether, critically speaking, this is an improvement upon the whole, where natural ornaments have been placed upon grotesque or peculiar forms, must be left to individual taste. Neither pottery nor porcelain, however, is entitled to rank as a modern European art. The original inventors, whether Chinese, Asiatics, Egyptians or Moors, reached the height of *appropriate* excellence, and perhaps of all excellence. In Europe, the highest art displayed *upon* pottery was copied from paintings or engravings, rarely, if ever designed for the purpose. The celebrated Palissy is hardly an exception to this remark; for although he did not imitate any other school, but copied his flowers, shells, reptiles, &c., direct from nature, yet his forms were rarely appropriate to their purpose. Wedgwood, much as he improved the manufacture and extended the business, had little originality in his designs which were based upon the antique. These two men were the only persons entitled to the claim of originality in connection with the plastic art; unless Böttcher, the discoverer of Dresden porcelain, be an exception. All others were "bit by bit" men. They took ideas from the Moors or the Chinese; they improved upon the common knowledge by accident or by experiment; but Palissy and Wedgewood alone pursued discovery and improvement upon system, at least successfully.

Pottery and porcelain are each divided into soft and hard: the term having reference both to the composition and to the degree of heat to which it has been exposed in the furnace. In pottery, for instance, common brick is soft and fire-brick hard; the characteristic throughout is that soft pottery may be scratched with a knife and hard cannot. Porcelain is tested in like manner, but a further test is the application of heat. The best China porcelain may be exposed without damage in a furnace, in which all European porcelain except Dresden melts away. Hard and soft pottery have each its respective subdivisions; soft pottery consisting of unglazed, lustrous, glazed, and enameled; hard, of fine earthenware and stoneware. The subdivision of soft porcelain is technical, if not arbitrary, being that which is naturally and that which is artificially soft. The separating line between pottery and porcelain is the *opacity* of the pottery.

These are the subjects of Mr. Marryat; which he treats historically and critically. He begins with the rise of the art in Italy during the fifteenth century, derived from the imported Moorish tiles. After being improv-

*Collections toward a History of Pottery and Porcelain, in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries: with a Description of the Manufacture, a Glossary and a List of Monograms. By Joseph Marryat. Illustrated with colored Plates and Wood-cuts. Published by Murray.

ed in Italy in the way we have intimated, by the use of a new class of designs, the art spread into Germany, France, Holland and England: that is, of course, the higher kinds of pottery, to which the author confines his attention; for mere crockery ware has always been in use among all peoples with any pretension to civilization. The history of porcelain is traced in like manner from its discovery by Böttcher at Dresden, about the beginning of the last century; but there is more of historical gossip on the "china" of our ancestors. In each country Mr. Marryat pursues the history by means of the different manufactories of any celebrity, and mingles with the story of improvement and the characters of the work, biographical notices of the improver, on a scale proportionate to his merit as a potter. Some manufactories are too unimportant (save to the collector) for specific notice, but to produce a handbook was one of the objects of the author. Notices of the secondary manufactories, too, are always brief.

Porcelain altogether depends upon the nature of the materials, the place which yielded them being often a secret. In both arts, too, there are or were secret processes, on which the excellence of the production rested; or the higher workmen had a peculiar ability which could not be commanded in the common market. Hence to keep the secret, or to retain the craftsman from eager and unscrupulous competitors, was a great object. Augustus of Saxony kept Bottcher and some of his assistants in a sort of free custody; at a subsequent period the caution extended to every one employed at Dresden, and only yielded in our times to Napoleonic power.

"Böttcher's discovery soon became the object of the most lively jealousy; and it was natural that every means to obtain the secret should be tried by other nations, as well as that the Elector should take every precaution to keep it to himself. Strict injunctions to secrecy were enjoined upon the workmen, not only in regard to strangers but also toward their comrades: but notwithstanding this, even before Böttcher's death one of the foremen escaped from the manufactory and went to Vienna; and from that city the secret spread over Germany, and many rival establishments were set on foot.

"Notwithstanding the secret had thus become known, all the details of the proceedings of the manufactory at Meissen continued to be concealed with the utmost care. The establishment in the castle was a complete fortress, the portcullis of which was not raised day or night, no stranger being allowed to enter under any pretense whatever. The precautions used to secure this object were carried to an extent almost ridiculous. Every workman, even the chief inspector, was sworn to silence. This injunction was formally repeated every month to the superior officers employed, while the workmen had constantly before their eyes, in large letters fixed up in the workshops, the warning motto of 'Be secret until death:' and it was well known that any one divulging the process would be punished with imprisonment for life in the Castle of Königstein. Even the King himself, when he took strangers of distinction to visit the works, was strictly enjoined to secrecy. At the all-powerful requisition of Napoleon, the King permitted M. Brongniart to inspect the works and furnaces in 1812. Even at this late period it was found necessary to release M. Steineau the director from the obligation of his oath, to enable him to explain the processes; and this leave of access was given to M. Brongniart only, his traveling companion not being allowed to accompany him."

These precautions, however, rarely availed. A workman has, we have seen, escaped from Dresden; sometimes a spy entered the enemy's camp.

"Toward the end of the seventeenth century some specimens of red Japan were imported into Europe. Both Dutch and English manufacturers attempted to imitate them, but failed for want of the proper clay. About this period, two brothers of the name of Elers, from Nuremberg, discovered at Bradwell, only two miles distant from Burslem, a bed of fine compact red clay, which they worked in a small manufactory, established in a retired situation upon the bed itself. They took every precaution to prevent any one seeing the process or learning the secret. They went so far as to employ only the most ignorant and almost idiotic workmen they could find. Astbury, the elder, had the talent to counterfeit the idiot, and moreover the courage to persevere in this character some years during which he continued in their employ. From memory he made notes of the processes and drawings of the machinery used. In consequence of the secret being thus discovered, numerous establishments arose in competition with that of the Elers; and owing to the general prejudice against them as foreigners, they were finally compelled in 1720 to quit their establishment. They retired to the neighborhood of London, and, it is supposed, contributed by their skill and industry to the establishment of the Chelsea Porcelain Manufactory."

According to Sydney Smith, the ballot-box would be useful only to an unmarried man who drank nothing but water. It does not appear that matrimony caused any secrets of trade in porcelain to be divulged; but wine did.

"During the electorate of John Frederic Charles, Archbishop of Mayence, a merchant of Frankfort-on-the-Main named Gelz, who had a celebrated pottery establishment in the neighboring village of Höchst on the Nidda, in the territory of Mayence, was induced by one of his workmen named Bengraf to try the experiment of changing it into a porcelain manufactory. For some time the attempt was unsuccessful; but having induced an artisan of the Vienna manufactory named Ringler to join him, he at length, in 1740, succeeded in making good porcelain. This manufactory continued to thrive under Ringler's management; but he being fond of wine, his fellow-workmen took an opportunity of making him intoxicated, and while he was in a state of stupefaction got possession and took copies of his papers relating to the manufacture of porcelain, which he always carried about with him. In this manner the Höchst workmen became possessed of the secret, and then offered their fraudulently-acquired skill to rich and enterprising parties, for the establishment of porcelain manufactories in other districts. Ringler has the merit of having raised himself from a

common potter to an 'arcanist,' as the Germans term one who is the sole depositor of an important secret; and although the extension of this valuable discovery was sorely against his will, he must be regarded as the founder of most of the German manufactories. Besides these, the manufactories of Switzerland, as well as those on the Lower Rhine and of Cassel, have to thank Ringler's workmen for their origin, and even that of Berlin emanated from Höchst."

This secrecy in the process has not been altogether unattended with its usual concomitants of mystery and loss. The finest hard pottery of France is in this predicament.

"The earliest fabric known is that mysterious and unique manufacture of the 'Renaissance,' the fine Fayence of Henry II. The manufacture of this ware, which was at once carried to a high degree of perfection, seems to have been suddenly and unaccountably lost, without leaving any record of where or by whom it was produced. By many it is supposed to be of Florentine manufacture, and to have been sent by some of the relations of Catherine de Medicis as a present to Henry II.; but it differs too essentially from Italian Majolics, both in the paste of which it is composed and in the style in which it is decorated, to warrant such a conjecture. Italy does not possess in its museums a single specimen of this ware, and of the thirty-seven pieces extant twenty-seven have been traced as coming from Touraine and La Vendée. Many antiquaries, therefore, infer that the manufacture was at Thouars, in Touraine, although the Fayence may have been the work of an Italian artist. But if the place of its manufacture is unknown, the pieces extant clearly attest the period of its fabrication. The salamander, and other insignia of Francis I., are met with on the earlier specimens of this pottery; but upon the majority of pieces, upon those more pure in design and more beautiful in execution than the preceding, we find the arms of Henry II., with his device, the three crescents, or his initial H. interlaced with the two D's of the Duchesse de Valentinois. Indeed, so constantly do her emblems appear upon the pieces, that the ware, though usually designated as 'Faience de Henri II.,' is sometimes styled 'Faience de Diane de Poitiers.' Even her widow's colors, black and white, are the two which are employed in some of the finest pieces. They were the fashionable colors of the court; Henry wore no others during his life, and was attired in them in the fatal tournament in which he fell. Her *impresa*, the crescent of Diana, is conspicuous on his palaces, and he even caused it to be engraved upon his coins. From these circumstances we must therefore conclude that the manufacture of this ware began at the end of the reign of Francis I., and was continued under that of Henry II., and, as we find upon it the emblems of these two princes only, we may naturally infer that it is of French origin. The paste of which this Fayence is composed is equally distinct from Majolica and Palissy ware. The two latter are both soft; whereas this, on the contrary, is hard. It is a true pipe-clay, very fine and very white, so as not to require, like the Italian Fayence, to be concealed by a thick enamel, and the ornaments with which it is enriched are simply covered with a thin, transparent, yellowish varnish."

"The style of decoration of this ware is unique. Patterns, or Arabesques, are engraved on the paste, and the indentures filled with colored pastes, so as to present an uniform smooth surface, of the finest inlaying, or resembling, rather, a model of Cellini's silver work, chiseled and worked in niello. Hence it is sometimes styled 'Faience à nielure.' These patterns are sometimes disposed in zones of yellow ochre, with borders of dark brown, sometimes of a pink, green, violet, black, or blue; but the dark yellow ochre is the predominant color. In addition to these elegant niello-like decorations, this beautiful Fayence is enriched with raised ornaments, in bold relief, consisting of masks, escutcheons, lizards, frogs, shells, garlands, &c. In all of these the pink color predominates. The forms of the pieces are always in the purest style of the 'Renaissance,' and are so finely modeled and so exquisite in execution, as to be compared with the chiseled and damascened works of the goldsmiths of the sixteenth century. They are usually small and light, and consist mostly of ornamental pieces—cups, ewers, and a vase of peculiar form, to which the French have given the name of 'Biberon.'"

In its origin, and indeed till the decadence of the art from change of fashion and the taste for cheapness, fine pottery and porcelain were princely manufactures, not only carried on under royal patronage, but as royal establishments. Profit, though not altogether disregarded, was subordinate to excellence; the cost of the ware was therefore very great. Even Wedgewood, though patronized by royalty and animated by higher than trading objects, was still compelled to live, and could not avoid very high prices. The sums now commanded when the finest articles come into the market at sales, seem higher than the original cost could have been. It must, however, be borne in mind, that though the price is enormous, the *outlay* is not so vast as for a complete set. Even one made at Chelsea for Queen Charlotte in her younger days cost £1,200. The following prices for Sèvres were produced at Stowe.

"The very choice collection of Sèvres porcelain at Stowe sold at high prices. A small coffee-cup which weighed scarcely three ounces, realized 46 guineas; and another, similar but somewhat inferior, sold for 35 guineas. A chocolate cup and saucer, bleu de Roi, with beautiful miniatures of two ladies of the Court of Louis XV. and four paintings of Cupids, though slightly injured during the view, realized 45 guineas. The prices obtained for most of the cups and saucers were from ten to twelve guineas. A beautiful specimen of a bleu de Roi cup, saucer and cover, jeweled in festoons, cameos, and imitation of pearls, sold for £35 10s.; and another, somewhat inferior, for 21 guineas. A salver, mounted in a table with ormolu ornaments, sold for 81 guineas; the companion piece for £100."

The mysterious French ware, the "Faience de Henry II.," likewise commands high prices.

"The most choice specimen in the cabinet of M. Préaux, was the candlestick of which we gave a figure, and which was purchased by Sir Anthony de Rothschild for the sum of 4900 francs. The surface is exquisitely enriched with Arabesque patterns, either in black upon a white ground, or in white upon a black. The form is monumental, and in the finest style; three figures of genii support escutcheons, bearing the arms of France and the double D. These genii stand upon masks,

which are united by garlands enameled in green. The top of the candlestick terminates in the form of a vase, and bears inscribed the fleurs-de-lys and the monogram of our Saviour. This piece, for delicacy of detail and beauty of execution, is unequaled by any specimen known of this exquisite Fayence. Sir Anthony de Rothschild also purchased at M. Préaux's sale a small cup, decorated in the same style, with the crescents interlaced, for which he gave 1,300 francs. He therefore now is fortunate in having the finest collection known of this ware, as, in addition to the specimens already mentioned, he possesses two exquisite ewers of the Henry II. Fayence. One he purchased at the sale of the Comte de Monville, for 2,300 francs; the other, with a curious handle of elaborate workmanship, he bought for nineteen guineas at Strawberry Hill, where he also purchased a tripod saltcellar, supported with scroll ornaments, for £21. These two pieces were described in the catalogue as Majolica and Palissy ware."

The real china of the finest character, the pride and delight of the fine ladies of the days of Ann and the earlier Brunswicks, still holds its ground.

"At Strawberry Hill sale, two small vases of the old sea-green ware sold for £22, and three match-pots of turquoise bamboo pattern for £25. At the late Mr. Beckford's sale, in November 1845, a pair of small egg-shell cups and saucers of 'the rare yellow ground,' sold for £8 8s., and another lot of two pairs for twelve guineas and a half. The plates with ruby backs sold at from three to four guineas each. The lapis-lazuli and mazarine specimens, as well as the green enameled, were of the finest description, and fetched very high prices. A stork, of Chinese porcelain, was among the many rare specimens of the collection. The quantity of cups and saucers was enormous; and it is said that Mr. Beckford possessed a sufficient number for a breakfast-set every day throughout the year, without using any service a second time."

There is something melancholy in decline; but although what is popularly called "china" most appropriately combines the useful with the ornamental, and approaches nearer than any other useful production to a fine art, still its decadence can hardly be regretted. It does not seem likely that it could ever have risen to the rank of a really homogeneous art. In practice there was always something incongruous and monstrous about it; and its votaries so managed their devotions as to throw an air of silliness and foppery over the pursuit. A dessert-service with designs of leaves and fruit seems the nearest approach to congruity; but the brittleness of the substance is an obstacle to the employment of any artists but copyists on the work. This weak point of the art Johnson perceived with his usual sense. In going over the manufactory at Derby, he observed that the china was beautiful, but it was too dear; for he could have vessels of silver of the same size as cheap as what was there made of porcelain. Still the art is an important feature in the progress of social refinement and luxury; and its history abounds with curious examples of ingenuity, perseverance, skill, and the application of accident to a purpose. A taste for the collection of pottery and porcelain is not only harmless, but it were much to be regretted that these examples of former social tastes and of craftsmanlike ability should be lost, or even diminished. Mr. Marryat has done good service in presenting his knowledge to the world.

[From the Literary Gazette.]

MR. HUNTER ON THE PILGRIM FATHERS.*

THE result of the settlement of New Plymouth by the first colonists from England, has been so enormous, that no particular relating to that every way interesting migration can fail to excite the curiosity and engage the sympathies. The strange foundations, and the accidents out of which great empires have arisen, suggest reflections and create wonder. In such cases all discord may be harmony ill understood; all chance, direction which we cannot see; but they are therefore only the more astonishing. A gang of robbers, instead of being exterminated, like thousands of other gangs, found the Roman Empire, a debauched enthusiast, instead of being consigned to shame, punishment, and extinction, like thousands of his class, establishes a religious faith and the mighty Mahommedan power. A few persecuted puritans interfered with and tormented for their religious belief, fly from their native soil and ruthless opposers, and, lo! the giant American Union!

The portion of this history, traced by Mr. Hunter, is an important one. He investigates the personnel, and the site of the church in England (most probably Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, near Bawtry), out of which this schism sprung. Here the extreme Protestants, or Puritans, maintained and spread their doctrines, and hence they fled into voluntary exile. The names of Brewster, Bradford, Clifton, and others, are intimately mixed up with the movement, first to Holland, and ultimately to America, and Mr. Hunter, speaking of Brewster, a layman living in the old manor of Scrooby, observes:—

"It is possible that those who are previously unacquainted with this portion of history will expect to find some rough and uncouth person, ignorant of the world, disliking the church because the church disliked him, and seeking a distinction which did not naturally belong to him by the easy path of peculiarity in his religious profession and practice. Nothing, however, can be more unlike the true picture of this remarkable man, little remembered as he now is in the country which gave him birth, and little known as are the place of his long abode and the circumstances of his varied life. He was evidently a man, whom, for his birth, his social position, his education, his energy, his reflective cast of character, and his general virtues and attainments, no body of persons need to be ashamed to own that they have been actuated by influences springing from him.

"In early life he was connected with events of great interest in the public history of Britain.

* Mr. Hunter's Critical and Historical Tracts, No. II. The First Colonists of New England. London, 1850.

Having studied in the University of Cambridge, he became one of the Under-Secretaries of State in the office of Secretary Davison, the first step to distinction in political life. . . . . .

"When Davison went on a mission to the Low Countries in 1585, Brewster accompanied him; when he would become acquainted with the land which was afterward to receive him as one of its inhabitants. He had a companion in Davison's office, who had also, it is probable, some influence in moulding his character at this early period of his life. This was George Cranmer, a name to be found in Wood, and probably other biographers, while that of Brewster is absent from all except the American writers and the few who in this country have copied from them. Cranmer was a great nephew of the archbishop of that name. He had been a pupil of Hooker, and assisted him when he was engaged in his great work on the 'Ecclesiastical Polity of England;' so that he also had imbibed a taste for ecclesiastical controversy, and probably no small amount of acquaintance with the points chiefly controverted in those times. It is remarkable that neither of these men, who were so near to Davison at the most critical period of his life, is so much as casually named in the octavo volume which professes to contain a critical history of the unfortunate secretary. The fall of Davison occurred in 1587. He was a man too honest, too unsuspicious, and perhaps too conscientious and religious, for the post he at that time held. The two under-secretaries fell with him. Both men in the prime of life, the courses which they took were different. Cranmer connected himself with public men, and still sought to push his fortunes in the world. Brewster withdrew himself from the world, and led thenceforth a retired, contemplative, and religious life. Cranmer's was a short career; Brewster's one unusually long. Cranmer's end was by violence; Brewster died in peace. Cranmer would probably have been forgotten had not Wood given the short notice of him which we have in the Athenæ; Brewster has left an impression on human society which will never be effaced. It must not, however, be forgotten that Camden honors Cranmer with the character 'vir eruditissimus.' He was slain in 1600, in a fight near Carlingford, when he was acting as secretary to Lord Mountjoy. He had previously been in the service of Sir Henry Killigrew and Sir Edwin Sandys, attending the latter in his tour through Europe for the purpose of observing the state of religion both in the reformed and unreformed countries.

"Bradford mentions a circumstance honorable to Brewster, namely, that he did not desert his master at the time of his fall, but remained with him, doing him all the good he could; and it was not till he saw the ruin of Davison complete, and his case quite hopeless, that he retired with what little fortune he had into the country. . . . .

"A statesman imbued early with strong religious feeling, and, when living in the world, living in the midst of religious influences, disgusted with the court and its chicanery, of which he had been a near witness to a most memorable instance, retires into the country, as under another system he would have retired into a convent, and there gives himself up wholly to religious meditation, religious exercises, and the promotion of a religious spirit among the people around him; but having an active and a cultivated mind, he is not the mere devotee, but an inquirer after divine truth, and one who makes conscience of divulging the truths in ecclesiastics or theology which were opened to his mind, or those opinions which he deemed to be the truth. These not coinciding with established principles and practices, he became an object of suspicion and dislike. The law was perhaps made to bear upon him; he stood upon what to him was a mightier law. He found his own weakness as a member of political society in England, and he sought that freedom in a foreign land which he found not here. How great the difference in his history, if he had been recalled to public life, and had listened to the call! As he was the prime mover in all these events, the settlement of the New England continent might have been postponed for half a century."

The consequences have been so often dilated upon in every shape of publication, that with this scrap of biography regarding the principal leader of an extraordinary change in the world, we shall dismiss Mr. Hunter's second tract to the popularity it deserves.

Recent Deaths.

ADMIRAL ROBERT DUDLEY OLIVER, R.N., died on the first of September, at Dalkey, near Dublin, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was the second son of Archdeacon Oliver of Ardagh, and his family has been for centuries of the highest consideration. He entered the Royal Navy, on the 13th of May, 1779, and during the subsequent thirty years saw much service. In 1782 he shared in Rodney's famous action of the 12th April; in 1794, received the rank of Commander, for his gallant participation in the capture of *La Revolutionaire;* and, in 1804–5, being then in command of the *Melpomene*, was engaged in the blockade of the French coast. On two occasions he conducted the bombardment of Havre. He was for a considerable time employed at the blockade of New York and other places on the American coast. He became Rear-Admiral 12th August, 1819, and full Admiral, 23d November, 1841.

JAMES INGRAM, D.D., F.R.S., President of Trin. College, Oxford, a learned antiquary and accomplished scholar, died September 5, aged 78, after a short illness. Dr. Ingram derived his descent from an ancient and highly respectable family in Wilts. In 1800 he proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts; in 1808 to that of Bachelor of Divinity, and, in 1824, to that of D.D. In the last named year he was elected President of Trinity College, on the death of Dr. Thomas Lee. The most popular of his literary works—his "Memorials of Oxford"—appeared in 1827. He was, besides, author of "A Translation of the Saxon Chronicle," "An Inaugural Lecture on the Utility of Anglo-Saxon Literature," an edition of "Quintilian de Institutione Oratorio," and "A Topographical Memoir of Codford St. Mary." As an antiquary, he ranked very high; and at the meeting of the Archæological Society, held last year at Salisbury, read a paper descriptive of his own discoveries and researches in Roman antiquities. He was a frequent contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

THE French papers announce that the eminent Danish civilian ROSENWINGE KOLDERUP, Professor at the University of Copenhagen, and author of important works on legal antiquities, died suddenly in his sixty-fourth year at Nantes, on his way back to his country from a sojourn of some time at the waters of the Pyrenees.

M. CHEDANAU, one of the few remaining members of the celebrated Convention, in which he sat as representative for the Charente, died a few days since, in the ninety-third year of his age, at Chaumont, near Ruffec.

DANIEL BELKNAP died at Rockton, Herkimer County, on the 26th ult., at the advanced age of 86. He was a school-mate of De Witt Clinton, and when quite young took part in the war of the Revolution. The Newburg *Excelsior* has the following notice of him:—"He was the frequent bearer of letters to Washington, and other officers, while quartered at Newburg, and was present when the General received and read to his brave comrades the dispatches from Dr. Franklin, announcing the joyful news of help from France: this being only one of two occasions when he ever saw the Father of the country *laugh*—as he then did heartily, waving his cocked hat, and saying in an ecstasy, "*Boys! the day is our own!*" The other was a pleasant smile produced by his attendance on the baptism of a child at a neighboring church, when, to his surprise, the mother gave its name as *George Washington*."

Gleanings from the Journals.

THE *Pouvoir* tells the following anecdote of GUIZOT:—"The most illustrious Minister of Louis, said on Monday evening, to two visitors, the one Bonapartist, the other Orleanist, —"I believe in the future establishment of monarchy by the house of Bourbon. While waiting for this event, there is nothing more wise in my opinion than to assist the President of the Republic in quelling disturbance, and in reestablishing principles of government. His mission is great and honorable, even if considered as provisional. Turning toward the Bonapartist, he said, 'This provisional state of things may be long, if you are wise;' and turning toward the Orleanist added, 'it may last forever if you are mad.'"

THE *Church and State Gazette* tells an anecdote of the Honorable and Reverend Mr. Spencer, now "Father Ignatius." "Habited in the garb of the Passionist Order, bareheaded and barefooted, he applied to a cabman in the Strand to convey him to Buckingham Palace, to see his sister, Lady Lyttleton. The cabman, looking *knowingly* at the reverend gentleman, replied, 'No, no: poor fellow! What asylum have you made your escape from?' and declined accepting his fare though offered in advance."

SLAVERY IN AMERICA is treated with unusual good temper and good sense in an article in *The Times* which concludes as follows: "It is hardly our place to say what can be done. *Quisque suos patimur manes.* We have our own evil heritage of difficulties to deal with, and must leave the Americans to theirs. Nay, it is from their British origin that they inherit slavery. We gave them what they are now forced to deal with as a great and miserable fact—the degradation and bondage of two million fellow citizens. This should moderate the tone of British criticism on the subject. On the other hand, the evident and admitted failure of the Americans to get out of their difficulty should teach them a little more modesty in their remarks upon the social evils of England and other European countries. We certainly are not very successful in our treatment of debased and unfortunate populations, but the Americans are not the people to reprove us on this point."

THE RECENT "HAYNAUS VIOLATION OF THE LAWS," as one of the journals styles the mobbing of the Austrian Marshal, continues to furnish materials for newspaper discussion in England. *The Times*, for the edification of its refined readers, says: "Of the two we would rather be flogged than hung;" and adds, that there are few women who, having to choose between the two luxuries, would not in their own persons confirm his decision. "It is, no doubt," says the *Morning Post*, "a matter of taste, and *de gustibus non est disputandum*. We verily believe, however, that the *Times* may indulge, or be indulged, with either or both delicacies to his heart's content, without disturbing by one sigh, or bedimming by one tear, a single fair breast or a single bright eye in Christendom."

ROBERT STEPHENSON, the great engineer, and the projector of the Britannic Tubular Bridge, it appears by the late English papers, has been offered knighthood and has refused it. Mr. Farraday, one of the greatest of living chemists, has also declined a similar tender. Sir Robert Peel, it is already known, not only persisted in refusing a patent of nobility, but also in his will instructed his sons to imitate in this respect his example. The time appears to be coming when English titles will go a-begging among those most worthy to wear them.

STENTERELLO, the favorite Florentine actor, was imprisoned a short time ago for venturing upon a sarcasm respecting the sleeping Constitution of Tuscany. In the comic character of a waiter, who was applied to for chambers, he replied that the inn was full, except the two great chambers, which, he added, in a mysterious tone, his master was resolved not to open. This was considered as an allusion to the Grand Duke and the Parliament, and the facetious Stenterello was walked off to jail.

Ladies' Fashions for November.

THE season is not yet sufficiently advanced for the appearance of novelties in winter costume. It may however be mentioned that almost all the articles of dress recently made up are in those rich deep tints suited alike to the present and the coming season. The latest dresses in Paris for promenade or indoor négligé are of decidedly dark hues. The materials are plain and figured silks, French cashmere, and Valencia and merino.

In the accompanying illustrations we have a dress of Canton linen, or white coutil; high body, ornamented with embroidery in braiding, with a like *pardessus*, short and fitted to the shape, and embroidered like the dress; wide sleeves and under-sleeves, with festoons. In all toilets the collars and the habit-shirts, which are worn with open bodies, and the dresses are ornamented in the same manner as the sleeves. Dress of Scotch plaid popelin, with *pardessus* of the same, having a point behind. Dress of grenadine, open body, and trimmed with full braiding, carried down to the bottom of the skirt, to form an apron.

The bonnets for the season are of dark satin or velvet. They are trimmed with velvet flowers, ribbon, and lace, or with short feathers. Among the new bonnets one is a novelty. It is of gray crape; the trimming consists of exceedingly narrow frills, three of rose-color ribbon with a scalloped edge and two of the crape doubled. These frills, which present in some degree the effect of ruches, are put on in sets of five, one set being at the edge of the bonnet, and the same, repeated at equal distances, over the whole. Bouquets of small pink mallows form the inside trimming. Another bonnet of lilac satin is trimmed with two frills of white blonde much spaced; on each side of the bonnet is a bouquet of heartsease, made of lilac and violet-colored velvet.

A round *cap* of Honiton lace, trimmed with loops of pink ribbon, fixed just above the ear, is copied in the accompanying engraving.

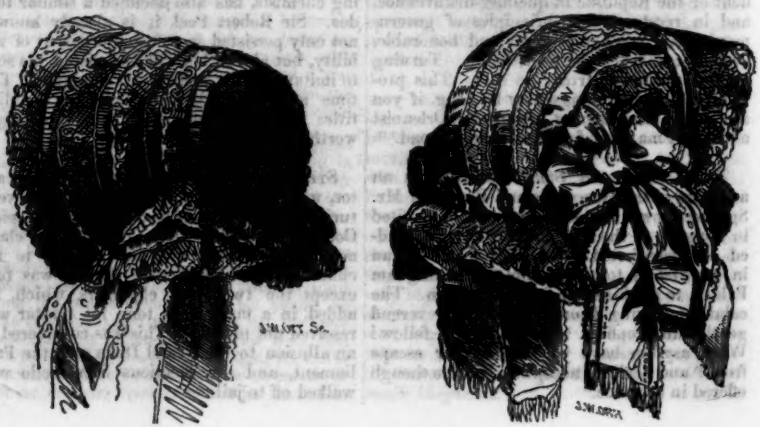

Fig. III. *Dinner and Evening Costume.*—Dress of cerulean blue glacé. The skirt trimmed with seven rather narrow flounces, cut out in scallops and pinked at the edges. The low corsage, which falls off the shoulders somewhat more than fashion has lately authorized, is plaited in the front, and confined round the top by a band of silk, above which there is a narrow lace edging. The sleeves are demi-long, that is to say, just descending below the turn of the elbow, loose at the ends, and finished with two narrow frills of silk, scalloped and pinked to correspond with the flounces. Within them are loose pagoda under-sleeves edged with lace. Round the waist is worn a ceinture of blue ribbon, with a cluster of loops in front of the waist. The hair is parted very near to the forehead, over which the front hair is arranged in short clustering curls. Full drooping ringlets hang over the ears. On the right side of the head, just above the ear, is fixed a bouquet of blue roses without foliage. Demi-long gloves of white or pale yellow kid, and bracelets on the arms.

We have nothing to add to the information that has of late been given with regard to the make of dresses. Those destined for walking and morning costume continue to be made high to the throat, and they are sometimes fastened by a double row of fancy buttons.

Fig. IV. *Ball Costume.*—Dress of white tarletane over white satin. The skirt has three deep flounces cut out at the edges in large scallops, and each finished with a double row of lace or blonde. The corsage is low; and a shawl berthe, composed of three or four rows of lace or blonde, passes over the shoulders, and is fastened down in a point in front of the waist. The space in front of the corsage is filled up by an echelle of rows of lace or blonde. Short sleeves, descending very nearly to the elbows, loose at the ends, and trimmed with four rows of lace or blonde. A sash of white or pink satin ribbon is fastened in front of the waist, with long flowing ends. The hair is in full bandeaux on the forehead. Head-dress a demi-wreath composed of a water-lily with its foliage, and on each side drooping sprays of pink laburnum. Demi-long gloves of white kid, and bracelets on the arms. White satin shoes. Several ball dresses, recently made, are of white and colored crape. A dress of pink crape, to be worn over pink silk, is trimmed with three double flounces waved. The berthe is formed of two frills of the crape, and the sleeves are trimmed with the same.